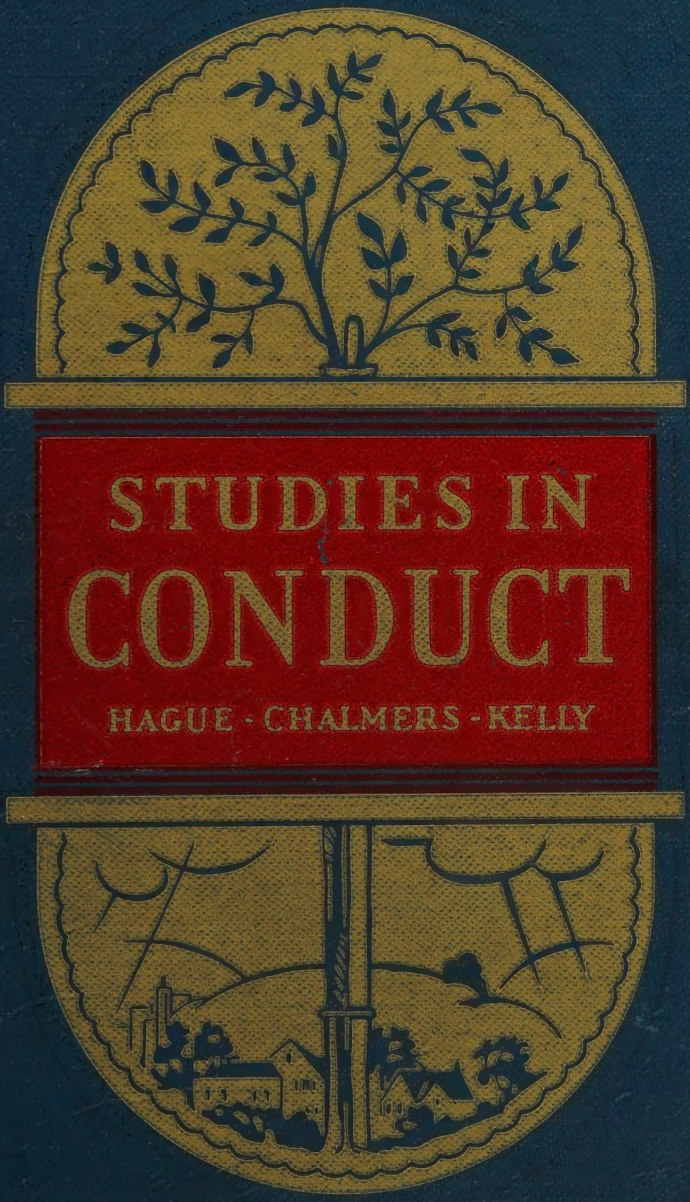
STUDIES IN
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HAGUE - CHALMERS - KELLY

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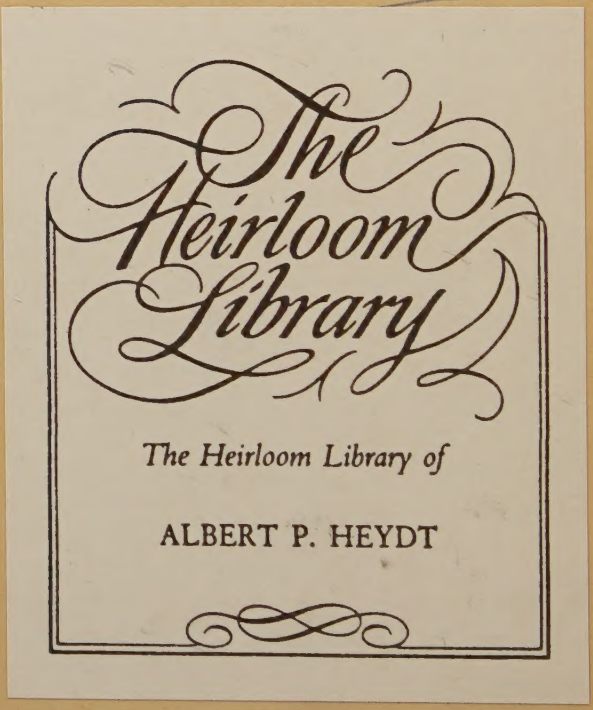

Social Studies

63

STUDIES IN CONDUCT

With Character Case Conferences

BOOK THREE

BY

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UNITED STATES EDITION

The University Publishing Company

LINCOLN CHICAGO DALLAS NEW YORK

1929

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A. A.

Foreword

GRATEFUL acknowledgment for advice and helpful suggestions is made by the authors to the following: Dean Milton Bennion, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah, Chairman of the National Education Association Character Education Committee; Dr. Edwin Starbuck, Director of the Institute of Character Research, University of Iowa, Iowa City; Dr. Jesse H. Newlon, Director of Lincoln School, Teacher's College, Columbia University, New York City; Fred M. Hunter, President of Denver University, Denver, Colorado and formerly superintendent of schools, Oakland, California; A. G. Crane, President of the University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming; J. W. Crabtree, Secretary of the National Education Association, Washington, D. C.; L. C. Lord, President of the Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Charleston, Illinois; A. L. Threlkeld, Superintendent of Schools, Denver, Colorado; Dr. Edward O. Sisson, Department of Philosophy, Reed College, Portland, Oregon; Dean J. M. Page, University of Virginia; J. R. Barton, Superintendent of Schools, Oklahoma City; H. B. Wilson, Director of the Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C., and formerly superintendent of schools at Berkeley, California;

Miss Washington Green Pringle, Charleston, South Carolina; C. G. Manning, Superintendent of Schools, Lewistown, Montana; E. E. Oberholtzer, Superintendent of Schools, Houston, Texas; L. W. Mayberry, Superintendent of Schools, Wichita, Kansas; W. D. Vincent, Commissioner of Education, Boise, Idaho; C. W. Taylor, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Lincoln, Nebraska; and to Thomas Cole, Superintendent of Schools, Seattle, Washington.

The authors desire to acknowledge with real gratitude the coöperation which they received from the International Association of Lions Clubs in the preparation of this book. This International Association, in accordance with its program for promoting character education in the schools, has shown untiring energy, given great encouragement, and displayed unbounded enthusiasm. The authors are also indebted to *Collier's, The National Weekly*, for permission to use "The Moral Code for Youth" which has been made the basis of this book. This code is simple and comprehensive, while it represents the opinions of parents and teachers of all faiths.

Preface

THE authors, in the preparation of "Studies in Conduct," adhered to the principle that the more closely the studies are associated with the actual life experiences of school children, the more effective the book would be. With this idea in mind, the authors secured the advice and suggestions of 5293 parents, 731 teachers, and 86 educational executives in widely separated localities. Available syllabi in character training from all parts of the United States were studied, and numerous surveys conducted.

"Studies in Conduct" provides for,

1. Training in recognition of right and wrong conduct.
2. Development of the desire to do right and of the hatred for wrongdoing.
3. Actual habit formation in school, whereby the reader will respond in a desirable way to every situation that presents a choice for a right instead of a wrong course of action.

A live appeal is made to the reader through story, drama, biography, and history. Many activities are introduced, in connection with which good habits are established. This period in the life of the child is a most important one, for he now begins to assume responsibility and

has real ideas of sportsmanship, coöperation, and fair dealing. It is chiefly through practice that habits of behavior are established. Through the "You Be the Judge" feature, which accompanies each section, desirable habits of responding in the proper way to concrete life situations, are cultivated.

"Studies in Conduct" gives special emphasis to the child's point of view. The lessons have been tried out successfully in various classrooms and strengthened in many ways. Many of the questions which follow the stories were selected from thousands of questions prepared by pupils in the seventh and eighth grades. Considerable attention has been given to the value of extra-curricular activities in the character building program outlined. The conduct phase of history, civics, geography, nature study, literature, art, poetry, music, and hygiene has been stressed.

The "life situations" listed under "You Be the Judge," following each section, are actual cases taken from the lives of children. In the discussion of these problems, the teacher should be impartial and should show no bias or prejudice on either side. The class should feel free to discuss all angles and phases of the case under discussion. The wise teacher will act as guide only. Through judicious questions, asked at opportune moments, she will direct the discussion into the most desirable channels for a

full analysis of the situation. Under no circumstances should she impose her moral findings on the rest of the class. Moralizing and prosy preachments should be avoided at all times. In this way only, will each pupil find zest for arriving at his own conclusions. The teacher's manual accompanying this text gives suggestions for the discussion of the life situations.

"Studies in Conduct" is entirely free from religious or sectarian doctrine, and, on that account, is approved by leaders of various sects, who have read the manuscript carefully and critically. The authors recommend that "Studies in Conduct" be placed in the hands of pupils as a basal text, where a definite time has been set aside for moral training. Where no definite time has been set aside for character building, the book will serve excellently as a supplementary reader.

For their coöperation and help, special thanks are due, to Miss Julia Philippson, assistant-principal Public School 110, Manhattan; to Miss Lena Kemp, principal, and to the teachers of the William McKinley School, New York City; to Mrs. Newton D. Chapman, Chairman of the Committee on Better Films; and to Miss Margaret Knox, principal Public School 15, Manhattan.

Grateful acknowledgment is also made to the Honorable Thomas C. T. Crain, Justice of the

Supreme Court of New York State; to Dr. Joseph F. Cashman, Professor of Literature, Fordham University; to Thomas F. McDermott, principal Public School 118, Brooklyn; to Rall Grigsby, principal Amos Hiatt Junior High School, Des Moines, Iowa; and to Mrs. Allen Ives, Public School 63, Manhattan for valuable suggestions concerning the case material.

Elizabeth F. Hague
Mary Chalmers
Marie A. Kelly

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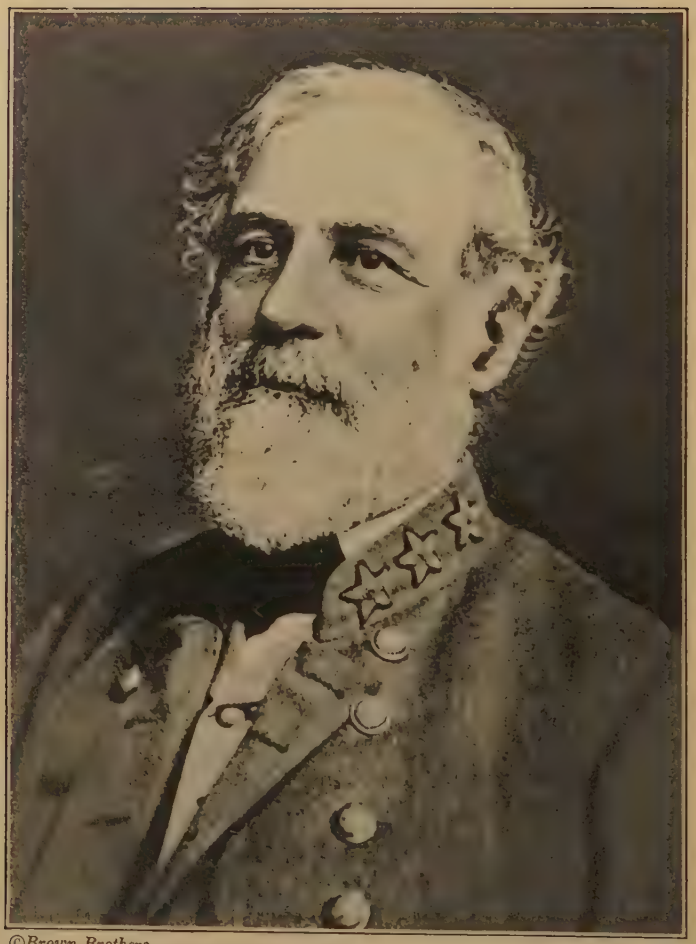
Pathbreakers

Courage and Hope*

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen, *I must be brave*—This means I must be brave enough and strong enough to control what I think, and what I say and what I do, and I must always be hopeful because hope is power for improvement.

*Moral Code for Youth. Used by the courteous permission of *Collier's*, The National Weekly.



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ROBERT E. LEE, A COURAGEOUS SOLDIER AND GENTLEMAN (SEE FAMOUS LETTERS, PAGE 27)

The Secret Agent

The courage of self-sacrifice is the best kind of bravery.
—*Bennett*

When the American colonists, in 1776, declared their independence of Great Britain, many of the people remained loyal to the king. These were called Tories. Agents of the king worked secretly among the Tories to persuade them to join with the British soldiers in overthrowing the Continental Army. To defeat this, Congress appointed a secret commission, the chairman of which employed agents to act as spies. It was the duty of the spies to find out in what part of the country the agents of the king were working and to report to the chairman. Washington was said to have had an unusual number of these secret agents or spies.

A service such as this was a very dangerous one. It required men who were cool, shrewd, and fearless by nature. Such a man was Harvey Birch.

The Secret Agent

IT was at the close of a stormy day, in the month of September, that a large assemblage of officers was collected near the door of a building that was situated in the heart of the American troops, who held the Jerseys. The age, the dress, and the dignity of deportment of most of these warriors, indicated them to be of high rank; but to one in particular was paid a deference and obedience that announced him to

be of the highest. His dress was plain, but it bore the usual military distinctions of command. He was mounted on a noble animal, of a deep bay; and a group of young men, in gayer attire, evidently awaited his pleasure and did his bidding. Many a hat was lifted as its owner addressed this officer; and when he spoke, a profound attention, exceeding the respect of mere professional etiquette, was exhibited on every countenance. At length the general raised his own hat, and bowed gravely to all around him. The salute was returned, and the party dispersed, leaving the officer without a single attendant, except his body-servants and one aid-de-camp. Dismounting, he stepped back a few paces, and for a moment viewed the condition of his horse with the eye of one who well understood the animal, and then, casting a brief but expressive glance at his aid, he retired into the building, followed by that gentleman.

On entering an apartment that was apparently fitted for his reception, he took a seat, and continued for a long time in a thoughtful attitude, like one in the habit of communing much with himself. During this silence, the aid-de-camp stood in expectation of his orders. At length, the general raised his eyes, and spoke in those low, placid tones that seemed natural to him.

"Has the man whom I wished to see arrived, sir?"

Courtesy Lasky Corporation

A Soldier of Revolutionary Days

"He waits the pleasure of your excellency."

"I will receive him here, and alone, if you please."

The aid bowed and withdrew. In a few minutes the door again opened, and a figure, gliding into the apartment, stood modestly at a distance from the general, without speaking. His

entrance was unheard by the officer, who sat gazing at the fire, still absorbed in his own meditations. Several minutes passed when he spoke to himself in an undertone,—

"To-morrow we must raise the curtain, and expose our plans. May Heaven prosper them!"

A slight movement made by the stranger caught his ear, and he turned his head, and saw that he was not alone. He pointed silently to the fire, towards which the figure advanced, although the multitude of his garments which seemed more calculated for disguise than comfort, rendered its warmth unnecessary. A second mild and courteous gesture motioned to a vacant chair, but the stranger refused it with a modest acknowledgment. Another pause followed, and continued for some time. At length the officer arose, and opening a desk that was laid upon the table near which he sat, took from it a small, but apparently heavy bag.

"Harvey Birch," he said turning to the stranger, "the time has arrived when our connection must cease; henceforth and forever we must be strangers."

The peddler dropped the folds of the great-coat that concealed his features, and gazed for a moment at the face of the speaker; then dropping his head upon his bosom, he said, meekly,—

"If it be your excellency's pleasure."

"It is necessary. Since I have filled the sta-

tion which I now hold, it has become my duty to know many men, who, like yourself, have been my instruments in procuring intelligence. You, have I trusted more than all; I early saw in you a regard to truth and principle, that, I am pleased to say, has never deceived me—you alone know my secret agents in the city, and on your fidelity depend, not only their fortunes, but their lives."

He paused, as if to reflect, in order that full justice might be done to the peddler, and then he continued:—

"I believe you are one of the very few that I have employed who have acted faithfully to our cause; and, while you have passed as a spy of the enemy, have never given intelligence that you were not permitted to divulge. To me, and to me only of all the world, you seem to have acted with a strong attachment to the liberties of America."

During this address, Harvey gradually raised his head from his bosom, until it reached the highest point of elevation; a faint tinge gathered in his cheeks and, as the officer concluded, it was diffused over his whole countenance in a deep glow, while he stood proudly swelling with his emotions, but with eyes that modestly sought the feet of the speaker.

"It is now my duty to pay you for those services; hitherto, you have postponed receiving

your reward, and the debt has become a heavy one—I wish not to undervalue your dangers: here are a hundred doubloons; you will remember the poverty of our country, and attribute to it the smallness of your pay."

The peddler raised his eyes to the countenance of the speaker; but, as the other held forth the money, he moved back, as if refusing the bag.

"It is not much for your services and risks, I acknowledge," continued the general, "but it is all that I have to offer; at the end of the campaign, it may be in my power to increase it."

"Does your excellency think that I have exposed my life, and blasted my character, for money?"

"If not for money, what then?"

"What has brought your excellency into the field? For what do you daily and hourly expose your precious life to battle and the halter? What is there about me to mourn, when such men as you risk their all for our country? No, no, no—not a dollar of your gold will I touch; poor America has need of it all!"

The bag dropped from the hand of the officer, and fell at the feet of the peddler, where it lay neglected during the remainder of the interview. The officer looked steadily at the face of his companion, and continued,—

"There are many motives which might govern me, that to you are unknown. Our situations

©Ewing Galloway

General Washington at Mount Vernon

are different; I am known as the leader of armies —but you must descend into the grave with the reputation of a foe to your native land. Remember that the veil which conceals your true character cannot be raised in years—perhaps never."

Birch again lowered his face, but there was no yielding of the soul in the movement.

"You will soon be old; the prime of your days is already past; what have you to subsist on?"

"These!" said the peddler, stretching forth his hands, that were already embrowned with toil.

"But these may fail you; take enough to secure a support to your age. Remember your risks

and cares. I have told you that the characters of men who are much esteemed in life depend on your secrecy; what pledge can I give them of your fidelity?"

"Tell them," said Birch, advancing and unconsciously resting one foot on the bag, "tell them that I would not take the gold."

The composed features of the officer relaxed into a smile of benevolence, and he grasped the hand of the peddler firmly.

"Now, indeed, I know you; and although the same reasons which have hitherto compelled me to expose your valuable life will still exist, and prevent my openly asserting your character, in private I can always be your friend. Fail not to apply to me when in want or suffering, and so long as God giveth to me, so long will I freely share with a man who feels so nobly and acts so well. If sickness or want should ever assail you, and peace once more smile upon our efforts, seek the gate of him whom you have so often met as Harper, and he will not blush to acknowledge you in his true character."

"It is little that I need in this life," said Harvey; "so long as God gives me health and honest industry, I can never want in this country; but to know that your excellency is my friend, is a blessing that I prize more than all the gold of England's treasury."—*Abridged, from "The Spy" by James Fenimore Cooper.*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. How did Harvey Birch prove himself to be a man of *silent courage?*
2. Give other instances of self-sacrifice with which you are acquainted.
3. Compare Harvey Birch's self-sacrifice to that of Nathan Hale.
4. What was uppermost in Birch's mind when he refused to take the money?
5. Why was it that a man in Birch's position could not have many friends?

The great heroes of the world have been men capable of being lifted up with high and bold enthusiasm. —*H. R. Haweis*

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards—they simply discover them.
—*Bishop Wescott*

Do you want to know the one against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will show him to you.
—*Whately*

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest have the least of a brutal, bullying disposition, and in time of danger are found cool and free.
—*Shaftesbury*

Courage is, everywhere, considered an essential of high character. —*Froude*

Mountains and Molehills

Patience sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptation.—*G. Horne*

Joseph Addison, a poet and essayist who lived in England over two hundred years ago, originally wrote this humorous fantastic story for the *Spectator*, a famous periodical then published in London. Addison was a close student of human nature and liked to expose, in a gentle kindly manner, the vanities and faults of people in his day.

Mountains and Molehills

IF *all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among all of us, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they already possess to that which would fall to them by such a division.* As I was seated in my easy chair meditating about this statement of Socrates, the famous philosopher, I became drowsy and presently fell asleep . . .

I seemed to hear the proclamation of Jupiter, that every mortal should bring his griefs and misfortunes, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose. I took my stand in the center of it and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching forward one after an-

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JOSEPH ADDISON, THE GREAT ENGLISH ESSAY WRITER AND POET

other. They threw down their loads, which very rapidly grew into a huge mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin, airy shape who was very active on this occasion. She was clothed in a loose-flowing robe, embroidered with

figures of fiends and spectres. In one hand she carried a magnifying glass. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led every mortal to the appointed place and assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that immense bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were several persons who interested me greatly. I observed one bringing in a bundle carefully concealed under an old cloak, which, upon his throwing into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon investigation, I found to be his wife. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of their tawny skins. There were huge heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth.

The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of *bodily deformities*. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his nearer approach, it was only a natural hump. He cast this with great joy of heart into the collection of human miseries. There were likewise diseases of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there

were many more imaginary ones than real ones. But what surprised me was that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap. This seemed very strange as I supposed everyone would have taken this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very wicked fellow who came loaded with his crimes. I searched his bundle and found that instead of throwing the guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast away their burdens, Fancy approached me, an idle spectator. I grew uneasy at her presence, when suddenly she held her magnifying glass before my face. I no sooner beheld myself in the glass than I was startled with the shortness of my face. It now appeared ridiculously short and extremely broad. I became out of humor with my own countenance and threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood near me had just before thrown his visage which seemed too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length. I believe the chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us, we thought an opportunity of improving our lot. Jupiter had just issued a second proclamation

that everyone was now at liberty to exchange his affliction and return home with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy again bestirred herself, recommending to everyone his particular packet, and distributing the whole heap with incredible speed. The hurry and confusion can hardly be expressed. A venerable gray-haired man who had laid down the colic, and who wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son who had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth in less than a quarter of an hour pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and was otherwise sulky and rude. On meeting the real father doubled up in pain, the unhappy old gentleman begged him to return the colic and take back his son. However, neither was able to recede from the choice he had made. A poor galley-slave who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their place; but he made such wry faces that one might easily perceive that he was no great gainer by the bargain. I witnessed many changes that were made for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite and care against pain.

The female world was exceedingly busy bartering for features. One was trading a lock of gray hair for a carbuncle. Another was exchanging a short waist for a pair of round shoulders. Still another was offering an ugly

face for a sour disposition. But on all these occasions there was not one who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had it in her possession, more disagreeable than the old one.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage, as soon as he had taken upon himself my short face, looked so grotesque that I could not restrain from laughing. The poor gentleman was so sensitive to ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done. On the other hand, I found I had no reason to triumph for when I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger to my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent I gave it two or three unlucky knocks.

I saw two other gentlemen who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. One of the men had exchanged a pair of stout bowed legs for the other's long, straight thin ones. One of these barterers looked like a man walking upon stilts, so high was he lifted into the air above his ordinary height. The other man made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters.

The heap was at last distributed among the sexes who made such a piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their burdens. The whole plain was filled with

murmurs and complaints, and groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them for the second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give everyone his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure.

Fancy, the phantom who had led the human race to such delusion, was commanded to disappear. There appeared in her stead a figure which was quite different. Her emotions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious, but cheerful. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself beside the mountain of burdens, than the entire heap sank to one-third of its original bulk. She returned to each one his proper calamity, with which each marched off contentedly, well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

—(*Adapted*) *Joseph Addison*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Do you agree with the statement attributed to Socrates at the beginning of this story? Give your reasons.

2. In what way is Fancy or Imagination often at the root of discontent? Explain.

3. Give instances of patience shown by people who have suffered (a) physical pain, (b) mental pain.

4. "Patience is a hand-maid of courage." Explain what is meant by this statement?

The Conflict

[A ONE ACT PLAY]

A man is to-morrow what he thinks to-day.
—*Emerson*

CHARACTERS

Mr. Harris, *Bob's father.*
Mrs. Harris, *Bob's mother.*
Eva, *Bob's sister, a girl of nine years.*
Bernard, Roy, Myron, Jim — *Bob's friends.*

The scene of the play is the dining room in the Harris home. The dining table is placed down-stage right. The front or street door is down-stage left, the kitchen door down-stage right, the back door up-stage left and the door leading to the floor above up-stage right. There are a small table and a large chair near the front door. On the table are Eva's hat and schoolbag, and, thrown over the back of the chair, are Mr. Harris' coat and hat, and Eva's coat. There is a grandfather's clock up-stage center. The time is 8.15 A.M.

As the curtain rises, Mr. Harris, seated left, Mrs. Harris, seated right, and Eva, seated with her back to the audience, can be seen just finishing breakfast.

MR. HARRIS. How does Bob feel about the scholarship contest?

MRS. HARRIS. He hasn't said. He was up quite late last night looking over notes.

EVA. Reddy always whistles when he is very cheerful, and I haven't heard him whistle this morning.

(*Bob enters from the staircase. He puts his coat and hat on a chair near the dining table and sits facing the audience. Bob has red hair.*)

BOB. Hello, everybody!

EVA. You're late for breakfast.

BOB. I took extra time to slick up for—for the ordeal.

MRS. HARRIS. Ordeal?

MR. HARRIS. Surely not as bad as that!

BOB. I don't think I really mind it—at least not much.

MR. HARRIS. Well, my boy, it will all be over in a few hours, and you can then dismiss the contest from your mind. (*He folds his napkin and places it in a ring.*) I must be going. We expect a busy day. (*He rises and takes the morning paper.*) I hope you win the honors, Bob.

EVA. And have your picture in the paper and a whole column about you.

BOB. Now wait a minute, Sis. You must remember that there are only eight scholarships, and seventy-two fellows after them. Sixty-four of us must lose.

EVA. But not you, Reddy. You've just got to have your picture in the paper. I want to show it to everyone in my class.

BOB (*very serious*). Don't say a word to a soul until you hear that I have passed.

EVA. All right, but I just know you are going to be one of the lucky ones. (*She rises from the table and kisses her mother.*) Wait a minute, Dad! I am going as far as the corner with you. (*She runs to the large chair, left, puts on her hat and coat, takes her schoolbag, and follows her father to the street door. At the door she turns.*) That picture of you in the Boy Scout uniform is the one I like best, Reddy.

(*Eva and Mr. Harris leave by the front door.*)

BOB. I hope Eva will not talk about the contest.

MRS. HARRIS. I don't think she will, now that she has promised not to do so. Have you your pens, pencils, and car fare?

BOB. Yes, mother. I am all set.

MRS. HARRIS. When you return, I shall have lunch ready for you with your favorite dessert.

BOB. Thank you mother.

(*Mrs. Harris takes up a tray of dishes and carries them out through the kitchen door. Bob puts sugar and cream on his oatmeal and begins to eat it, at first with considerable relish, then more slowly as he gradually becomes absorbed in thought. At length he stops eating*

and wrinkles his brow in perplexity. The street door opens and Bernard enters slowly and dejectedly.)

BERNARD. Hello, Bob. I didn't want to enter the contest but dad said I ought to enter.

BOB. Certainly. Make a try at it.

BERNARD. If I fail, the whole town will know about it! The chances are eight to one that I fail.

(*Loud knocking at half-open door and Roy enters from the front door and stands in the doorway. He overhears Bernard's last remark.*)

ROY. Say, rather, one chance in eight to succeed. At least it sounds better.

BERNARD. What matter which way I say it? I am afraid I'll fail and I am afraid of what people will have to say about it.

(*Bob has stopped eating and is gazing straight ahead of him in a gloomy manner.*)

ROY. Being afraid of a little examination is not worthy of a fellow thirteen years old.

BERNARD. Everybody is afraid to do things some time or other.

ROY. Nonsense! My chance of success is just as good as the next fellow's.

(*Bob again begins to eat his oatmeal.*)

BOB. Sit down fellows. I'll finish my breakfast in a jiffy.

(*The friends do not accept the invitation but stand near the door as Myron enters.*)

BERNARD. But the very smartest boys from all over the country are going to enter the contest.

ROY. I am glad they have courage enough to try.

BERNARD. What chance have I with them anyway?

MYRON. Anyway what's the use of studying all your life?

ROY. All? No, just a few years so far, but I hope many more.

MYRON. Plugging, pushing, struggling, striving, working for examinations. What's the use of it all?

ROY. A great deal of use. Any fellow with any grit wants to climb higher.

MYRON. To my way of thinking, a great deal of time in the world is wasted in studying. Just suppose I should pass.

BERNARD (*in a whisper*). But I won't. I know.

MYRON. For the sake of argument, let's say suppose I do pass, what next? Four years of high school work and examinations. And after that? Four years of college and more examinations. Nothing but work, work, and more work.

(*Bob has stopped eating his breakfast and is resting his elbows on the table in a most dejected attitude.*)

ROY. What a gloomy picture! The life of a student is not like that at all. Look at all my friends who are students. They are fine fellows, fellows who some day will make a name for themselves. (*Bob straightens up and takes a drink of milk.*) And the reason why so many boys fail is because they are timid.

BERNARD. Ambition often makes trouble for a person.

ROY. It makes cowards of others.

(*Bob straightens up and buttons his coat.*)

MYRON. I am not a coward. I don't see the use of working all the time.

BOB. Say fellows, wait a minute. Let me speak! (*They turn to Bob as he stands folding his breakfast napkin.*) We are all on the track team.

BERNARD. Yes, but . . .

MYRON. Surely we are, but what of it?

BOB. Just this. We've all competed in dozens of races. Sometimes we have won and sometimes we have lost—but we've always been good sports.

ROY. Righto! When we lost we took it without being blue and discouraged. But Bernard and Myron seem to be afraid of this scholarship contest.

BERNARD. This scholarship contest is not the same as a race.

MYRON. It's altogether different. In a race

it's all over and if you don't win, you forget it.

Bob. The contest *is* a race. A few will win and many will lose. We ought to do the best we can and forget it if we lose.

A Spirited Hundred-Yard Dash

Myron. But a hundred yard dash is just a game—and this examination . . .

Bob. One is a test of speed and the other is a test of knowledge. (*The clock strikes once for 8:30.*) That's the way I feel about it.

Roy. That's right! A test of speed or a test of knowledge. We should treat them both the same and do our very best and take the results, whatever they are, like good sports.

Bob. We will have to hustle. Who is going with me? All of you?

Roy. Of course we are. We are going in to win like good sports or . . .

BERNARD. Or to lose . . .

MYRON. Like good sports, but we are going into the contest just the same.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Should a girl or a boy feel any more ashamed at failing to win a prize in an intellectual contest than in a physical contest? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Tell of somebody who showed great determination under difficulties.
3. How did the following show great determination: George Washington, Lindbergh, Edison, Franklin.
4. Discuss the statement that "a great hero is always troubled by fear and discouragement."
5. In your opinion, what is the true test for a real sportsman?

Many men owe the *grandeur* of their lives to *tremendous difficulties.* —*Bishop Spurgeon*

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns; I am thankful that thorns have roses. —*A. Karr*

To go through with a difficult and dangerous undertaking a man wants more than brute courage. He needs spiritual courage—the courage which comes by faith. —*Charles Kingsley*

Now and then we require to be startled a little. Men do us good who rouse us.

—*Dr. Parker*

Famous Letters

When Duty whispers low, "*Thou must.*"
The youth replies, "*I can.*"—*Emerson*

General Robert E. Lee, one of the finest characters in American history, always found time to write to his children, however busy he may have been. His letters were cheerful, interesting, and appreciative.

The letter to his son, George Washington Custis Lee, was written while the boy was attending college. The true incident which is related in the letter about the old Puritan legislator gives us a rare example of real courage. The letter, addressed to one of his daughters, was written at a time—November 6, 1864—when his attention was almost entirely taken with military plans. That he should have written such a loving letter at such a critical time is typical of his heroic courage.

Lee's Letter to His Son

YOU must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks you a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your classmates; you

will find it the policy which wears best. . . . If you have any fault to find with anyone, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of anyone. It is not only best as a matter of principle but it is the path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as "the dark day"—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as the members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on they shared in the awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one in the consternation of the hour moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come he desired to be found at his place doing his duty and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was a quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty.

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ROBERT E. LEE AND HIS FAMOUS HORSE, TRAVELER

Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

LEE'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER

This is the first day I have had leisure to answer your letter. I enjoyed it very much at the time of its reception, and have enjoyed it since, but I have often thought of you in the meantime, and have seen you besides. Indeed, I may say, you are never out of my thoughts. I hope you think of me often, and if you could

know how earnestly I desire your true happiness, how ardently I pray you may be directed to every good and saved from every evil, you would as sincerely strive for its accomplishment.

Now in your youth you must be careful to discipline your thoughts, words, and actions. Habituate yourself to useful employment, regular improvement, and to the benefit of all those around you. You have had some opportunity of learning the rudiments of your education—not so good as I should have desired, but I am much cheered by the belief that you availed yourself of it—and I think you are now prepared by diligence and study to learn whatever you desire. Do not allow yourself to forget what you have spent so much time and labor in acquiring, but increase it every day by extended application.

I hope you will embrace in your studies all useful acquisitions. I was much pleased to hear that while at "Bremo" you passed much of your time in reading and music. All accomplishments will enable you to give pleasure, and thus exert a wholesome influence. Never neglect the means of making yourself useful in the world.

I think you will not have to complain of Rob again for neglecting your schoolmates. He has equipped himself with a new uniform from top to toe, and, with a new and handsome horse, is cultivating a marvelous beard and preparing for conquest.

Kiss your sisters for me. Tell them they must keep well, not talk too much, and go to bed early.

Charles Dicken's Letter to His Son

This letter was written by Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist, to his youngest son Edward, whose nickname was Plorn, on the eve of his son's departure for Australia:

* * *

I write this note to-day because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me to think of now and then at quiet times.

I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would ever have been; and without that training, you could have followed no other suitable occupation.

What you have always wanted until now, has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you

are now, when I first had to win my food and to do it out of this determination; and I have never slackened in it since.

Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes.

I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. In no other way can you show your affection for him so well or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Explain by reference to some historical or other event that "frankness is the child of honesty and courage."
2. What fine traits of character did the old Puritan possess?
3. In Lee's letter to his daughter, he expresses none of the anxiety which he then feels concerning the war. What does this fact tell us about Lee?
4. Give a real instance of one who has "disciplined his thoughts, words, and actions."
5. Why does Dickens in his letter to his son ask him to be *tolerant* at all times?

He who lacks self-control lacks one of life's best agencies but he who possesses it holds the key to his own happiness and the happiness of others. —*Latimer*

A Birthday Party

Self-control is only courage in another form.
—*Williams*

THE twenty-second of February, 1778, promised to be as dreary as the days that had preceded it. Since the Continental army under Washington had marched into this valley in the wilderness on the banks of the Schuylkill, there had been nothing but lack of clothing, starvation, and dreadful illness among the soldiers. The ghastly part of this misery of the army lay in the fact that it was due to the carelessness, stupidity, and jealousy of the officers whom Congress had appointed to direct the supply department, rather than from the poverty of the country. These men wanted Washington to fail. While these officers, well clothed and fed, were amusing themselves in warm rooms, the soldiers, as they marched in to Valley Forge on December 17, marked the snow with the blood that oozed from their bare frost-bitten feet. Yet, within twenty miles of them, there were hogsheads of shoes, stockings, and clothing lying by the side of the road perishing for want of teams to move them. Washington wrote Congress that "for want of blankets many were fain to sit up all night by fires instead of taking rest in a natural and common way." Some men died for want

WASHINGTON BEFORE VALLEY FORGE

of straw to put between themselves and the frozen ground. They had little food. At one time Washington wrote that "the soldiers are forced to eat any kind of horse food but hay." Sometimes there was no food. So that at one time, because of cold, lack of clothing, starvation, and consequent illness, scarcely two thousand were fit to fight if the enemy had attacked.

There were times when the hardships grew almost beyond endurance and there was a threat of mutiny and general desertion. But, through the influence of the officers, and especially through that of Washington, whose sympathy, patient courage, and unconquerable spirit never failed, the army was preserved. Washington's enemies

might plot against him, they might accuse him of planning to usurp supreme power, but the people believed in his ability, in his integrity, and in his courage. Moreover, his soldiers knew of his great kindness. Was Washington not serving without pay; and had he not pledged his fortune to raise money to furnish them with supplies?

To the rest of the country, February 22 meant nothing, but to those ill-clad, starving men it was the forty-seventh anniversary of their great leader. No one knows how the soldiers discovered the date of Washington's birth for he himself was the most reserved of men so far as his personal affairs were concerned. But, in some way, they found it out, and, with the meager means at their command, they made a festival and wished their chief many happy returns of the day.

One of the few bands, that of the Fourth Continental Artillery, polished up their instruments and marched to the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief. They stood about in the snow on their rag-wrapped feet to serenade the general. Then they shouted and huzzaed their good wishes. It was the utmost that they could do. This was the first and the finest celebration of Washington's birthday, for it was the spontaneous and loving tribute of the army that Washington himself said had endured "long and great suffering unexampled in history."

In that winter of 1778, that celebration, showing as it did the love and confidence of his soldiers, must have cheered Washington in the midst of disaster, discouragement, and disloyalty. That tribute shows us too, what the soldiers recognized in their chief:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. In what different ways did the Continental Army show great courage at Valley Forge?
2. Give other instances besides this which go to prove the faith of men in courageous leaders.
3. Give an incident to show that Washington had the courage of his convictions.
4. Why did Washington seldom reply to attacks made upon him by his enemies?
5. Because Washington loved to dance, because he was careful of his dress, because he had a quick temper, do you believe that he was not a great person and a man of courage? Explain.

To do right at all times, in all places, and under all conditions, may take courage, but it pays, for the world is always looking for moral heroes to fill its high places.

—*Theodore Roosevelt*

You Be the Judge

1. On looking out of the window, Alvin Coombs saw Edward Lane enter the front yard. Alvin didn't want Edward to know he was in, because he owed Edward a dollar and had not fulfilled his promise to pay him.

"Tell him I am out," said Alvin to his sister.

"That would be a lie and I will not say it," she replied.

"Well, then," insisted Alvin, "I will go out on the back porch and you can truthfully say I am out."

If you were Alvin's sister, would you advise Alvin to stand his ground and face Edward, or would you say that he was out if he went out on the back porch?

2. The captain of a team held a meeting to select runners for an inter-school relay race. Among the runners selected, was Allan Hicks. As the names were about to be sent to the principal for his approval, Allan Hicks stepped up to the captain and asked that William Hawkins, a substitute, be chosen in his place.

"Why?" asked the captain.

"Because he is faster than I," replied Allan.

If you had been Allan Hicks, would you have, (a) Suggested that William Hawkins be substituted for you, (b) Said nothing, (c) Suggested adding William Hawkins to the list of runners?

3. Josephine Halleck had to go to the dentist to have a tooth extracted. She was very much afraid that she would cry with the pain and she didn't want her brother, who was going with her, to think that she was a baby. To retain her self-control, Josephine decided to count while the dentist was extracting the tooth and see how far she could count before the tooth was extracted.

What would you have done if you were Josephine?

4. Fred is about to be graduated from school. He wants to work in an office although his father, who is a laborer, wants him to learn a trade in order to make more money. Fred tells his father that he does not like to do manual work and, besides, if he does it, his friends will laugh at him.

Should Fred do as his father wishes or should he go to work in an office?

5. Alice and a number of her friends were standing on the corner when Edith passed. Some time previous to this, Alice and Edith had quarreled. Alice ridiculed Edith as she passed and all the girls laughed except May who was Edith's friend. May wanted to defend Edith but, at the same time, she did not want to be rude to Alice.

What would you have done if you had been May?

6. Joe, Claude, Charles, George, Dick, and Russell are members of the Robin Hood Club. Before any boy can join this Club, he must have performed some feat requiring courage. Russell, who was the last to join, had scrambled up the rain pipe onto the roof of his house.

Frank is an applicant for membership. When he appears before the Club, he is asked what courageous deed he has performed. Frank tells how he had confessed to his mother, the night before, that it was he and not his brother who had eaten the dessert she was saving for his father.

Three members replied Frank was a baby to have confessed, but the other three thought that it required courage to do what he had done.

If you were a member of the Club, would you judge Frank worthy of membership or would you suggest that he prove his courage in a more spectacular way?

7. Following a noon dismissal, in disobedience to the traffic rules, Lucy Martin left the line and ran across the street, narrowly escaping being hit by a truck. She was detected by a monitress and called back. Lucy pleaded with the monitress to excuse her on the ground that they were good friends.

If you were the monitress, what would you do?

8. One cold day in November, Robert Steele and some of his friends were playing on the banks of a river. Ben Smith challenged Robert to swim across the river. Robert was an excellent swimmer and felt sure he could do it, but he had a cold.

Ought Robert to accept the challenge and say nothing about his cold or ought he to explain why he should not accept the challenge?

9. The following reasons were given by four boys for refusing to accept a cigarette when it was offered to them:

1. I am too young to smoke.
2. Smoking is an expensive habit.
3. My father would punish me.
4. Smoking is bad for the health.

Which of the four statements would you make if someone offered you a cigarette?

10. While having a friendly grappling bout in front of a store, Alfred and some friends accidentally broke the window. With the exception of Alfred, all the boys ran away when the storekeeper appeared. Because he had suggested having the bout, Alfred assumed the entire blame for the accident.

Should Alfred have assumed the entire blame; should he ask the other boys to share the blame; or should he blame it all on the others because they had run away?

11. A boy judge was holding court at the Bancroft School. Tom Vance had pleaded guilty of "jay walking, hitching, and of being a repeater in both offences." The young judge was trying to decide whether he ought to (a) Rebuke Tom publicly, (b) Recommend that he be withdrawn from the basket-ball team, (c) Refer him to the principal, (d) Require that he write an essay on the evils of hitching.

If you had been judge, what penalty would you have inflicted?

Never ask others to do what you can do yourself. —*Benjamin Franklin*

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly,
They build the nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.
—*Emerson*

It is hard to fail but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. —*Theodore Roosevelt*

Impossible! Let me never hear that foolish word again. —*Mirabeau*

Do not let mistakes discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. —*Carlyle*

What man has done, man can do.—*Chesterton*

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS TO READ

American Hero Stories. Eva March Tappan. Houghton, Mifflin.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Kate D. Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin.

King Arthur and His Knights. Howard Pyle. Scribner's Sons.

The Last of the Mohicans. James Fenimore Cooper.

Boy Life on the Prairie. Hamlin Garland. Harper.

Stickeen. John Muir. Houghton, Mifflin.

The Covered Wagon. Hough.

The Story of My Life. Helen Keller.

Through an Antarctic Blizzard. Henry W. Lanier.

Hero Tales from the far North. Jacob Riis. Macmillan.

Knightly Legends of Wales. Sidney Lanier. Scribner's Sons.

Heroes of Today. Mary Rosetta Parkman. The Century Co.

Wee Willie Winkle. Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday Doran.

Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay.

Carry On. Robert Serviss.

Plays

"Nathan Hale" and "George Rogers Clark." From *Dramatic Moments in American History* by Hague and Chalmers. The University Publishing Co.

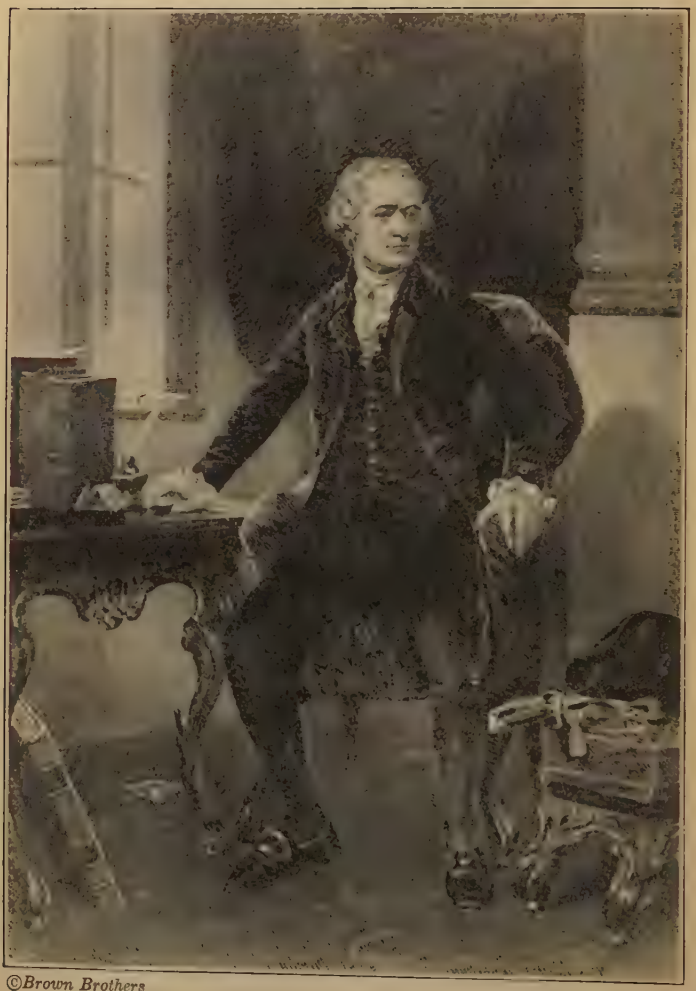
He who can control his tongue, can number his friends by the score, but he whose tongue is unbridled can count his foes by the legion.

—*Selected*

A Powerful Judge

Wisdom

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen, *I must act wisely*—In school, at home, playing, working, eating, or talking, I must learn how to choose the good, and how to avoid the bad.



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ALEXANDER HAMILTON, THE GREAT NATION BUILDER

A Great Builder

Wisdom is above price. Gold cannot buy intelligence.
—*Dr. Hillis*

LIKE a flash of lightning from a storm cloud came the Boston defiance of the British order to land tea, and, as the thunder follows the lightning, came the order from the Government of Great Britain closing the Port of Boston.

Massachusetts flamed into indignation. Philadelphia tolled her bells for a day, but New York broke into an explosion of anger. The streets echoed to the shouts of rage and flickered with torches as the king and his ministers were burned in effigy. The more thoughtful citizens gathered in groups at the Exchange and laid plans for some decisive action, for who could tell which colony would next feel the mailed fist of Lord North and the rest of the cabinet of George III. A colonial congress must be called. Then came an attempt to select delegates, but rival groups could not agree on the method of selection. It was finally decided to submit the question to the people of the state as a whole.

In the midst of all this excitement, deeply stirred by the incessant shouting, the blaze of torches, the constant fights between the crowds and the British soldiers, wandered seventeen-

year-old Alexander Hamilton. Ever since his arrival from the West Indies, he had listened to the question of the right of Parliament to tax the colonies being argued in the many New York houses where he had been entertained. But Hamilton was working very hard to do five years college work in two, so that he had to refuse to study the question of taxation without representation because he believed thoroughly in doing one thing at a time. Also, he had been brought up with a deep reverence for the British Constitution. Besides that, he was a West Indian, an alien. The quarrel between the colonies and the mother country was no affair of his.

An Incorruptible Patriot

But gradually Hamilton came to see that Britain was making a huge mistake. He began to read everything he could find on the relation of the colonies to Great Britain, until, presently, hot indignation against Britain and a glowing love for the America that was giving him all he wished for in the way of opportunity, began to inflame his soul. He resolved to make himself worthy by study to serve this adopted mother when she should need him.

At the meeting held at the Exchange, Hamilton had longed to speak but had refrained because of his youth. He had been writing to the newspapers and speaking at the student's club of

King's College ever since he had returned from Boston in the spring of 1774. The meeting at the City Hall Park, at which it was hoped that delegates to the congress would be selected by the people, was called for July 5, 1775, and, on that day, Hamilton stood listening intently while various persons spoke to the vast crowd. No one seemed to put the situation clearly and convincingly. Nicholas Fish and Robert Troup, who had heard Hamilton discuss the rights of the colonies many times, pushed their way to where he stood and urged him to explain to the crowd as he had to the students of the college societies.

Hamilton's very knees shook with terror but, in a moment, he found himself hoisted to the platform and facing the great multitude. The sun was blazing. They were weary with standing. They stared at Hamilton's slender young figure in its beautifully cut garments, lace ruffles to his wrists and throat and his proud beautiful face full of intelligence and feeling. Some muttered, others smiled.

Hamilton faltered a few words and then his courage rose. He forgot all but the great principle which made him one with that mass of weary, determined men. He emphasized their legal rights as Britons; rights of which a foolish king and stupid ministers had tried to deprive them. He reminded them of their natural rights

to life and to the pursuit of happiness. They had been reduced to the level of slaves, he said.

As he paused, the crowd stood breathless. Then came the first note of the Revolution. "It is war!" Hamilton cried, "War! The battlefield or slavery!"

A great roar of assent rose from the crowd.

"It is a boy, a college student," they murmured. Then they broke out into thunders of applause, as he concluded by reminding them of the vast resources of the country and its great future when the tyrannous grip of England should be broken.

A group of his friends carried him off to Fraunce's tavern to get rest and food.

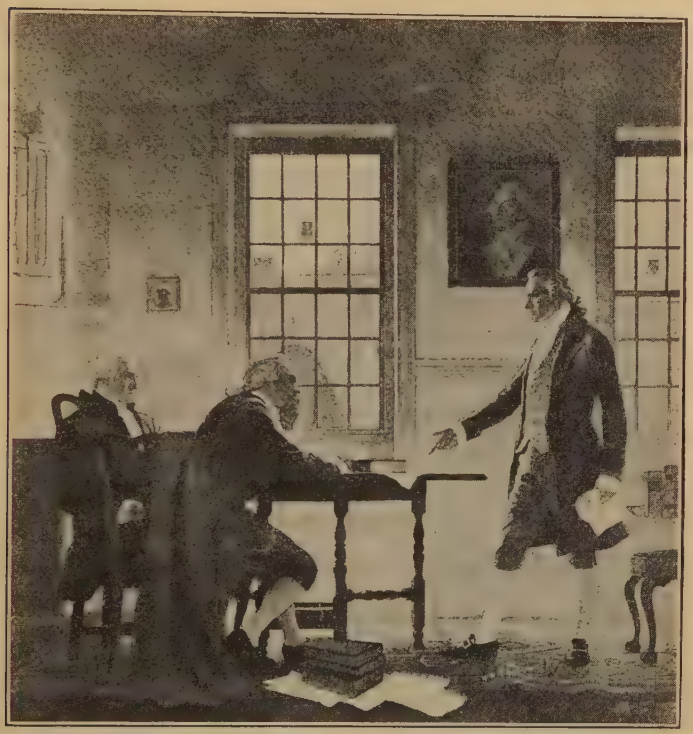
"You are one of us now," said Fish earnestly. "You must write and speak, even though you don't fight. There isn't a man living who can so help our cause with his pen."

"You think that being born in the West Indies of British parents and under Danish rule will make patriotism, real love for the colonies, impossible?" Hamilton asked with a smile.

Fish looked confused. "You are interested in so many things I was afraid you could only give us a little of your time and ability."

"Listen," said Hamilton, "to my pledge."

The three young men sprang to their feet, looking eagerly at Hamilton. "The pledge! The pledge!" they shouted.



WASHINGTON, MORRIS, AND HAMILTON DISCUSSING THE NATIONAL BANK

"I pledge myself," cried Hamilton, "body, brain and soul to the most sacred cause of the American Colonies. I vow to it all of my best energies for the rest of my life. I vow to fight for it with my sword. Then, when the enemy is driven out, I swear to devote my abilities wholly to my country. And I further swear, that never shall I permit my personal ambition to conflict with the lifelong demands of the country."

To the day of his death, Hamilton kept his vow.

Within a year Hamilton had to choose between the thing he wanted to do and what would be for the good of the Colonial cause. His wisdom guided him as it had in the past and would in the future.

A Soldier of Valor

An army had been organized under the command of Washington. Five thousand men were to protect New York. Hamilton, who, in addition to his college work and political writing, had been studying military science, was made captain of the company. This company formed part of the army under Putnam who met the British on Long Island and was badly defeated. Hamilton was the last man to leave Brooklyn under cover of the fog when Washington accomplished his historic retreat from Long Island.

Later, when Washington and the much battered Colonial troops retreated to Harlem Heights, Hamilton's company covered that retreat through all the blazing heat of that summer day. He was overtaken by the British but succeeded in beating them off and saved his men from being overwhelmed. He loved fighting. He was devoted to his men, and a life of action was his greatest delight.

Washington had heard of Hamilton's speeches and read some of his articles. The General had

also noticed Hamilton's steadfastness to duty. Therefore, it was not strange that on the morning after the retreat to Harlem, while Hamilton was directing the building of intrenchments, that Washington as he passed should have stopped to speak to the nineteen-year-old captain.

"General Greene spoke of you to me weeks ago," said the Commander-in-chief. "What a boy you are! I am proud of you."

Hamilton's face lighted with a smile. "I feel as though you had decorated me," he said joyously.

The habitual sternness of Washington's face lightened with one of his rare smiles. "I want to know you better. Will you have breakfast with me?" he asked.

"Indeed I will," replied Hamilton with so much enthusiasm that they both laughed.

That conversation was the beginning of a friendship that lasted, with few breaks, until Washington's death. Indeed, the lonely, splendid chief loved Hamilton as he loved few people. He appreciated Hamilton's knowledge, judgment, and foresight to such a degree that Hamilton's advice in political matters was Washington's constant guide from then on.

The campaign continued. At the Battle of White Plains, Hamilton's troop was sent to prevent the Hessians from crossing the Bronx River. There was no cannister, no grape-shot in

the American Army, and loading cannon with musket balls is slow work, but Hamilton's guns flashed with great rapidity much to the astonishment of the British who were trying to capture the hill. Hamilton was never without resources. He stood his cannon on the breech, filled his hat with musket balls and poured them in through the muzzle.

Then came the retreat across New Jersey in the bitter winter weather. A friend of Hamilton's wrote of him as he appeared after the capture of Trenton and Princeton, "At the head of the company was a boy and I wondered at his youth. But what was my surprise when, struck by his slight figure, he was pointed out to me as that Hamilton of whom we had heard so much. He was a mere stripling, small, slender, almost delicate in frame, marching beside a piece of artillery, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eye, apparently lost in thought. His hand rested on a cannon, and every now and again he patted it as if it were a favorite horse."

When Hamilton was eleven years old, and his mother was dying, she said to him, "Remember always that you are to be a great man, not merely a successful one. Never try for the second best, and that means to put your immediate personal desire aside when it encounters one of the ideals of your time. Unless you identify yourself with the great principles of the world you will be a

failure because your mind is created in harmony with them, and if you use it for smaller purposes it will fail as surely as though it tried to lie or steal." Perhaps these words were in Hamilton's mind when, much against his inclination, he gave up his beloved company and became Washington's aide and secretary. It was only when the Chief pointed out the inestimable value that Hamilton's knowledge of every question that must arise between the Commanding General, the Congress, and the State, would be to the success of the cause, that Hamilton put aside his military ambition.

Much of the correspondence signed "George Washington" which in the estimation of the world marked that General as having a profound and brilliant mind as well as being a great military genius, was the work of young Hamilton.

A Wise Statesman

The years of the war dragged on. More and more as Hamilton came in contact with the representatives of the several states, he came to feel that the Articles of Confederation could not hold them together. He talked and wrote of a closer union brought about by a strong federal government.

Then came the surrender at Yorktown, 1781. Later, the Treaty of Peace in 1783.

The years from 1783 to 1789 were the most

dangerous through which the young country passed. First of all, there was no money with which to pay the army or the citizens who had furnished supplies for the war, or to settle the foreign debts. The country was flooded with worthless paper money. There was no means of collecting taxes. Now a country must have an income if it would prosper and grow, just as an individual must. Hamilton urged that the federal government should not only pay the debts contracted by Congress but that it should assume the debts of the states as well. He saw in this plan a common interest that would bind the states closer together. Besides the assumption of the debts created through a common effort, he urged the founding of a national bank. His plan was not then accepted. The states were each too interested in their own welfare to understand or appreciate this larger plan of Hamilton's that would make for the benefit of each by protecting the welfare of all.

Conditions went from bad to worse. The states distrusted Congress and refused to allow it to collect taxes. The citizens of the states distrusted their own legislatures. The commercial relations of the states were in a snarl. Commerce on such important waterways as Long Island Sound, New York Bay, and the Chesapeake was regulated by the states bordering these waters and the regulations frequently conflicted. As

trade is the life of a nation, something had to be done to straighten out the tangle.

A commercial convention was called in 1786 to meet at Annapolis, Maryland. Hamilton was a member from New York. Half the delegates from the other states never attended, but this meeting gave Hamilton an opportunity to make an address and offer a motion which was adopted by the convention. He recommended that commissioners be appointed to meet in Philadelphia during May, 1787, to "devise such provisions as shall appear to them necessary to render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the needs of the Union."

Hamilton had a hard time persuading New York to join in any national movement, but his energy and wisdom finally brought about the election of delegates, Yates, Lansing, and himself, to the Constitutional Convention. The Constitution as it stands today without amendments was the work of that convention.

Then came the battle for the ratification of the Constitution. Hamilton was in the forefront of the fight in the New York Legislature. Not only in the Legislature but in the public press he strove to make the people see that union was necessary to political and commercial prosperity. In the Independent Journal, he published "The Federalist," a series of articles setting forth the value of a strong federal government.

In the New York Assembly, the debate lasted for three weeks. Then news came that nine states had ratified the Constitution. On July 26 the objectors finally gave way and the Constitution was ratified by the Legislature of New York. Never was there such a grand celebration, and Hamilton was the hero. Well he deserved the love and applause he received!

There was a grand procession in which the trades of the city celebrated the dawning of a more prosperous era. On a float the blacksmiths forged an anchor under a banner inscribed:

Forge me strong, finish me neat
I soon shall moor a Federal fleet.

The sailmakers worked under this motto:

Fit me well, and rig me neat
And join me to the Federal fleet.

The stonemasons rode under a temple supported by 13 columns, three of which were unfinished. On the front of the temple was this motto:

The foundation is firm, the materials are good
Each pillar's cemented with patriots' blood.

An Able Financier

Hamilton was the first Secretary of the Treasury. Perhaps no statesman ever had a more difficult task. He had to lift the nation out of bankruptcy and establish public credit. Only his wisdom could have found the means against the

opposition of the majority to perform this colossal task. His plans must be submitted to Congress for their approval, but he could not appear before that body either to explain or defend his measures. This was just one of the difficulties that confronted him.

Many members of Congress believed that only the foreign debt should be paid; that the domestic claims should be repudiated. After much debate, the bill to assume the debts was defeated, but Hamilton never surrendered. At the next session of Congress, he presented the bill again, and, by dint of driving a bargain with Jefferson, he got enough votes to pass the Assumption Bill and gave his aid in having the national capitol located on the Potomac.

The great monument to Hamilton is the National Bank. When Hamilton's wife was very old, she was asked if she remembered anything about the founding of the bank. "O yes," answered she, "One day General Washington came to the house looking terribly worried. He threw a great bundle of papers on the table. 'Tell me what they all mean,' he said to my husband. Then he and Alexander talked for hours. When the President left, he looked much more cheerful. My husband did not go to bed but sat up writing all night. The next day we had a bank."

The institution of the National Bank was not

founded as easily as Betsy thought. There was much prejudice against banks.

To the end of his life, Hamilton, though he worked very hard to support his family, was always at the service of his country. He was never moved by self-interest in political matters. Perhaps more than any other person, Hamilton's vision and wisdom were the foundation of the life and growth of the United States.

In Trinity Churchyard, New York, the monument to Hamilton bears this inscription:—

THE PATRIOT OF INCORRUPTIBLE INTEGRITY
THE SOLDIER OF APPROVED VALOR
THE STATESMAN OF CONSUMMATE WISDOM

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. How did Alexander Hamilton demonstrate his wisdom (a) As a patriot? (b) As a soldier? (c) As a statesman? (d) As a financier?

2. "Never try for the second best, and that means to put your immediate personal desire aside when it encounters one of the ideals of your time." Explain what Hamilton's mother meant by this advice.

3. Has Hamilton's statement, "that a strong central government would make a progressive country," been justified? Explain.

4. In what way was Hamilton influenced in after life by the fact that, when he was twelve years old, he was put in charge of his uncle's exporting and importing business while his uncle was away on a long trip?

5. Give names of other great men, of the present or of the past, whose vision and wisdom were finally justified.

A Foolish Old King

THE early records of Britain tell us about Lear, a mythical king of the land. Of his three daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, the King loved his youngest daughter, Cordelia, best of all.

When the King had reached a ripe old age, and he wished to retire from the active duties of a sovereign, he resolved that he would divide his kingdom among his three daughters in proportion to the love which they bore him. In order to understand their affections fully, he assembled his court and had his daughters come before him.

In answer to the question as to which of his daughters loved him best, Goneril, the eldest, protests that she loves her father more than life itself. This extravagant answer pleases the old King. Regan, his second daughter, declares she loves her father as her sister does, but in order to outdo Goneril, she declares herself an enemy to all other joys except that of loving her father. This answer also pleases King Lear and he assigns each a goodly portion of his kingdom.

Then he turns expectantly to his favorite, his youngest daughter, Cordelia. But Cordelia is sincere and truthful. She "cannot heave her heart into her mouth," but states that she loves

her father as a daughter should—no more, no less.

Cordelia, and Kent who defended her, are banished, much to the delight of her selfish sisters. Cordelia goes to France and marries the King of France.

Old King Lear with his hundred knights, visits his daughter Goneril, but she soon tires of her father and refuses to entertain his followers. Lear next turns to Regan, but she closes the doors of her palace to him. Insult after insult is heaped upon the head of the king, until without shelter or servants, he goes mad. In this condition he wanders over the heath in a storm. Kent who has come back to England from France, finds Lear and has him taken to Dover. Meanwhile Cordelia who has heard how her sisters have ill-treated her father has landed on the English coast near Dover with an army to rescue Lear.

Cordelia's army is defeated and both she and King Lear are taken prisoners. The scene in the latter part of the play, describing the union of father and daughter, is very touching.

This old story, Shakespeare has presented to us in one of his plays called King Lear. The following scene depicts the scene where the three daughters appear before the King. You will note that a King always refers to himself as *we* and *us*.

KING LEAR'S COURT

LEAR. Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—
Goneril, our eldest-born, speak first.

GONERIL. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORDELIA (*aside*). What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,

We make thee lady . . .
What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

REGAN. Sir, I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

CORDELIA (*aside*). Then poor Cordelia!
And yet, not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

LEAR. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remains this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferred on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least;
. . . What can you say, to draw

A third more opulent that your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing!

CORDELIA. Nothing.

LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

CORDELIA. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

CORDELIA. Good my lord,
You have begat me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:

Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

LEAR. But goes thy heart with this?

CORDELIA. Ay, good my lord.

LEAR. So young, and so untender?

CORDELIA. So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR. Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For by the sacred radiance of the Sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever.

—From King Lear, Act I, Scene 1

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Did King Lear display real wisdom in asking, "Which of you shall we say dost love us most?" Explain.

2. How does this story go to prove that King Lear was a very foolish old man?

3. In what way did Goneril and Regan show a lack of wisdom?

4. How did Cordelia's answer anger the King?

5. How would you set out to find which of your friends really liked you most?

The Friday Night Club

[A PLAY IN THREE ACTS]

It is better to talk wisdom in one language than nonsense in five.
—*Saxe*

CHARACTERS

Ed
Jack
Tom
Jim
Art
Bill
} Members of the Boys' Friday Night Club.

The Stranger
A Bystander
A Policeman
Jack's Father

ACT ONE

PLACE: The Street Corner in Front of the Sunset Billiard Parlor.
TIME: 8:30 Friday Night.

Throughout the action of this scene pedestrians pass to and fro. Some stop and watch the boys as they play. On the rise of the curtain, the front exterior of the Sunset Billiard Parlor can be seen up-stage rear, a lamp post down stage right, and street curbs down stage and right-stage.

Jack is leaning against the lamp post playing softly on his harmonica. Ed is bouncing, in a listless manner, a ball which Blackie, Jack's dog, is trying to seize. Tom is standing with his back to the audience, looking through the half-closed door of the billiard parlor.

ED. This waiting business is a nuisance. Hanging around half the evening for a chance to watch a billiard game isn't much fun.

JACK. Is there any chance of Arthur Forsdick winning?

TOM (*turning around*). The chances are all in favor of Jimmy Nichol.

JACK. Let's take a walk and come back later.

TOM. Better not. We might be crowded out.

ED. I wish they'd let us stand on chairs. You can't see a thing when the big fellows stand in front.

(*Enter Art, Bill, and Jim from the billiard parlor.*)

JIM. The game begins in about half an hour.

ED. Since we've got to hang around, let's do something while we are waiting.

(*He bounces his ball hard, and fails to catch it. Blackie runs after it, catches it, and lies near the curb chewing on it. A stranger, a young man, enters from the left and pauses listening to Ed's remark.*)

ART. It's a sure thing that we won't get to see very much.

BILL. Cheer up! The game will start soon.

STRANGER (*joining the group*). Is time hanging heavily on your hands? In that case I can suggest a pleasant diversion.

ED. What?

STRANGER. An interesting game. (*He takes a piece of chalk from his pocket and draws a*

chalked line along the crevice in the pavement.) Suppose we play just for a few minutes. I like to throw coins though I must confess I am poor at the game. (*The boys are silent.*) Come, you don't love pennies so much that you are afraid to win my money, do you?

TOM. No, and we are not afraid of losing our own.

ED. Let's play while we are waiting for our tables! What do you say boys?

BOYS. All right.

(*They gather around the Stranger who paces off the distance.*)

STRANGER. Go to it—shoot!

(*The boys throw their pennies at the line. Art wins. The Stranger makes the poorest throw.*)

STRANGER. Didn't I tell you? I am a poor player at this game. It's fun though, go to it.

(*The boys throw and Jack wins. Again the Stranger makes the poorest shot. He watches Jack pocket the money.*)

STRANGER (*continuing*). So I lost again, but then I really wouldn't want to bother picking up coppers. That's a baby's game. Let's make it nickels.

JIM. Nickels it is.

(*The boys throw their nickels in turn and this time the Stranger wins.*)

STRANGER. Well, if that isn't luck. I could never do that again!

JACK (*watching the Stranger scoop up the nickels*). Maybe you can, try it again.

(*The boys throw nickels again and the Stranger wins a second time.*)

STRANGER (*surprised*). Can you beat that? That's what I call dumb luck—just dumb luck.

BYSTANDER. Well, maybe not.

STRANGER. Ah, shucks! It's just luck I tell you. I couldn't do it again on a bet. Not three times in succession.

JACK. Then it would become a habit, wouldn't it?

STRANGER. I am so sure I couldn't win three times in succession that I'll throw a half-dollar against your quarters.

ED. Well, here's my quarter.

(*Each boy throws his quarter very carefully. The Stranger throws last. He skillfully twirls his coin and slides it in past all the others and wins. The Stranger quickly stoops to pick up the money. A policeman turns the corner suddenly, entering from the right, and seizes the Stranger by the collar.*)

POLICEMAN. Gambling, eh!

STRANGER (*pulling his cap down to shade his eyes*). Just a friendly game, officer.

POLICEMAN. High stakes. I suppose you've been fleecing these lads.

STRANGER. No, officer, just playing a sociable game.

POLICEMAN. Stand up straight and face the light. Take off that hat. (*The Stranger reluctantly stands up and faces the light.*) Well, well. Look who's here! I think the sergeant will be glad to see you. He's been looking for you since Tuesday night. (*He tightens his hold on the Stranger and leads him away, turning before he exits to shake his stick at the boys.*) As for you, if I catch you loafing around this corner and gambling, I'll run you all in.

(*The policeman exits, taking the Stranger with him.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

ACT TWO

PLACE: In Front of the Garage, in the Basement of Jack's House.
TIME: 9:30 the Next Morning.

As the curtain rises, Jack is seen sitting on a box near the half-closed door of the garage. He is lost in thought as he mechanically strokes the head of Blackie, his dog. There is a moment of silence before Ed and Tom enter from the left. Ed carries a bat and Tom has the gloves, chest protector, and mask. They stop in front of Jack for a moment.

ED. I am not allowed to go to the "Sunset" any more.

(*Jack stops stroking Blackie's head and looks at Ed.*)

TOM. Some busybody told my father what happened last night, too.

(*Jack is silent.*)

ED. Well, Jack, are you speechless?

JACK. I've been thinking. Hanging around the "Sunset" isn't doing us any good.

TOM. Watching a billiard game is all right.

A BOY'S CLUB IN CAMP

ED. Of course it is. My father plays billiards, and plays a good game.

JACK. Dad and Uncle George play, too. Uncle George held the college championship. The trouble is the crowd that hangs around the "Sunset."

ED. I wish we had a place to meet.

TOM. Some place where a fellow's sisters weren't always butting in.

ED. Or strangers.

(*Just then the garage door is swung open. Jack's father starts the car and the boys step aside as it passes down the runway and stops.*)

JACK. Dad is selling the car to-day.

ED. Is he getting a new one?

JACK. No. He says that traffic is so heavy in the city that he doesn't enjoy driving.

(*Jack stares at the empty garage for a moment and then walks over and looks through the open door.*)

ED. Well, let's go over to the field. Coming, Tom?

TOM. So long, Jack. See you later.

JACK (*turning back to them and speaking in a very animated tone*). Say, boys, I have a great idea. See you soon! (*Raising his voice.*) Just a minute, Dad, I have a business proposition to make.

(*He runs and climbs into the car and the boys see him talking very enthusiastically with his father as they drive away.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

ACT THREE

PLACE: The Interior of the Garage.
TIME: 8 P.M. the Following Friday Night.

The curtain rises on a dark stage. There is a noise

of someone opening the door on the left and the moving of chairs. Blackie runs around and barks. There is the sound of voices near the door.

ED. Why all the mystery, Jack?

TOM. Why the darkness?

JACK. Come in, fellows, gather around me while Aladdin rubs the lamp. (*He presses a button and the garage lights up brightly, showing a well furnished boys' club room—with tables, chairs, chess and checker boards. The boys gather excitedly around and examine the room.*) This is our own —all ours. No sisters allowed in and each fellow is to have his own key.

ED. This is fine. Oh, boy!

JIM. This is too good to be true.

ART. Say, will somebody pinch me? I think I'm dreaming!

BILL. When are we going to be allowed to use it?

JACK. Boys, let me introduce you to the new home of the Friday Night Club.

BOYS. Hurrah!

ART. How did you manage it, Jack?

JACK. Dad sold his car and when I saw this place vacant, the big idea came to me.

ED. It's great—large enough—heat and everything.

JACK. I told Dad if he'd buy the furniture he could rent it to us.

BOYS. Sure!

A Boys' Club at the Old Swimming Hole

Jack. But he wouldn't hear of it. He and some friends want to use it one or two nights a week. He will let us know by tomorrow which nights they will want.

Jim. We ought to pay for this privilege.

Jack. Dad won't hear of it, but we will have to replace anything that is broken or lost—that's all.

Art. Let's play chess!

(*The boys take their places and prepare to play Blackie seems to be happy that the boys are in such good spirits and runs around wagging his tail.*)

Bill. Before we start let's give three cheers for Jack and his father!

BOYS. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
BLACKIE. Woof! Woof! Woof!

[CURTAIN]

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. How did these boys show very poor judgment in tossing coins with a stranger?
2. What might have happened if the policeman had not interrupted the game?
3. Why do business firms make rules against gambling by their employees?
4. "Knowledge is the automobile, but wisdom is the skillful driver." Explain this statement.
5. What did a certain speaker mean when he gave this advice: "Size things up first and there will not be so many pieces to pick up afterwards"?

Thought is the seed of action. —*Emerson*

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.
—*Lavater*

A wise man keeps on good terms with his wife, his conscience, and his stomach.
—*Anon*

Evil is wrought from lack of thought,
As well as from lack of heart.
—*Herbert*

Backyard Barriers

Wisdom is knowing what to do next, skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it.—*David Starr Jordan*

RAYMOND WELLS had been told by his father that he was to devote the first days of his vacation to painting the high board fence that separated the Wells' back yard from the Egans' on the left and from the Hawleys' on the right. Accordingly, this Saturday morning found Raymond busily engaged with a paint brush and a huge can of green paint.

Although he swung his brush in a careful, painstaking manner, his mind was not on his work. He was thinking of his friend, Harry Ames, stretched out on the white cot in the hospital with his right leg in a plaster cast. What a pity it was that Harry had not seen the automobile coming when the boys were playing handball! Think of spending the best part of the summer laid up with a broken leg! It occurred to Raymond as he slowed down on his painting that it was too bad there were no really safe places in the neighborhood where they could play.

Raymond knew from the spasmodic whistling on the other side of the fence to the right that Ed Hawley was in his back yard, too. Raymond wanted to call to him but he disliked to

disturb anybody else who might be in Ed's yard. Perhaps Mary Egan would be in her yard. Raymond wondered whether Mary had been to the hospital to see Harry yet, and whether she had taken him some of the delicious cakes her mother often makes.

"Why must we have these barriers?" asked Raymond half aloud, as he gazed at the fences on all sides of him. "Surely, the days of the Indians are over."

He stopped painting and gazed half resentfully at the fence. Suddenly, his face lighted up and he jammed the brush back into the can. He ran to the side of the house, got a ladder, and placed it against the fence he had been painting. Quick as a flash he ran up the ladder and looked over into the Egans' yard. Yes, there was Mary, shelling peas.

"Mary," he exclaimed excitedly. "Can you come right over for a few minutes? I have an idea!"

He ran to the opposite fence, jumped, caught hold of the top of it and pulled himself up so that he could just about see over it into the next yard. Ed Hawley was busy inflating the tire of his bicycle.

"Say, Ed, you are not too busy to come over for a minute, are you? I have something I want to talk over with you."

The whistling stopped immediately and Ed

turned to see Raymond peering down at him.

"Of course not," replied Ed, "clear the way. I'll be with you in a few seconds."

Ed vaulted the fence with the help of a clothes pole, and soon the three gathered for a conference.

"What's the big idea?" inquired Ed.

"It's an idea for a first class playground," said Raymond. "Your yard's too small, so is mine, and so is Mary's, but tear down the fences and we have a great one."

"Tear down the fences!" exclaimed Ed and Mary in surprise.

"Yes, why not?"

Ed laughed, "Say, I guess you don't know my father. You'll have to do some explaining to him."

"And my mother," said Mary, "she'll not let anyone interfere with her flower garden."

But Raymond was determined to try to work out his idea.

"That's where we must use our brains to meet and overcome any objections that may be raised," he said. "I have a plan; the first thing my father will ask is, 'If we do grant you this privilege, how would you map out a playground?' I shall be ready for him. I'm the captain of the Athletic Association and I can map out all of this space to good advantage."

"I know the first questions my dad will ask,"

said Ed Hawley who was not very optimistic, "here are some of them: How much is all this going to cost? Is it worth it? Who is going to pay for it?"

"My father will not say anything," said Mary. "He will leave it to mother. What she says, goes. It will take good arguments to convince my mother that she ought to give up her gardens."

But Raymond was not discouraged by these remarks. He continued to argue and at last succeeded in securing the coöperation and the active support of his companions. They mapped out a campaign, which they felt would, if carried out with enthusiasm, win over their parents.

Mary succeeded in persuading her mother to invite to afternoon tea all of the grown-ups concerned in this scheme. She was on hand to help and she made sure that the neighbors got as much of her mother's cake as they wanted to eat.

When the tea was over, Mary announced that Raymond, Ed, and she had a proposition to put before their parents. The three mothers and the three fathers there assembled received this announcement with good-natured interest.

"Tell us about it, Mary," said Mr. Wells.

"Yes, sir, we will, but according to our program, Ed is to speak first."

Ed stepped forward before the group of parents whose curiosity had been aroused. They drew their chairs closer together so as not to miss a word.

"Last week," Ed began a little nervously, his hands stealing to his pockets and then dropping again, "last week, Harry Ames was run over and is now in the hospital with a broken leg. Raymond and I were playing ball with him. While trying to catch the ball, Harry ran backward and was hit by the auto. The street is not a safe place to play in but we haven't any other."

Here Mrs. Hawley spoke up, "Haven't I warned you time and time again about the dangers of playing in the street?"

"Yes, but we fellows have to get some exercise. Our plan is to make a place which will be safe for play. We have a plan to suggest, one that has been well thought out. We would like you to take down the fences that separate the three yards. Let us have one big one. As the yards are now they are not large enough."

"There's an idea in that," remarked Mr. Hawley.

"We have the cost of this work all figured out for we felt that you would want to know it," continued Ed. "Mr. Jackson, a carpenter on the next block, will take down the fences for $9.50 a day. He calculated it would take two days. In that time he says he will not only take

down the fences, but separate the boards. These boards are six feet long, ten inches wide and have a thickness of one inch. They are in good condition and we plan to use them again for playground material."

"Not so bad," whispered Ed's father to his mother, as Ed flushed and a little uncertain sat down to give Mary a chance to speak.

"Two of the yards contain flower gardens and all have rosebushes," began Mary. "I inquired of Mr. Wilson, the florist, the cost of transplanting these flowers to the front garden plots and he said he could do all the work in one day for $10."

"But, my dear," objected her mother, "there is not room in the front plot for all the flowers."

"We have provided for the overflow, mother, Mr. Jackson will make all the window boxes we shall need for one dollar each. He will use some of the fence boards. Besides those high board fences make each yard dark, they keep out the sun and the air, and they prevent us from having a suitable playground. They are unsociable barriers."

As Mary took her seat, her father nodded his approval. Raymond noticed this and was encouraged to put the final and the most expensive suggestions before the parents.

"Each yard," he began, is sixty feet deep and twenty-five feet wide. Taking down the fences

and opening all the space into one large area gives us a lot sixty by seventy-five feet. A great deal can be done with this space; in fact, we can make a playground for everybody. I have made a plan of the ground and have a copy for each one of you."

He passed copies to the parents and then continued.

"The large space, forty feet by sixty feet, is for a basketball court for both the girls and the boys. The cost of the baskets will be $2.50. In the corner of this, we can play hand ball. The fence is only six feet high and the back wall should be twelve feet high. Mr. Jackson by using the lumber from the fences can build this wall for $12. In this corner there is room for a bowling alley for the parents. The dirt runway is not like a polished board, but Ed and I will keep it smooth. Next to this alley is space that can be used for driving a golf ball. A canvas can be stretched across the end near the fence. On this the bull's eye and lofting circles can be marked. This can be made from an old boat sail. Placed in front of this, we have a sand table for Mary's brother and Ed's two sisters. Ed and I can make that. The rest of the space in the foreground can be used for a baby's swing, for the hammock which is now in the way on the front porch, and for a trapeze which contains rings, swing, and chinning bar. This apparatus

will cost twenty-five dollars. During the winter months, when the temperature is below freezing point, the whole yard can be flooded and used as an ice skating rink."

Raymond became exceedingly serious and very enthusiastic. He went on, "Thus for a little less than thirty dollars for each of the fathers we can all—twelve of us and our friends, have a fine safe playground.

When he finished and sat down there was a moment of silence. Then Mr. Egan spoke up in a half-joking and half-serious manner, "The boy is worth a hand, let's give it to him." The parents applauded for all of them.

"I guess that settles it," added Mr. Wells as he rose to go, "the fences have to come down."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. What would be the danger of inviting a great many friends to use the playground?
2. Make up a set of rules which you think should govern the use of such a playground as this.
3. Why do most cities provide large parks?
4. Why did Ed, Raymond, and Mary plan and organize before presenting the plans to their parents?
5. Which has the greater advantage for recreation, the country or the city? Give your reasons.

He who *reigns* within himself, and rules passions, desires, and *fears*, is more than a king.

—*John Milton*

Frank's Good Turn

Thought is the seed of action.
—*Emerson*

"I HAVE a job for you, Frank," said his father at breakfast.

"All right, Dad, what is it?"

"Two Armenians, a mother and her boy of twelve, arrive in port to-day. I am going to give the mother something to do in the store. On Saturday morning, I want you to show the lad about the town. Show him the best things. Start him right."

"Yes, Dad, I know, first impressions are lasting, they say. What's the boy's name? Does he speak any English?"

"His name is Vahe Abaranian. I should judge he knows a little English, having lived for several months at the American Mission in Armenia. However, your mother will give you the details."

Frank's mother told him the few details she knew of Vahe's family. They had lived on a farm in an area which became the center of rioting and war. The boy's father, in an attempt to protect his home from the rioters, had been shot, the house had been ransacked and burned, and the cattle driven off. Vahe and his mother hid from the marauders and managed to reach

Armenian Children

the American Mission in safety. The head of the Mission had written to Frank's father who had volunteered to look after the two unfortunates.

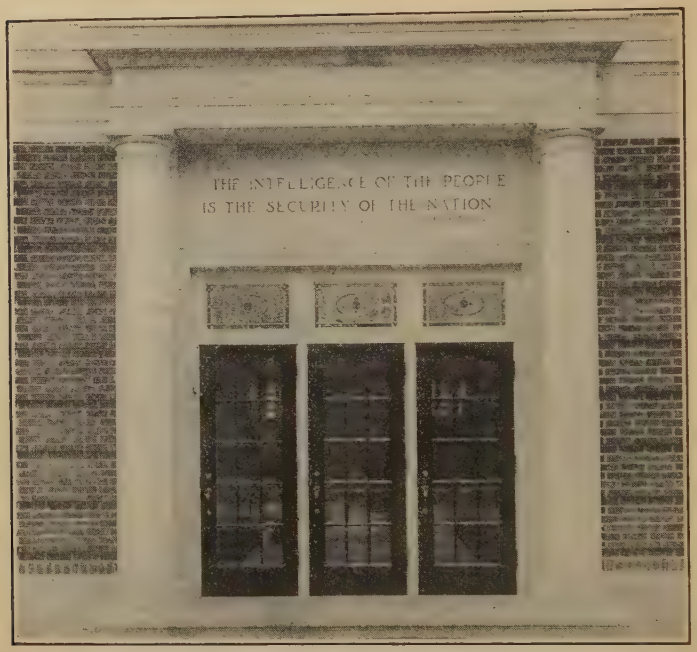
On Saturday morning, Vahe met Frank. The Armenian was a thin, dark-complexioned lad with black, curly hair and large frightened-looking eyes. He was still dressed in the clothes he had worn in Armenia. Consequently, they were an odd-looking couple as they started out to make a tour of the neighborhood, the tall well-dressed American and the under-sized Armenian waif who seemed to look to the older boy for protection.

Frank was proud of his neighborhood, and even without his father's direction to show Vahe

the best, he would have done so. He knew, however, that the foreign boy would not be able to understand any but the simplest of explanations. Frank felt that gestures might help him out.

They were passing the police station as the watch was changing. The officers filed down the steps in pairs, swinging their clubs. Frank stepped to the curb to watch them pass, and Vahe slunk behind him for protection. Officer Brady nodded to Frank and smiled at his odd-looking companion but the foreign boy only stared in awe and fear of the military-looking man. Frank would have been provoked with his timid friend if he had not known of the latter's experiences in his native land. Vahe's look of fear changed to one of surprise when the long line of police passed and nothing happened to him. Frank explained as best he could that the police were there for the protection of the people.

The doors of the fire house a little farther down the street were wide open. Frank stopped to explain with the aid of many gestures that the purpose of the fire department was to put out fires and to protect life and property. He passed on, feeling that all the Armenian boy understood of his explanation was that firemen slid down the poles to save time and that the great ladders unfolded to reach the top floors of the tall houses. Frank wished that either he



The Entrance to a Modern American School

understood some Armenian or that the Armenian boy knew just a little more English. The American boy wanted to do justice to his neighborhood.

Two blocks farther on they came to the school. Vahe understood the word *school*, and what it meant, for he had attended the mission school for a short time. He was amazed at the size, the height, and the grandeur of this building. He tried to spell out the inscription over the entrance. Frank knew it would be useless to

attempt to explain the meaning of the inscription, "The Intelligence of the People Is the Security of the Nation." He took Vahe by the arm and led him on, explaining that this was the school he would attend. The Armenian boy wanted to turn back and take another look at the school that was to be his. His eyes sparkled. "Free, like America?" he asked.

The next object of interest was the public library. Frank took his companion in and showed him around, leading him slowly from room to room. It amused Frank to hear his companion spell out the names of the books. The boys lingered for some time in the children's room since this would be the room in which Vahe would probably spend many hours in the months to come. The American boy took several interesting books from the shelf and showed his friend the pictures. Vahe took a pencil and a small notebook from his pocket and laboriously copied the titles. This pleased Frank.

The museum with its varied and wonderful collection of objects, historical objects and pictures delighted the newcomer who eagerly pressed his little brown nose against the glass cases. Frank regretted that they had to pass so quickly from room to room, but it was now nearly lunch time and both boys were getting hungry. As they left the building Vahe ran to the bulletin

board on which was hung the following notice: "Library, open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily." he emphasized the word "free" in such a manner that Frank laughed outright. "Me come back some day," added the boy enthusiastically.

At noon, they sat under a tree in the park and ate their lunch. As a treat to the foreign boy, and by way of introducing to him an American product, Frank hailed a passing ice cream man and bought two cones. Their lunch finished, the boys visited the zoo where they fed peanuts to the elephants. As the huge animals caught the nuts in their trunks and transferred them into their mouths, Vahe laughed for the first time.

"He is feeling his freedom," thought Frank. "I guess he hasn't had much up to now to make him laugh."

As they passed the recreation grounds where some boys were playing baseball, Frank had a great longing to explain to his little friend the nature of our great national game. In fact, he made several attempts but gave them up because of the lack of enough simple words to do justice to the game. Farther on they came to some swings. The Armenian lad suddenly ran to one, jumped upon the seat and swung himself as high as he could go.

"Free, too, like America," he said as he joined Frank again.

At the corner of Vahe's street Frank left his charge. He was a little disturbed by the impression the lad had received that everything was "free, like America." Would young Vahe learn that for every privilege there is a corresponding obligation? Frank remembered that he had learned this in school and he felt reassured when he remembered that his new friend was going to attend the same school.

"Frank," said his father, one evening six years later, "I have a job for you."

Frank had just been graduated from the local college, but he still earned his way by doing some of his father's jobs.

"All right, Dad, what is it?"

"I attended the graduation exercises at the high school yesterday, and heard Vahe Abaranian deliver his oration on "My Neighborhood." His simple sincerity and his love for the educational advantages of his neighborhood impressed me. A copy of the school paper was brought to the store by Vahe's mother. I was so absorbed in reading his oration that before I realized it my lunch time had passed. By the way, didn't you show him around the town the first few days he was here?"

"Yes, Dad, I did."

"Well, son, he evidently has profited by the excursion. Look over the address when you get the chance. Just now I want you to go over to

Vahe's house and bring him here. I think he's well worth helping through college."

On the way over to Vahe's house, Frank stopped under the street light on the corner just long enough to glance over the boy's address. He smiled when he came to the illustration at the end and thought of the Saturday morning six years before.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. What did Frank mean by saying that first impressions are lasting?
2. In showing the young immigrant boy their neighborhood, how did Frank show real wisdom?
3. Do you believe that second thoughts are best? Give your reasons.
4. "For every privilege there is a corresponding obligation." Explain this statement.
5. Give instances where first impressions have affected the lives of great men.

Prudence is obedience to the rules of reason, truth and decency, at all times, and under all circumstances. —*Selected*

The habit of saving money while it stiffens the will also heightens the energies.

—*Theodore Roosevelt*

Good sense, kindness of heart and a proper self-respect are the elements of the best manners. —*Edwards*

You Be the Judge

1. A group of boys, on their way to a picnic in the woods, happened to be passing their schoolhouse when one of them, grabbing up a stone, said, "Watch me hit that highest window."

If you were a member of this group, would you tell the boy that this was not a sportsmanlike thing to do, would you point out that his father would have to pay for the damage through higher taxes, or would you join in the fun?

2. Eleanor is monitress of textbooks. When the books are collected, Eleanor notices that Anna has been very careless with her books. Maps have been traced, bindings are loose, and some of the pages are missing. Several times during the term, Eleanor has suggested to Anna that all pencils and pens should be taken from her books to avoid damaging the bindings. Anna did not follow Eleanor's suggestions.

If you were Eleanor, would you report the matter to the teacher, would you try to reason further with Anna, or would you select Anna's next term's books that are in about the same condition as the ones she has returned?

3. Two boys playing "tag," dash into the street despite the fact that they can hear the screaming siren of a fire engine. The driver of the fire engine must choose between hitting the two boys and risking the lives of his crew by running into a pillar.

If you were the driver of the engine, what would you do?

4. While in church one Sunday morning, Dorothy finds a dollar on the floor. At her sister's suggestion, Dorothy put's the dollar in the collection. After reaching home, Dorothy wasn't sure that she had done the right thing. She thought that some poor person might have dropped the dollar and be in need of it.

If you had been Dorothy, would you have put the dollar in the collection, would you have taken it to the minister, would you have kept it, or would you have tried to find its rightful owner?

5. Donn is quite a spender. He often treats his friends, puts very little into the school bank, but puts that in regularly. He is a good student, wastes no time, and makes the most of his opportunities.

Frank is very saving. He puts all his money in the school bank and has the largest account in the class. He does not treat, but wastes most of his time on worthless things.

Which is the more thrifty, Donn or Frank? Why?

6. Bob likes Rudolph, a shy foreign boy. Bob's club, of which he is president will not admit Rudolph, and some of the members openly criticize Bob's choice of a companion.

Should Bob continue his friendship with Rudolph, should he resign from the Club, or should he drop Rudolph?

7. Sadie and Helen are sisters. Both are allowed the same amount of spending money. Sadie usually spends hers recklessly in the early part of the week and then borrows from Helen. This time Helen refuses the loan.

"I don't see why you don't give it to me," Sadie says, "I always pay you back when I get my allowance."

"Yes, but I have to go without something I want," answered Helen.

If you were Helen, would you refuse Sadie the loan, would you charge interest just as a banker would do, or would you advise Sadie not to be such a spendthrift?

8. Jerome is Leader of the Fireside Story Hour Group which meets one evening a week at Jerome's home. Gerald is always spoiling the enjoyment of the others with smart remarks, and interruptions.

Should Jerome, (a) try to persuade Gerald to change his attitude, (b) present the problem of Gerald's conduct to the group, (c) give Gerald

a thrashing, or (d) ask him to withdraw from the Group?

9. Louise is a member of the Glee Club. She has a fine soprano voice. Later, when a dramatic club is formed, Louise is asked to become a member because she likes drama better than singing. The president of the Glee Club says that Louise will be a poor sport if she resigns in order to join the Dramatic Club, for there is no soprano who can take her place.

If you were Louise, what would you do?

10. Bert, Lawrence, and Julian decided to play a trick on their friend Jim, before he returned to his place, by placing a bent pin on his desk. When Jim gave a yell of pain when the pin stuck in him, the teacher punished Jim because she thought he was trying to make mischief.

Should Jim tell the teacher he was hurt, should he shield his friends and have the teacher think he is a mischief-maker, or should he shield his friends and "get even" with them later?

11. Two boys were discussing the candidates for the next day's election.

"I'll vote for Clark every time," said one. "He has a certain 'go' about him."

"I'll vote for Brown," said the other. "He is brilliant in his work."

"I know Clark isn't brilliant," replied the

first boy, "but he can take a beating and hang on. He has a fighting heart."

Would you vote for the brilliant Brown, would you vote for Clark with the fighting heart, or would you want to know something more about the two candidates?

12. Margaret and Alice are both running for the office of President of the General Organization.

Margaret is a good student but she has no particular ability for starting or carrying out new schemes. She is very kind, friendly, and honest as well as very gentle.

Alice is a good student who has an excellent reputation. She is a very able leader although a little brusque at times. She is president of her class and has organized a social service club.

Emily and Margaret are great friends. But although she knows about Alice's ability, she doesn't like her.

If you were Emily would you vote for Margaret or for Alice?

Who learns and learns and learns,
And acts not what he knows,
Is one who plows and plows and plows,
But never sows.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

—*Humphrey*

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS TO READ

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. Jules Verne. Scribner.

The Jungle Book. Rudyard Kipling. Scribner's Sons.

The Voyagers. Padriac Colum. Macmillan.

Gold's Gloom. Arthur W. Ryder. University of Chicago Press.

Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy. Padriac Colum. Macmillan.

The Ransom of Red Chief. O. Henry. Doubleday Doran.

The Blue Carbuncle. A. Conan Doyle.

Robert of Sicily. Sara Cone Bryant. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Poucinet. Edouard Laboulaye. Harper.

Whirligigs. O. Henry. Doubleday Doran.

The Man Who Sought Wealth from God. Constance Smedley. Harcourt.

PLAYS

"Manifest Destiny." From *Dramatic Moments in American History* by Hague and Chalmers. The University Publishing Co.

"But I," cried the fresh-hearted New Year, "I shall try to leave men wiser than I find them. I will offer them freely whatsoever good gifts Providence permits me to distribute, and will help them to be thankful for what they have, and humbly hopeful for more.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

Moderation is the silken skein running through the pearl chain of all virtues. —*Dr. Fuller*

The Keystones of Success

INDUSTRY AND GOOD HABITS

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen, *I must make my character strong*—My character is what I am, if not in the eyes of others, then in the eyes of my own conscience. Good thoughts in my mind will keep out bad thoughts. When I am busy doing good I shall have no time to do evil. I can build my character by training myself in good habits.

Colonel Charles Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle

The Lone Eagle

Winged with the old divinity of beauty
Our living dream mounts morning like a lark.
—*Neihardt*

OVER the waiting thousands at Le Bourget Field, on the evening of May 21, 1927, sounded the drone of a plane. Out of the darkness into the light of the flares the silvery winged plane circled, then glided to earth and came to a standstill. With a roar like the bursting of some pent torrent, the crowd surged around the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Then out climbed a slim youth, announcing "I'm Charles Lindbergh." Some one asked him if he had said this, and why.

"Yes, I said it because I was afraid they might think I was somebody else." This statement was amazingly modest when one remembers that millions of people were waiting, breathlessly, to hear the fate of this unaffected American youth who had hopped off alone from New York in the early morning of May 20, 1927, to make the first solo flight across the Atlantic.

Except to a few friends, to the army, and to the air mail service, Lindbergh was a totally unknown person—but in the archives of aviation there were records that showed his courage. More than that, there was testimony to the

industry, resourcefulness, and perseverance of this airman.

There never were two nicknames that were less descriptive than "Lucky Lindy" and the "Flying Fool." It was not "luck" that carried Lindbergh across the Atlantic unless one may be called "lucky" who has developed a capacity for hard work, for attention to details, for punctuality, for clean living, for kindliness of spirit and good humor. No fool ever planned the flight that began when "Slim" spent hour after hour watching the construction of the *Spirit of St. Louis* in San Diego, and then spent more hours tramping around the country outside the city, so that he could train himself to go without sleep for forty hours at a stretch.

"They call me 'Lucky,'" said Lindbergh, "but luck isn't enough. It would be a reflection on my plane and on my instruments to attribute the flight to luck."

The obscure mail pilot who landed in France to find himself the most famous and admired person in the world, did not acquire his courage, skill, self-reliance, and modesty in that three thousand six hundred mile flight. He had been flying for six years and had to his credit seventeen hundred hours in the air. Lindbergh had done stunts at country fairs in the West. He had blazed air routes from St. Louis to Chicago for the Air Mail. He knew what dangers lay in

flying at night over unlighted country or across mountain territory. He was the most distinguished member of the Caterpillar Club. This is the most exclusive organization in the world. Only fliers who have been forced to make parachute jumps from wrecked or falling planes may become members. Lindbergh had made four such descents, two within six weeks of each other. He had carried hundreds of passengers with never an accident. This record is not that of a "flying fool."

Since 1921, when Lindbergh began his flying, he has shown as much concentrated energy in pursuit of knowledge in this supreme interest of his life as most men spread over a lifetime of endeavor.

Those officers in the War Department who examined Lindbergh for promotion knew that on their words most important issues for the future depended. This was their disinterested verdict: He is "intelligent," "industrious," "energetic," "dependable," "purposeful," "alert," "serious," "stable," "frank," "modest," "congenial," "A man of good moral habits and regular in all his business transactions," "A young man who would successfully complete everything he undertakes."

The first person to fly alone across the Atlantic was bound to be frantically applauded. He was sure to excite the admiration of the world,

and the pride of his countrymen. He was sure to be offered every possible means of advertising his feat and of capitalizing himself. Offers to write, to give lectures, to act in the movies, to lend his name to advertise shaving soap, breakfast food, and collars, were sure to pour in on him. There would be every opportunity to make a fortune in a few minutes. But Lindbergh refused to be tempted and declined each successive offer made to him for self-advertisement. Unlike many other heroes, Lindbergh will always be remembered because, "when his plane landed at Le Bourget field, Lindbergh the man kept on going." Everything he has said, everything he has done has added to the affection and admiration that is felt for him.

Lindbergh's first call, in France, was on Madame Nungesser whose brave son had been lost in the stormy waters Lindbergh had crossed. When called on for a speech at the French Aero Club, Lindbergh said that Nungesser and Coli, the two French aviators who had just previously lost their lives in an attempted westward flight, had attempted a much more difficult feat than his when they attempted to fly from Paris to New York.

Lindbergh's reply to a speech of welcome in the French Chamber of Deputies, was a further example of his modesty, sincerity, and tact.

"Gentlemen, one hundred thirty two years

ago, Benjamin Franklin was asked: 'What good is your balloon? What will it accomplish?' He replied: 'What good is a new born child?' Less than twenty years ago M. Bleriot flew across the English Channel and was asked: 'What good is your airplane? What will it accomplish?' To-day, those sceptics might ask me what good has been my flight from New York to Paris. My answer is that I believe it is the forerunner of a great air service from America to Europe, to bring our people nearer together in understanding and in friendship than they have ever been."

This speech makes understandable the unofficial title that Lindbergh has won, "The Ambassador of Good Will." All of his addresses and his actions have gone to show that Lindbergh has dedicated his life to the growth of aviation as a means of transportation. He was offered movie contracts for more than two millions of dollars; he would have made $300,000 by having a phonograph record made of his story in his own voice, accompanied by an orchestra playing the Star-Spangled Banner and the Marseillaise. The most extraordinary offer made him in Europe was $2,500,000 for a lone flight around the world. Lindbergh courteously declined all of the propositions for he wished to devote himself to developing aviation and he jealously guarded any action that would cheapen either himself or his flight.

Following his flight to Paris, Lindbergh made three historic flights, one over every state in the Union; another across Mexico, Central America, South America and the West Indies; and the third to carry serum to Quebec for a brother aviator who was dying of pneumonia.

Just as the flight to France re-established cordial feelings between the United States and that country, so the flight to Central America established friendship at a time when our relations with those countries were most strained. Just eleven months before, it had been stated that the Government in Mexico threatened the peace of the United States. Then came the appointment of Ambassador Morrow, an American who could appreciate the Mexican point of view. When President Calles of Mexico spoke in admiration of Will Rogers, Ambassador Morrow suggested that the lariat-whirling humorist might enjoy a short trip to Mexico. No sooner suggested than a telegram was sent and Rogers went to Mexico. In the same fashion, Lindbergh's flight was inaugurated. Between the three, Morrow, with his understanding of human nature and his tact; Rogers with his philosophy of life and his humor; and Lindbergh who, as President Calles said is the highest representative of manhood, willpower, and heroism, the dangerous snarl between the two countries was untangled and the disputed oil laws were inter-

©*Wide World Photos*

LINDBERGH'S LAST FLIGHT IN THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS BEFORE IT WAS PLACED IN THE AIRCRAFT DIVISION OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

preted favorably to the United States by the Supreme Court of Mexico.

One of the Mexican newspapers, the Excelsior, referring to Lindbergh, wrote: "We welcome you not only because of the honor your presence confers upon us, but also because of a new hope you bring us, and the confidence with which we can now turn to a part of our horizon which we have hitherto scanned always with misgivings."

Lindbergh's own story of the flight lays much stress on the fact that because his map was inaccurate he was one hour and twenty-seven

minutes over his estimated time. Punctuality is one of the Lone Eagle's virtues. In outlining the flight over the United States, Lindbergh arranged sixty-eight all-night stops. Two o'clock in the afternoon was to be the arrival hour for he insisted that punctuality was the most important consideration. He did not wish to disappoint or distress people, and he knew that in commercial aviation punctuality was of importance.

There are numberless stories that show Lindbergh to have the qualities that the officers of the army have placed on his record.

Two of the qualities that were emphasized were his alertness and stability. Both of these qualities showed themselves time and time again in his flight over the United States when he had to make landings amid excited thousands. His aide, Colonel Kehoe, tells that on one occasion he was almost on the ground when a crowd of three hundred school children ran out in the field directly toward the plane. But Lindbergh was alert. His engine roared wide open and the *Spirit of St. Louis* shot upward over the heads of the now frightened children. Then he circled round until the youngsters were behind the lines, and one of the party had signaled that the field was clear.

These were the instructions that Colonel Lindbergh gave his aides in relation to the tour.

"We must always be on time, if we have to get up in the middle of the night to do it. What we want to do is to show that aviation can come through on time. The second thing is about landing at airports. Sometimes the crowds forget and rush out into the field and that's dangerous. If someone were to be killed by a propeller it would be terrible. I'd rather skip a city than take a chance of landing in a crowd."

At each city where the party spent the night, the rooms they occupied at the hotel were filled with flowers, and the tables were piled high with gifts of candy, fruit, and other things. "I'd like to have the people who sent them know that I appreciate them," said Lindbergh. "There isn't time to do it personally, but if the committee here in the city will help us, I'd like to have them know it. But I don't see why someone else shouldn't get some pleasure out of them. We can't take them with us, you know. Suppose you send them out to the hospitals. There's a children's hospital, isn't there?"

"I'll help distribute them," said one of the committeemen—"and after you go, we'll send out the flowers."

"Don't you think tonight would be better," asked Lindbergh pleasantly, "I'm afraid they will be faded by tomorrow."

The world loves a hero but in this day the man who lives in the memory of his fellows may have

strength, courage, good looks, but he must also have modesty, punctuality, self-restraint, kindliness, and humor.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. What do you admire most about Charles Lindbergh? Why?
2. Make a list of Lindbergh's strong traits of character.
3. Tell about some other brave aviators and their feats.
4. Commander Byrd was the first aviator to circle the North Pole. What kind of men, do you think, did Commander Byrd take with him on this expedition?
5. Make a scrapbook recording the progress made in aviation. How would such a scrapbook show a record of perseverance and determination?
6. Why did Lindbergh attach such great importance to *punctuality* when he made his flying visit to each state in the Union?
7. What would you think were the necessary qualities to make a successful airman? Why?

Bad habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers and rivers run to seas.
—*John Dryden*

By always taking out and never putting in, the bottom is soon reached.
—*Spanish Proverb*

Be careful that you write accurately rather than too much. —*Erasmus*

The Trial of Fire*

[A MOCK TRIAL]

Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought, and those to be shunned. —*Cicero*

CHARACTERS

The Judge	Electricity
The District Attorney	Rubbish
Court Officer	Gas
Counsel for the Defense	Defective Chimney
Clerk of the Court	Gasolene
The Jury	Bonfire
Kerosene	Spontaneous Combustion
Cigarette	Carelessness
Match	

PLACE: A Court Room.

There should be a large chair and table for the Judge's bench if nothing more accurate is available. There should also be a chair and table for the Clerk of the Court, a witness chair beside the Judge's bench and chairs for the twelve jurymen and spectators. Various pupils should be designated to represent the different fire hazards.

The use of special costumes is optional, but, if used, they should not be made of paper or other readily igniti-

*Used by courteous permission of the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

ble material. It will answer every purpose to hang inscribed placards about the necks of the pupils.

The Judge enters after all have assembled. The different defendants (the hazards) are led in by the Court Officer. Everybody stands as the Judge enters.

CLERK (*standing*). Oyez, oyez! All ye who have business with this honorable court draw near and present your petitions. (*No one moves.*) The first case on the docket is that of *The People vs. Fire.*

JUDGE. I assume that the formalities have been observed.

CLERK. Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE. Are the Counsel ready for trial?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY. The People are ready, your Honor; the defendants should have been brought to trial years ago.

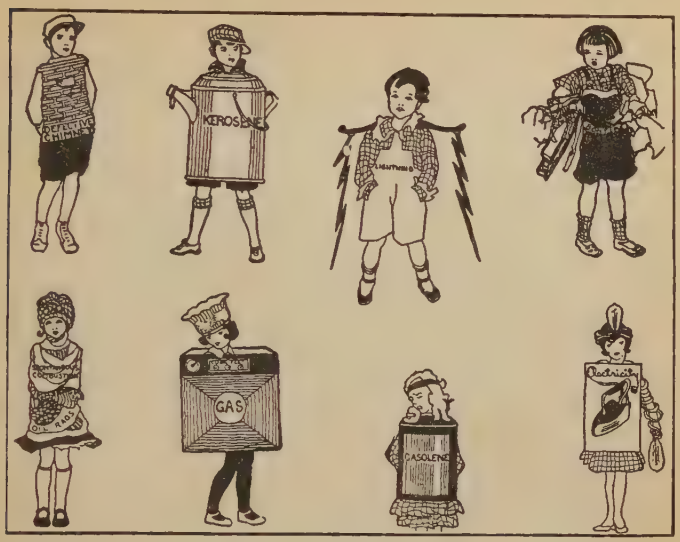
JUDGE. Who is appearing for the defense?

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE (*rising*). I am, your Honor. I wish to say that there are ten defendants involved in this action. Each defendant will speak for himself.

JUDGE. Very well. We will proceed. (*Looks at paper.*) I see that "Kerosene" is charged with having wilfully caused the death of a little girl and boy and the destruction of their home. Clerk, call the defendant.

CLERK (*calling*). "Kerosene" to the bar.

JUDGE. "Kerosene," you have heard the charge, what is your plea?



Some Fire Hazards

Kerosene. Not guilty!

Judge. Have you any witnesses?

Kerosene. I am my own witness.

Judge. Clerk, swear the witness.

Clerk. Do you solemnly swear that you will speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

Kerosene. I do.

Judge. What have you to say for yourself?

Kerosene. May I tell how it happened in my own way?

Judge. Yes, proceed.

Kerosene. I was enclosed in my usual container, your Honor, waiting to be of service and

doing no one any harm, when the little girl came into the kitchen, took me up and poured me into the kitchen stove because she thought the fire was not burning fast enough. It was not my fault, your Honor, that I was kept in the kitchen where I had no business to be; it was not my fault that the child was allowed to handle me and I could not help myself when I touched the flame; I flashed back, of course, exploded the can and burned the little girl to death. I also burned her brother who was playing nearby on the floor. There would have been no fire, your Honor, if the family had been careful and the children had not been allowed to play with fire.

JUDGE. I recognize the truth of your story, "Kerosene," and dismiss the case against you.

(*"Kerosene" takes seat at one side.*)

JUDGE. What is the next case?

CLERK. It is all part of the same case, your Honor; the next defendant is "Cigarette."

JUDGE. If there are many more defendants in this case swear them in at once.

CLERK (*turning to pupils representing hazards*). Do you solemnly swear that you will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

CHORUS. We do.

CLERK. "Cigarette" to the bar.

(*"Cigarette" comes forward.*)

JUDGE. Tell us just what happened.

CIGARETTE. I was in a man's pocket in a warehouse, your Honor, where a dangerous chemical was being stored. The man knew it was against the rules to smoke me, but he was reckless and "took a chance." When I was almost consumed he threw me on the floor and this ignited some of the chemical scattered about and caused it to explode the entire storage. The damage amounted to $2,000,000, but it was not my fault. I cause fires only when used by careless people.

JUDGE. Step down until we hear some of the other defendants.

CLERK. Is "Match" present?

(*"Match" steps forward and takes the witness chair.*)

MATCH. Somebody threw me on the floor, your Honor, and a little child found me and used me in play, because she did not know I was dangerous. First she ignited the curtain at the window and then her own clothing. They took her to the hospital and she may recover, but if she does, she will be disfigured for life. I was not guilty of any wrong-doing and the accident would not have occurred if I had been kept out of reach of small children.

JUDGE. Take your seat until we hear the rest of the witnesses. Call the next one, Clerk.

CLERK. "Electricity," take the witness chair.

JUDGE. Your record is a bad one, "Electricity." You started out in life with great opportunities for service, but you seem to have "gone wrong" until you have become the chief cause of fire in the United States. Every year you destroy millions of dollars' worth of property. What is the reason?

ELECTRICITY. Your Honor, I have been basely used. I possess tremendous power, but nevertheless, I am harmless if properly installed and kept within bounds. I should be insulated against chance contacts and my wires should not be given too much to do. I was haled into court, your Honor, because I overheated an electric flatiron and set fire to a newly built home. I burn many other homes in the same way every day, but it is not my fault, your Honor. When I am once put to work I have to continue until I am switched off, but people forget and leave electric irons and other heating devices in contact. Consequently, these devices grow hotter and hotter until they ignite the nearest combustible material and soon there is another fire. Sometimes this occurs at night and causes loss of life, and yet engineers call me the safest known form of power and light, when properly used. If people would only be careful instead of careless in using me, there would be no cause for complaint.

(*"Electricity" steps down and takes former chair.*)

CLERK. "Rubbish" is among the defendants, your Honor.

JUDGE. Very well; call "Rubbish."

(*Clerk beckons and "Rubbish" advances to the chair.*)

JUDGE. I find that for a good many years you have been hanging around corners and have become a thoroughly undesirable citizen.

RUBBISH. I was once a man of parts, your Honor, but now I am only part of a man. I am made up of odds and ends from here and there and have no will of my own. If people realized how dangerous I am, because I furnish fuel for the chance spark and often ignite spontaneously, they would not have me around; but I find plenty of cellars and attics to sleep in where the careless housekeepers never disturb me and I stay there until I catch fire. I sometimes have to wait years, but the older I am the better I burn. However, I am not at fault, your Honor, because I cannot remove myself.

JUDGE. You have said a great deal, and it is not all rubbish. (*To Clerk.*) Call the next defendant.

(*"Rubbish" resumes former chair.*)

CLERK. "Gas" to the bar.

GAS. I would like to tell my story in a few words, your Honor.

JUDGE. Very well, proceed.

GAS. Before I came into use, your Honor, people ruined their eyesight with candle light and often killed themselves with defective oil lamps. Oil was not properly refined in those days, and therefore, thousands of lamps exploded, causing great damage to life and property. I became and am still a boon to mankind, but I am touchy, I admit, and must be handled with care. People use rubber hose connections on stoves that I am supplying, instead of installing rigid iron pipes; a break develops; I escape into the air and cause an explosion and fire. Often a leak occurs in the cellar from poor connections or because of defective pipes and a careless mortal looks for me with a candle or other open flame. He is sure to find me, but in doing so he is apt to kill himself and burn up the property. Carefulness would prevent such occurrences.

(*"Gas" steps back to former seat.*)

JUDGE. I believe that "Defective Chimney" is closely involved in fire troubles. Where is he?

(*Clerk beckons to "Defective Chimney."*)

JUDGE. I am given to understand that you cause a great many preventable fires.

DEFECTIVE CHIMNEY. Yes, your Honor, I do. Many contractors do not build me properly.

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A Fire Fighting Scene

In some places they support me upon brackets instead of building me up from the ground. Sometimes they build me only one brick in thickness, and, still worse, construct me with my bricks on edge instead of flat; consequently, I develop cracks through which sparks escape and cause fire. Frequently, the sparks fall upon the roof, and when it is made of wooden shingles there is likely to be another home burned up. Sometimes the cracks are under the roof and the sparks fly into the attic which is a dangerous place for a fire to originate. Careful construction, your Honor, is the only remedy.

(*"Defective Chimney" takes former chair.*)

JUDGE. The name of "Gasolene" is next.

CLERK. Yes, your Honor, I will call him.

(*Beckons and "Gasolene" takes the witness chair.*)

JUDGE. "Gasolene," you have made a place for yourself in good society and I am shocked to find that you are charged with countless fires.

GASOLENE. Yes, your Honor, I am forced to admit that this is true, but it is due to the fact that the average citizen does not realize my power. I have killed many people and started thousands of fires because I am volatile and flash up upon slight provocation. Housewives sometimes use me for cleaning purposes in their homes. The moment I am free my vapor starts about the house looking for a flame or a spark. Presently I find it and, pouf! I cause a terrific explosion. Not long ago I killed a woman because she used me to clean her silk waist. The rubbing of the silk caused a spark, which was all I needed. With automobiles in every highway and byway, nowadays, I have become almost as common as water; yet men will smoke around filling stations and then wonder why there are accidents. I work hard for humanity, and am, your Honor, reasonably safe when properly handled. I am more dangerous than dynamite, however, when carelessly used, for it takes but a little spark to set me off.

CLERK. "Bonfire" is next.

(*"Bonfire" steps forward and takes the witness chair.*)

JUDGE. The records show, "Bonfire," that while you have always been popular with children you have acted toward them treacherously, harming them and sometimes destroying their homes as well. Is this true?

BONFIRE. Grown people as well as youngsters often start me, your Honor, and by doing so they frequently cause serious loss of life as well as of property. I am always potentially dangerous and seldom necessary, except to destroy rubbish, but when I am, I should be confined so that I cannot scatter sparks. A bucket of water or some other extinguisher should be at hand to keep me within bounds. There was a man in one state who forgot my possibilities, and one day, when there was a high wind, lighted me in order to burn up some old chicken coops and trash. There was a wooden fence nearby as well as a frame garage, and before I got through one hundred ninety-one buildings were destroyed. Nevertheless, I plead not guilty, your Honor, because I do not start fires unless some careless person starts *me*.

(*"Bonfire" resumes former seat.*)

CLERK. There is one more defendant, your Honor, "Spontaneous Combustion."

(*"Spontaneous Combustion" takes the witness chair.*)

CLERK. You were sworn in with the others?

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. Yes, sir.

JUDGE. Proceed.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. Many people, your Honor, think that I am a myth—the Peter Pan of fire causes, but I want you to know that I am a self-starter when conditions are propitious. People allow old rags saturated with linseed oil or some other vegetable fat to accumulate in out-of-the-way corners, and the first thing they know I generate sufficient heat by chemical action to start a fire. I also ignite piles of rubbish where there is oily matter present and all who store large quantities of coal, particularly if it is bituminous, should beware of me. I cost the country each year about $10,000,000 in property that I destroy and yet some people doubt my existence.

JUDGE. Do you plead guilty?

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. No, your Honor, I plead not guilty, for how can I help myself? Chemistry is my master and careless human beings are the chief reasons for my existence.

JUDGE. You may resume your seat. (*Turns to Clerk.*) Are there any more defendants?

CLERK. No, your Honor; none that we have yet been able to locate.

JUDGE (*turning to District Attorney*). The prosecution may sum up.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY. Gentlemen of the Jury,

you have heard these various defendants testify in their own behalf. They have acknowledged their connection with various specific crimes. They also have admitted that they were concerned in thousands of terrible disasters. They have shown no penitence and have expressed no intention of changing their destructive habits. These fire hazards, gentlemen, have convicted themselves by their own testimony. They have shown how dangerous they are and if they continue at large the very progress of the United States may be jeopardized. We cannot continue to burn up our material resources at the present rate without courting disaster. I believe, gentlemen, that when you consider the evidence you can do no less than convict these defendants as constituting a menace to our country. Their only rightful place is under lock and key.

(*Resumes seat.*)

JUDGE. The Counsel for the Defense may now put in his rebuttal.

COUNSEL. I move, your Honor, that this case be thrown out of court on the ground that proof of guilt on the part of the defendants has not been established. These defendants, your Honor, are for the most part tools—involuntary tools of man. When rightly used they render him great service, for they are mighty, but the power to serve is generally accompanied by

power to harm. I maintain that the testimony of each of these defendants shows complete absence of intent. They act as they have always acted and as they always *will* act under such conditions.

Man understands their nature; when he gives them their opportunities he knows, if he will stop to think, what the result must be. Therefore, why blame them for what they cannot help? Why not bring to trial the real culprit, "Carelessness," who alone is responsible for most of our fires? Why not bring before the bar of this court the guilty one who causes these defendants to work havoc throughout the land? Without his evil influences they would merely be servants of humanity.

JUDGE. The court is of the opinion that the point is well taken. "Carelessness" should be the defendant here and not these prisoners. Where is "Carelessness," Mr. District Attorney? This court is of the opinion that you have been remiss in your duty in overlooking the arch criminal who causes the majority of all fires.

(*Court officer walks over and hands a note to the District Attorney.*)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY. Your Honor, I have been looking for "Carelessness" and I have just received word that he has been brought to court and is now in the ante-room.

JUDGE. Have him brought in.

(*"Carelessness," represented by a pupil in patched, dilapidated clothing, is hustled in roughly by the court officer who leads him before the Judge.*)

JUDGE. The testimony that has been given in this court in the case of *The People vs. Fire* has indicated that you, "Carelessness," are the culprit who should have been brought before the bar of justice. You are charged with having caused the loss of thousands of lives and the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property every year. What have you to say in defense?

CARELESSNESS. Nothing your Honor, except that I am an ingrained habit of the American people. I begin with the youngest children and stay with them throughout their lives. Other countries do not encourage me to any great extent, but I seem to be welcome in every city, town, and village of the United States, by young and old and rich and poor alike. I recognize danger, but I like to "take a chance.'

JUDGE. That is an explanation, but not an excuse. I charge the Jury, on the evidence of all the other defendants and on his own admission, to find "Carelessness" guilty in the first degree.

(*The Jury consult without leaving their seats; the Foreman rises.*)

FOREMAN. We find him guilty, your Honor.

JUDGE. You have heard the verdict. It is

now my duty to sentence you in accordance with the dictates of justice. There can be no doubt as to your guilt. You have made it impossible for citizens and municipalities to live safely. You have killed thousands and devastated whole cities by your wickedness. You have filled the land with misery. You have undermined character, lowered efficiency, and retarded progress. Imprisonment is too good for such as you. Instead you shall be labeled so that all men shall know you and shall shun your presence. You shall be an exile—a man without a country—unless some nation is so short-sighted as to take you in and call you her own. America banishes you forever. Officer, take him away.

(*Officer exits with prisoner.*)

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Suppose there were a leak in the gas pipe in an unlighted portion of your cellar. How would you investigate?

2. Jack Merriam was asked by his father to drive to town at once to get some medicine. There was no light in the garage but he wanted to be sure there was gasoline enough. What should he do?

3. Edna Combs wants to clean her coat with gasoline. What reasons can you give why she should not do so?

4. The children in a certain school started a campaign to ask all smokers they knew "to break used matches in two before throwing them away." What is the value of this?

Deucalion and Pyrrha

Ancient Greeks and Romans were very eager to acquire knowledge of all things. Where they lacked definite facts, they did not hesitate to fill in the gaps and make up their own versions. Their suppositions developed into certainties and so these suppositions, or myths, were handed down from one generation to another. The heathen gods of Greece play an important part in this mythical story of a great flood.

Deucalion and Pyrrha

THE earth was no longer the lovely abode of peace and beauty that it had been in Saturn's time, the golden age. It was disturbed by the quarreling, by the laziness, and by the other bad habits of men. When men grew so irreverent that they refused to pay homage and tried to overthrow the gods, Jupiter decided to destroy them. He called the gods together so that they might help him decide on the form of the punishment. Someone suggested that fire, kindled by Jupiter's thunderbolts, should be used. Finally, however, it was decided to wash mankind off the face of the earth with the aid of a deluge.

There were two people, Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha who must have been better than the other men and women in the world. They

lived in northern Greece in the Kingdom of Thessaly on the banks of a river.

One day the river rose very high, and Deucalion noticed that the trees and the cattle were being swept down the stream. By the next day, the torrent had burst the river's banks and was sweeping over the country destroying everything in its path. Deucalion and Pyrrha had climbed to the top of a mountain just in time to escape the fate that had overtaken all of the other people who lived on the plain of Thessaly. And still the flood rose.

"What shall we do when the water rises and covers the mountain?" asked Deucalion.

"Let us go to Mount Caucasus and ask the wise man who lives there. Perhaps he can tell us what this flood means and how to escape," answered Pyrrha.

So they climbed on and on till they reached the great snow-covered mountain. There, chained to the ice, with a vulture clawing and tearing at him perpetually, was Prometheus who was being punished thus for using his cleverness to make himself great by evil means. He, therefore, might know how to rescue these two from the wrath of Jupiter.

Deucalion tried to drive away the ghastly vulture but Prometheus said, "It is of no use. Not even this flood can drive away that horrible creature. I must bear my pain."

"But we left the flood behind us. We are safe up here on this highest peak," said Deucalion and Pyrrha.

"Nowhere are you safe. Jupiter has determined to sweep the wickedness from the world. You are the only two people now alive."

Then Deucalion and Pyrrha saw that the face of the earth except the peak on which they were standing was one tossing, raging sea.

"It may be, that because you have lived wisely and been kind, and have done your work as it should be done, that Jupiter may let you save yourselves. There is a chance," said Prometheus.

"What shall we do," cried Pyrrha while Deucalion straightened his back and hit at the vulture that was just going to make another attack on Prometheus.

"Go to the forest through which you climbed, cut down a tree and hollow it out." So Prometheus told the two how to make a boat, the first that the world had ever seen.

They bade Prometheus *good-bye* very sadly for they hated to leave him in his agony. But he bade them hasten.

By following directions exactly, they had their little boat made by the time the waters had risen and covered the highest peak. Then they were tossed about, with only the water around them and the sky above them. Storms

raged, and for nine days and nights they expected that each minute would be their last. But on the tenth day the sun rose, the waters calmed, and then began to sink, and, presently they found their boat left on the top of a mountain, high and dry.

Pyrrha and Deucalion climbed out of the boat, and, kneeling, gave thanks to Jupiter for having let them live. Then, hand in hand, they started down the mountain. They felt very lonely for they knew they were the only two humans alive. Just when they were despairing, a beautiful woman appeared before them, only she was much nobler and grander than any human.

"Who are you!" they cried tremblingly, but still hopeful. "Help us! Tell us where we are!"

"I am Justice," said the beautiful being, "and this mountain is Mount Parnassus. I know your story. You deserved to live, but let what happened to the rest of the world be a warning to you. Be good!"

"But of what use is life when there is no one with whom to share it?" cried the two.

"That question pleases me," said the goddess. "It shows that you were good enough to live." She smiled at the two and hope rose again in their hearts. "Jupiter doesn't care in the least to re-people the earth," continued Justice, "but he would be quite willing to give it to a wise and good race of men. You can have com-

panions if you want them, but you must teach them to be tolerant, industrious, kind, and reverent."

"But how can we make men?" Deucalion cried in amazement.

"We are neither Titans nor Gods," exclaimed Pyrrha.

"Quite true," said the goddess, "but you saved yourselves by following Prometheus' directions in building a boat, though you never dreamed of such a thing before. Follow my directions and you will create a new race."

"But how?"

"It is quite easy," said Justice. "Throw your grandmother's bones behind you without looking around."

"Easy!" exclaimed both in surprise. "After this flood how can one know which are hers?"

"The gods can tell people *what* to do, but not how to do it," said Justice.

Then she vanished. Deucalion and Pyrrha were much puzzled and distressed. There were bones everywhere, of course, after such a catastrophe as the flood. The advice sounded like a mockery. They wandered on and on looking at heaps of bones, until they were nearly in despair and so exhausted that Pyrrha stumbled over a stone. She stopped and looked at her husband.

"I have an idea," she said picking up the stone. "We are called the children of Jupiter

because he is supposed to be the father of gods and men. Now Jupiter is said to be the child of the Sky and the Earth. Therefore, if Jupiter is our father, the Earth must be our grandmother."

"I understand that," said Deucalion, "but what about the bones?"

"What are stones but the bones of our grandmother, Earth?" said Pyrrha hopefully.

"It is too easy," objected Deucalion.

"But it won't do any harm to throw a few stones over our shoulders and see what happens," argued Pyrrha.

So they gathered two heaps of stones and threw them one by one over their shoulders without looking behind them as Justice had directed. Not until they had used up their piles of stones did they venture a glance to see what had happened. There, for every stone thrown by Pyrrha stood a woman, and for every one thrown by Deucalion, there stood a man. So the earth was peopled again and Deucalion and Pyrrha became the King and the Queen.

This new race under their rule and teaching was good and clever. Cadmus invented the alphabet. Amphion was so clever a musician that the rocks and the trees dancing to his music built themselves into the City of Thebes without the help of carpenters, masons, or engineers. Aesculapius was a most remarkable

physician who could cure all diseases and even bring the dead back to life.

—*An Old Myth Adapted*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Explain the old proverb, "They are helped who help themselves."
2. Do you think that punishment is an effective means of producing reform? Explain.
3. People frequently say, "What I do is my business." Discuss this statement illustrating your points by reference to the myth you have just read.
4. If things were constantly being stolen from your school lockers and your principal asked you to find who the thieves were, what course of action would you suggest?

Our deeds still travel with us from afar
And what we have been makes us what we are.

—*George Eliot*

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do
And lean upon the thought,
That chance will bring us through.

—*Matthew Arnold*

The highest reward that God gives us for good work is the ability to do better.

—*Elbert Hubbard*

The reason why most men do not achieve more is because they do not attempt more.

—*Selected*

A Master of Industry

Everyone is the son of his works.
—*Cervantes*

I WAS put to grammar school at the age of eight. My early readiness in learning to read, and the opinion of all my father's friends that I should make a good scholar, encouraged him in his opinion. I continued at the grammar school for less than a year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class to the head of it. But my father, in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education, which having so large a family, he could not well afford, altered his first intention. He took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell.

At ten years of age, I was taken home to assist my father in his business which was that of a tallow chandler and soap boiler. I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping moulds for cast candles, attending the shop, going on errands, and so on. I continued thus in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve.

From a child I was fond of reading and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in

books. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717, James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. My father accordingly bound me to his service. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small book, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and had to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

After some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books and who frequented our printing house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little lines. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me. and put me on composing ballads.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the Spectator. It was the third. I had never seen any of them before. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I

thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by for a few days, and then, without looking at the book, I tried to complete it again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some faults, and corrected them.

I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in arrangement of thought. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method of the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

At the age of seventeen I left my brother's employ and started out to seek employment

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FRANKLIN'S ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA

elsewhere. I found myself in New York, three hundred miles from home, with no knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket. I offered my services to old Mr. William Bradford. He could give me no employment, having little to do and help enough already; but he said, "My son at Philadelphia, has lately lost his principal hand; if you go there I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles farther; I set out, however, without delay.

At the time I established myself in Philadel-

phia, there was not a good bookseller's shop in any of the colonies southward of Boston. In New York and Philadelphia, the printers were indeed stationers; they sold only paper, almanacs, ballads, and a few schoolbooks. Those who loved reading were obliged to send to England for their books. I proposed to a group of friends, that we should all of us bring our books together, where they would not only be ready to consult in our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wished to read at home. This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us.

Finding the advantage of this little collection, I proposed to render the benefit from the books more common by commencing a public subscription library. I drew a sketch of the plan and rules that would be necessary and got a skillful conveyancer, Mr. Charles Brockden, to put the whole in form of articles of agreement to be subscribed, by which the subscriber engaged to pay a certain sum down for the first purchase of the books, and an annual contribution for increasing them. On this little fund we began. The books were imported. The library was opened one day in the week for lending to subscribers. The institution soon manifested its utility, and was imitated by other towns and in other provinces.

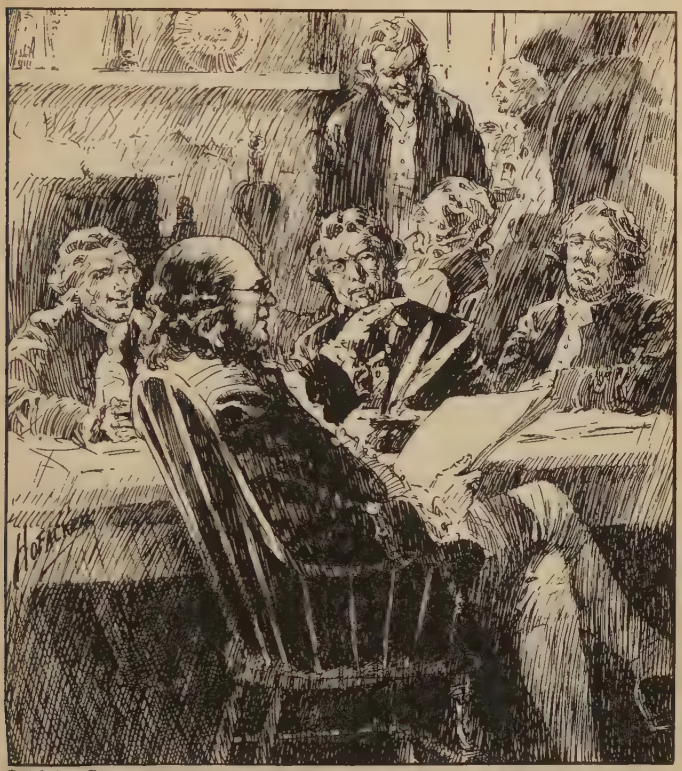
This library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day, and thus repaired in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allowed myself. I spent no time in taverns; and my industry in my business continued as indefatigable as it was necessary. I was indebted for my printing house; I had a young family to be educated; and I had to compete for business with two printers who were established in the place before me. My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality continued. My father had frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before Kings, he shall not stand before mean men." I from thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, though I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before Kings*, which, however, has since happened, for I have stood before *five*, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, The King of Denmark, to dinner.

In 1732, I first published my Almanac, under the name of Richard Saunders. It was continued by me for about twenty-five years, commonly called Poor Richard's Almanac. I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it

accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it. Observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people who bought scarcely any other books. I, therefore, filled the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days of the calendar with proverbial sentences chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality.

Now I began to turn my thoughts a little to public affairs. I wrote a paper on the different accidents and carelessnesses by which houses were set on fire, with cautions against them, and means proposed of avoiding them. This was much spoken of as a useful piece, and gave rise to a project of forming a company for the more ready extinguishing of fires. Associates in this scheme were presently found, amounting to thirty. Our articles of agreement obliged every member to keep always in good order, and fit for use, a certain number of leather buckets. We agreed to meet once a month and spend a social evening together, in discoursing and communicating such ideas as occurred to us upon the subject of fires, as might be useful in our conduct on such occasions.

In 1742, I invented an open stove for the better warming of rooms and, at the same time



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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AT THE MEETING OF THE JUNTO CLUB

saving fuel, as the fresh air admitted was warm in entering. I made a present of the model to Mrs. Robert Grace one of my early friends, who having an iron furnace, found the casting of the plates for these stoves a profitable thing, as they were growing in demand. Governor Thomas was so pleased with the construction of

this stove that he offered to give me a patent for the sole vending of it for a term of years, but I declined it from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, namely, *That, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously.*

My attention was turned to the affair of establishing an academy. The first step I took was to associate in the design a number of active friends; the next was to write and publish a pamphlet, entitled, *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania.* This I distributed among the principal inhabitants, gratis; as soon as I could suppose their minds a little prepared for it, I set on foot a subscription for opening and supporting an academy; it was to be paid in quotas yearly for five years; by so dividing it, I judged the subscription might be larger. The trustees of the academy, after a while, were incorporated by a charter from the governor; their funds were increased by contribution in Britain and by grants from the proprietories, to which the assembly has since made considerable addition; and thus was established the present University of Pennsylvania.

In 1751, Dr. Thomas Bond a particular friend of mine, conceived the idea of establishing a

hospital in Philadelphia, for the reception and cure of poor sick persons, whether inhabitants of the province or strangers. He was zealous and active in endeavoring to procure subscriptions for it, but the proposal, being a novelty in America, and, at first not well understood, he met with but small success. I inquired into the nature and probable utility of his scheme, and receiving from him very satisfactory explanation, I not only subscribed to it myself, but engaged heartily in the design of procuring subscriptions from others.

Our city, though laid out with a beautiful regularity, the streets large, straight, and crossing each other at right angles, had the disgrace of suffering those streets to remain long unpaved, and in the wet weather the wheels of heavy carriages ploughed them into a quagmire; so that it was difficult to cross them. In dry weather the dust was offensive. I had lived near what was called the Jersey Market, and saw with pain the inhabitants wading in mud, to purchase their provisions. By talking and writing on the subject, I was instrumental in getting the street paved with stone between the market and the bricked foot pavement, that was on each side next the houses. After some inquiry, I found a poor industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean, by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off

the dirt from all of the neighbors' doors, for the sum of six pence per month. The inhabitants of the city were delighted with the cleanliness of the pavement, and this raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people willing to submit to a tax for that purpose. —*Benjamin Franklin*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. In how many fields of endeavor was Franklin regarded as a master and an authority?
2. Why did Franklin refuse the patent which Governor Thomas offered him for his stove?
3. Mention one notable accomplishment which Franklin achieved as a printer, author, inventor, statesman, philanthropist, economist, educator, and civic leader.
4. To what did Franklin attribute his success in life?
5. Mention other great men who were at first poor.
6. Why is Franklin's life such a remarkable one?

Economy is a great revenue.
—*Marcus Tullius Cicero*

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best.
—*Emerson*

Great effects come of industry and perseverance. —*Selected*

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship. —*Benjamin Franklin*

The Good Old Days

We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of anyone.
—*Robert E. Lee*

"LIFE must have been much more fun in the days of Robin Hood," said Marshall to Marion, his twin sister, who was sewing together some pieces of gay-flowered material. "They must have been good old days!"

"I am sure it would have been exciting," answered Marion. "I would like to have lived in a tower and waved my scarf to some knight who was riding away on some noble quest."

"You must have had a much better time living on a farm, when you were a boy, than we are having," remarked Marshall to his grandfather, Judge Warner, who was visiting them. "It must have been a good deal like being in camp."

"Yes, and no," smiled the old gentleman. "Of course we were out-of-doors a good deal, especially in summer, when we did not come in until late in the evening. In winter, we had to be up a long time before sunrise."

"Before sunrise!" echoed Marshall.

"O, yes, chores to do before breakfast, cows to milk, snow to shovel if there had been a storm, 'critters' to water and feed, wood to bring in . . . "

"Before breakfast?" queried the horrified Marion.

"Yes," said Judge Warner, "there wasn't any time after breakfast for we lived three miles from school and, as I had to sweep out the schoolhouse and get the fire started, I had to be there fairly early."

"Why didn't the janitor do the cleaning up?"

"Because there wasn't any janitor. Besides, I wanted to earn the money," said his grandfather.

"Didn't your father give you an allowance," asked Hugh.

"Not exactly," chuckled the old man. "He gave me a calf and a colt to raise. You see, in my day, a father had a right to the services of his children.

"But we used to make money by trapping animals for their skins. I always looked forward to the hog-killing time for Father let me have the bristles to sell to the brushmakers."

"Did you work all the time? Didn't you have any fun?" asked Marshall.

"Yes, we had fun. A barn-raising was good sport. You met all your neighbors. There was plenty to eat—the women saw to that—with four kinds of pie at least."

"But you had to work at a barn-raising, and the women who did the cooking and washed up the dishes didn't have much fun," objected Marion.

"I expect now I come to think of it, that there was work mixed up with most all of the fun. There were corn huskings, apple-parings, and spelling matches."

"Didn't you go to dances?" asked Marion.

"We danced after we'd finished the work. After the women had finished quilting a spread, we used to have supper and a dance then."

"No theatres or movies?"

"No, but the circus used to come to the county seat, fifteen miles away. Father used to take us to the circus and once he took me to town during court week. And that was the great day in my life. I saw Lincoln and heard him speak," said the old judge.

"You seem to be talking about the good old days," said Mrs. Warner, who came in at that moment.

"You didn't have to work as hard as grandfather when you were a girl did you, because you lived in the city?" said Marion. "And you had lovely clothes!"

"Which I made myself," remarked Mrs. Warner. "Every stitch that I wore, I made by hand, and I crocheted, knitted, or embroidered the trimmings for them, and I made my father's and brothers' shirts as well. Then there was the table and bed linen to be hemmed and kept mended. The canning and the preserving took a great deal of time, and mince pies, and fruit

cake were always made by the ladies of the house."

"Pretty dull I call it," said Marion.

"No, not for us," said her grandmother. "With all of your theatres, movies, and shows in general, you never heard Jenny Lind sing. One time, my father took us to Castle Garden to hear her. That is where the Aquarium now stands. After the concert, the young men took her horses from the carriage and pulled it themselves to her hotel. Don't you think that we had good times." Grandmother sounded a little reproving.

"We had good times, my dear, because our parents were far-seeing and not as severe as many. Then, too, they were comfortably off. But parents could do pretty well what they chose with their children, and so could employers and schoolmasters."

" 'Children should be seen but not heard,' was a favorite proverb in my time. Many's the time I've had that said to me," remarked grandmother.

"I think today is the best day the world has yet seen for children," went on Judge Warner. "The world has come to realize that children are important. In England, in the days of the Roman conquest, Caesar tells that it was accounted a shame for a father to be seen with his son before the boy attained the manly age.

During the Middle Ages, children were beaten very severely for small faults. They had to go to work when they were very young. Orphans had the hardest time. If they were poor they were overworked, starved, and beaten. If they had property, their guardians or the king frequently got control of it.

"I guess I like our sitting-room better than a tower," said Marion. "Perhaps my guardian would be the wicked kind."

"Girls had very little freedom. Coming right down to our own day, I can remember when, in some states, mothers had no legal control over their children. The father could give away his children if he chose. He could take any money that his wife earned too. Putting children to work when they were babies five or six years old was one of the most barbarous customs that has become impossible now."

"What could children that age do?" asked Marshall incredulously.

"They pulled bastings out of garments. Boys of seven worked in mines picking the stones from among the coal. Boys and girls worked in the fields during the canning season picking vegetables and fruit. Children who had been arrested for some small misdemeanor were put in jail with confirmed criminals."

"This is where your work begins. Grandfather," said Marshall.

"Your grandfather was the first judge of a Children's Court in this State." Grandmother smiled proudly at her husband.

"Isn't it very discouraging to have bad children brought up before you all the time?" asked Marion.

"It would be, my dear, if the young people who are brought to my court were bad, but they are nearly all just foolish, ignorant, or high-spirited."

"Like us," said Marshall.

"Exactly," laughed his grandfather.

"I think that you'd better all give three cheers that you are living now," their grandmother said.

"So say we all of us," chanted the young people.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. It is estimated that due to the introduction of machinery, each person has the equivalent of forty servants working for him. How has this condition made life easier for young people (a) in the country, (b) in the city?

2. Why does a farm boy usually work harder than a city boy?

3. What do older people often mean when they sigh for the good old days?

4. Explain what the judge meant when he said that most young people get into trouble because they are foolish, ignorant, or highspirited?

5. "Resolved that life today is more delightful than life in the good old days." Debate this topic.

You Be the Judge

1. Billie Dare was digging up dandelions when some of his friends stopped to ask him if he would pitch for the team in a ball game to be held a little later.

Billie, had promised his mother that he would get all the dandelions dug before he would do anything else.

If you had been Billie would you ask the boys to help you, would you refuse to pitch, or would you ask your mother to let you off from your promise?

2. Alice liked to chew gum. She had a habit of sticking it on chairs, tables, or anything that would hold it. One day, after she had chewed a piece, she stuck it under the arm of a chair.

When Alice left the room, her sister, Mary, who wanted to teach her a lesson, put the gum on the seat of her chair. When Alice came back, she sat on it and ruined her dress.

Should Mary pay for Alice's dress, should she say that Alice deserved to have her dress ruined, or should she have chosen a better means of teaching Alice a lesson?

3. Under a beautiful tree in the park was

posted the following notice: *He who carves his name here leaves it in disgrace*. The name of one person was already carved on the trunk of the tree. When Jack and Tom came along, they recognized the name for it was the name of a boy in their class.

If you had been Jack or Tom, would you report this boy to your principal, would you report him to the Park officer, or would you try to explain to the boy the seriousness of his offence?

4. Grace was asked to sweep the living room while her mother went shopping. Grace wanted to read an interesting book which she had borrowed from a friend and which she must return that day. She, therefore, hurriedly swept the rug, hiding the dirt under it and dusting only those articles which were likely to be seen. When her mother returned, she thanked Grace and praised her for the appearance of the house.

Should Grace own up about the sweeping, should she say nothing, or should she start again and clean the room properly?

5 Ralph was given various amounts of money for his birthday. At the end of the day he had fifteen dollars. After much consideration, he divided the money into three parts, one dollar for charity, nine dollars for his savings account, and five dollars for spending.

If you had fifteen dollars for your birthday,

would you make the same divisions as Ralph or would you make some other division?

6. Julia and Agnes are friends. Julia is a busy girl and has many home duties. Agnes has a great deal of leisure time and, although she knows of Julia's home duties, she expects Julia to return every call before visiting her again.

Should Julia, (a) neglect her home duties to return Agnes's calls, (b) tell Agnes that she is unreasonable under the circumstances, (c) fail to return all the calls and give no explanation?

7. Clifford, Leslie, and two friends met every Saturday morning in the basement of Clifford's home. During that time, they were busy making cedar chests for their mothers. Harry, another friend, wished to make a cedar chest, too, but the boys didn't want to let him use their tools because they said he did not know how to use them and so might spoil them.

Should the boys refuse to lend the tools, should they show Harry how to use them, or should they make an extra cedar chest for Harry's mother?

8. Betty Brown would never take turns with her two sisters in helping their mother to wash the dishes. She would always sit down and read her sisters' books while they worked.

Should Betty's sisters refuse to help with the dishes, should they refuse to allow Betty to read

their books, or should they insist that Betty help?

9. Edna remembers, on her way to school, that she promised to call for Kate. She knows that Kate will depend on her to call. Should Edna retrace her steps and come late to school or should she hurry on to school and explain Kate's possible lateness due to her carelessness?

10. In a certain school, a class was striving to win the banner for attendance. Every member except one had been present on time each day for a month.

How would you try to persuade that one member to put forth more effort to be punctual?

11. Ned Harries and his brother Edwin always did all the housework on Saturday mornings. Since their father had been killed in an automobile accident, their mother worked as a designer in a department store and did not come home until late in the evenings.

Whenever the boys saw Edwin and Ned shaking dusters or turning the hose on the front porch, they laughed and called them a "couple of sissies." Edwin and Ned didn't like this and thought the boys were not playing the game.

If you were Ned or Edwin, would you stop cleaning the house, would you fight the boys to show you were not sissies, or would you laugh at them and say "it is better to be sissies than loafers?"

12. Earle Campbell was offered a dollar for cleaning out the flues in a large greenhouse. It took him three hours to finish the work and he had his clothes all soiled in the bargain.

His mother scolded Earle and said it would cost him a dollar to have his clothes cleaned.

If you were Earle, would you have done the work in your good clothes, would you have asked the greenhouse foreman for more money to get your suit cleaned, or would you tell your mother that you had lost nothing but gained much?

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, of ease, and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health.

—*Samuel Johnson*

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven we must sail, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

The noblest service comes from nameless hands,
And the best servant does his work unseen.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS TO READ

Herakles, the Hero of Thebes. Burt and Ragozin. Scribner's Sons.

The Wonder Clock. Howard Pyle. Harper.

The Story of Siegfried. Edward Brooks. Penn. Pub. Co.

A Story of the Golden Age. James Baldwin. Scribner's Sons.

Boy's Life of Thomas Edison. W. H. Meadowcroft. Harper.

From Immigrant to Inventor. Michael Pupin. Scribner's Sons.

Stories of the Great West. Theodore Roosevelt. Scribner's Sons.

King Arthur and His Knights. Philip S. Allen. Rand McNally.

The Three Wonders of the World. Edward Laboulaye. Harper.

Book of Wonder Voyages. Joseph Jacobs. Putnam.

White Patch. Angelo Patri. American Book Co.

The Song of Steam. G. W. Cutter.

The Solitary Reaper. Wordsworth.

Plays

"The Tie That Binds." From *Dramatic Moments in American History* by Hague and Chalmers. The University Publishing Co.

The House of the Heart. Constance Mackay. Harper.

I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me.

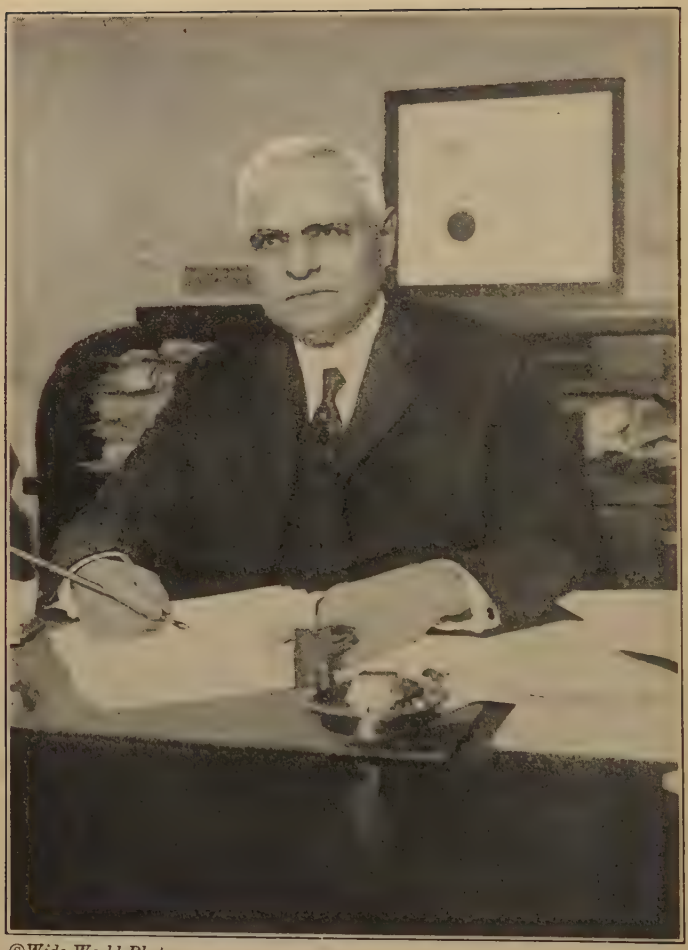
—*Lord Nelson*

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man. —*Rousseau*

Makers of America

Knowledge and Usefulness

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen, *I must make my mind strong*—The better I know myself, my fellows, and the world about me, the happier and more useful I shall be. I must always welcome useful knowledge in school, at home, everywhere.



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General G. W. Goethals, the Builder of the Panama Canal

The Man Who Moved Mountains

Self-trust is the first secret of success.
—*Emerson*

THE human race, for uncounted ages, has wished to move from place to place. Much of the inventiveness of man has gone into providing safe, quick and easy means of transportation. Man very soon found that rivers provided the best roads from one place to another. But as rivers did not always flow conveniently, the canal or artificial river came into use. Especially were canals useful in making short cuts from ocean to ocean, across those annoying little necks of land known as isthmuses. Because the Isthmus of Suez blocked the way, Europe, when it wished to reach Asia, must sail around the Cape of Good Hope, a voyage of many months. Between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, there was only a forty mile strip of land, the Isthmus of Panama, but no ship could get from one ocean to the other without sailing ten thousand miles around Cape Horn.

From the time of Vasco de Gama, the Spaniards planned a canal across either Nicaragua or Panama. Then, when gold was discovered in

California, the possibilities of a canal between the two oceans became evident to the American people. A railroad was built but it was quite inadequate. Then came the Spanish American War. The battleship, Oregon, in the Pacific Ocean was badly needed in the Atlantic Ocean. There was nothing to do but to make the twelve thousand mile trip around the Horn. It was then that the country awoke to the very definite need for a waterway connecting the two oceans.

De Lesseps, the great French engineer who had successfully completed the Suez canal in 1873, had planned and started to dig through the Isthmus of Panama, in 1881. Disease, dishonesty, and ignorance of conditions confronting the engineers defeated the efforts of the French.

In 1904, the United States took over the Panama Canal Zone. Congress appointed a Commission of seven members to administer the Zone and to dig the canal, but the canal couldn't be dug from Washington. When John F. Wallace, chief engineer found that he had to spend his time in "unwinding red tape" he resigned.

Then John F. Stevens took over the fight with disease, discontented labor, and "red tape." When Stevens' acts were openly disapproved of by a chairman of the Panama Commission who knew nothing about conditions in the Culebra

Cut, but stayed comfortably in Washington, Stevens also resigned.

By this time, President Roosevelt had made up his mind that "No Commission would ever get the canal dug," and he was determined that the canal should be dug. "I'll appoint a man that can't resign," said the President. "Then he shall have full power."

The ancestors of George Washington Goethals, the army engineer whom the President selected, were men of mettle. One of them, Honnius, a man of great courage in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, went into France from Italy to repel a Saracen invasion. There, in a fierce battle, he received a blow in the neck that would have killed most men but his strength and his sword sustained him and men gave him the nickname of "Boni Coli," or *good neck*. When the duke rewarded him for his valor by giving him a grant of land in what is now Holland, this nickname was changed into *Goet Hals*, which is the Dutch for *good* or *stiff neck*. In the course of time, the two terms were written together, Goethals, and became the family name.

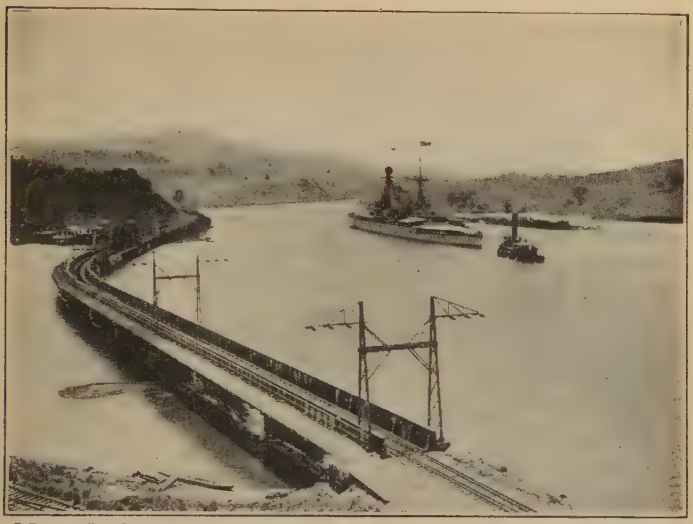
Goethals was only eleven years old when he went to work as an errand boy; at fourteen, he was a bookkeeper for a market man after school and on Saturdays. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York when he was eighteen. Then he entered Columbia Univer-

sity with the purpose of becoming a doctor, the family profession. But constant work and study had affected his health, so he decided to get an appointment to West Point, the military academy. He was graduated second in his class, was class president, and one of the two chosen for the engineer corps, a great and coveted honor. "He had won the highest distinction in scholarship, in military skill, and as a leader of his associates."

As army engineer, he was sent to different parts of the country on construction work. Colonel Merrill, his chief officer, gave Goethals a choice either to work in the office or to go out in the field with the men who were working on the Ohio River improvements. Goethals took the field work for he said, "I am here to learn."

"Whatever I gave him to do I dismissed from my mind for I knew it would be done right," said one of his superior officers. Goethals always considered "do" as one of the largest parts of duty.

In nine years time, he had built canals, coast defences, irrigating systems, dams, and always he had faced nature in her most difficult moods, conquering the obstacle that stood in the path of achievement. Goethals always demanded results both of himself and others. In that respect, he was much like the English General Kitchener about whom a story is told about a subordinate in the Boer War who began to explain



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A Battleship Passing Through the Canal

why he had not obeyed an order. "Your reasons for not doing it are the best I have ever heard," said Kitchener, "Now go and do it."

During the Spanish American War, Goethals was sent to Porto Rico as chief engineer of the First Army Corps. His first work was to construct a wharf so that supplies might be landed. A battleship stood guard. There was a heavy surf breaking on the beach, the task was difficult, and he had too little material. Near by, he saw some barges that the battleship had captured. At once a plan suggested itself. "Fill the barges with sand and sink them as a foundation for the wharf," he ordered.

A naval aide appeared after one barge had been sunk with orders from the admiral to stop these extraordinary proceedings. The barges were prizes of war.

"I'm acting on orders from my commanding officer. Tell the admiral I've been ordered to build a wharf and I'm going to do it with any means I can."

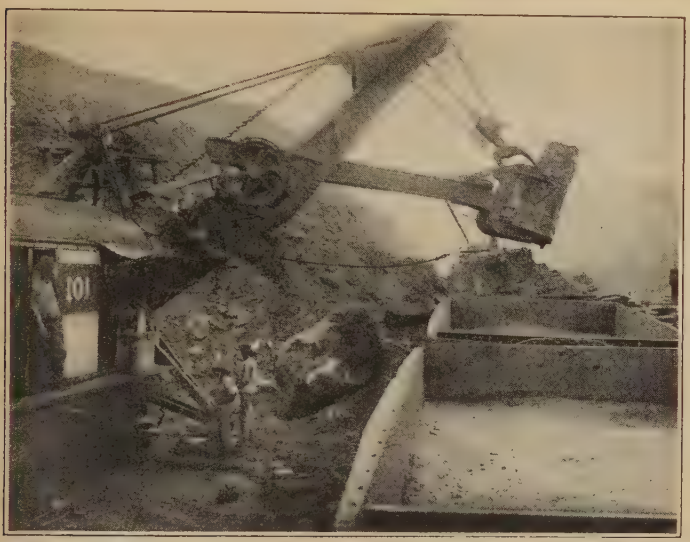
The work with the second barge went merrily on, when back came the aide.

"Stop work or I'll fire," was the admiral's message.

"Tell him to fire away," replied the major, "we'll not stop work till we have completed the wharf and landed the stores."

The wharf was built and the man-of-war did not fire. One of Goethals' outstanding characteristics was his resourcefulness. He always knew what had to be done. If ordinary means to accomplish the task were not at hand, his knowledge and inventiveness provided other means.

One of General Goethals' biographers says, "Having acquired studious habits before being graduated from West Point, he studied afterward. Perhaps he realized that a good school or college is not merely a place where one may acquire sufficient learning but also a place where one may learn how to gain a real education by reading and study throughout life. George W.



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A Steam Shovel at Work in the Difficult Culebra Cut

Goethals remained an intense student. If, later, he understood engineering and was able to comprehend all of the varied work that went into the making of the Panama Canal, he had the knowledge and ability not through lucky accident or natural brilliance, but through hard study."

Some one said, "General Goethals did not dig the canal with steam shovels; he dug it with men."

No man ever had more despotic power than Goethals had at Panama, but to him power was only an opportunity to do right. A canal was to be built through the most unhealthy locality

in the world. A canyon nine miles long had to be dug through a mountain. The Chagres that rose twenty-five feet in twenty-four hours, and tides that rose one foot on the Atlantic side, and twelve feet on the Pacific end were to be controlled. Fifty gates each as high as a six story house and a dam half a mile thick at the base were to form the locks that would float the largest battleship. The thousands who were to do this work, men of every nationality, must be kept well, happy, and active. Superintendents and experts must be efficient and not overbearing. The politicians at Washington must be kept from interfering. Only a benevolent despot could accomplish this colossal task, and "do it quickly."

Goethals picked the right kind of men and then treated them with absolute fairness. There was some feeling among the force working on the canal that if an army man were put in control, high handed military methods, constant saluting, and formality would be the rule. They shook their heads, "Shoulder straps can't dig this ditch," they said. General Goethals agreed with them perfectly.

When Goethals had his first meeting with his engineers and other assistants, almost his first remark was, "Gentlemen, there will be no militarism and no salutes in Panama. I have left my uniform in moth balls at home."

A Secretary of War visited the canal during its construction. Looking at Colonel Goethals, he said sternly, "Sir, I expected to find you in uniform."

"I never wear a uniform," answered the Colonel.

"Perhaps I shall order you to wear one."

"I couldn't," said the Colonel, "I haven't a uniform here."

The day came when the canal was opened. Naturally the man whose years of work, and genius for meeting emergencies and managing men had made this thing possible, would be the first to sail through and receive the tribute that was his due. Not at all! On the shore, by one of the locks, stood the tall grey-haired, middle-aged man in civilian's dress, earnestly watching the working of the lock gates. He was too much interested in his work to care about display.

The men on the canal relied on his ability and his fairness. "Tell the Colonel," they used to say, no matter what question arose. He was always ready to listen and was always just, though if he had made up his mind that a certain action was right, nothing could change him. One of the most rigid rules was that no engineer might disregard signals. This rule had been disobeyed by an engineer of a dirt train and in consequence a workman had been killed. The colonel condemned the offender to jail for

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SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED AT THE OBISPO CUT

one year. The transportation men came to the colonel with an ultimatum, either the prisoner was to be freed by seven o'clock that night or they would all quit. Then they left. No word came from the colonel. At ten minutes after seven the labor leader called up.

"What is your answer, Colonel Goethals?" he asked.

"It's ten minutes past seven, call up the jail. You will find he's still there. That's your answer."

"But, Colonel, you don't want to tie up the whole work, do you?" protested the voice over the telephone.

"I am not proposing to tie up the work, you are doing that," Goethals replied.

"What are you going to do?"

"Every man who is not at his post to-morrow morning on time will be transferred back to the United States, never to return. Good night."

The engineer stayed in the penitentiary, and only one man failed to report on time the next morning and he sent a doctor's certificate stating that he was too ill to be out of bed.

Every Sunday morning, anyone who had any complaint to make found the Colonel at home and ready to listen. American negroes, West Indians, coolies from India, English, Spanish, French, Italians, all came with their troubles. "A workman wants compensation for an injury; Mrs. —— doesn't like the meat the butcher sends her,"—nothing was too trivial or absurd for his attention. They made up a song about those Sunday mornings:

"Don't hesitate to state your case, the boss will hear you through,

It's true he's sometimes busy, and has other things to do
But come on Sunday morning and line up with the rest—
You'll maybe feel some better with that grievance off your chest."

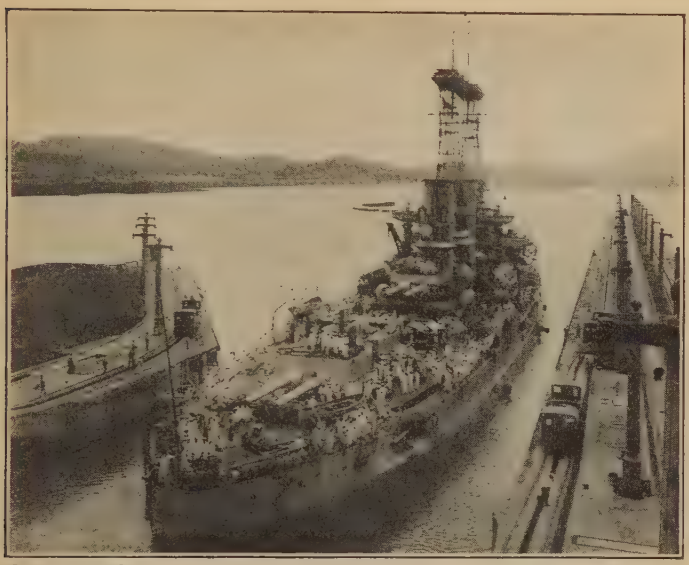
One of his orders showed how he expected to get team work:

CIRCULAR No. 400

"The use of profane or abusive language by foremen or others in authority, when addressing subordinates will not be tolerated."

Through this order, Colonel Goethals aimed to stop the abuse of inferiors and create a spirit which would make every man play his part.

Because the work was a government job there were a host of people who were prepared to make money by cheating in the quality and quantities of supplies sent down to the Isthmus. When a shipload of tainted meat was sent down, the Colonel sent it back. When the copper wire screening that was used to protect the houses of the employees from the malaria and the yellow fever mosquitoes was not as fine as had been ordered, he returned thousands and thousands of yards of it. He saw everything and went everywhere in the Zone. When he passed by in his car the men used to say significantly, "There goes the brain wagon."



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THE BATTLESHIP DELAWARE LEAVING THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK

Committees of all kinds, chairmen of congressional committees and national boards of all sorts were constantly inspecting the work or demanding reasons. Colonel Goethals' definition of such groups is historic—"All boards are long, narrow, and wooden."

"What would you say if diplomats of great countries came to you and declared that the canal can never be built through Panama?" asked a distinguished statesman.

"I wouldn't say anything," answered the Colonel quietly, "I would just dig the canal."

On one investigating committee for Congress,

a young representative, who wished to show how daring he was, kept suggesting idiotic stunts, acting smart, and asking foolish questions. Finally, he proposed that the party climb up the framework of the Gatun Gates "just for a lark." No one paid any attention to him so he began to climb up alone. Concrete buckets were swinging past him, and he was in considerable danger. This he realized after he had climbed up about twenty feet. So he climbed down again and strutted over to Goethals. "What degree are you going to confer on me for that daring feat?" he asked.

"The degree of C.F.," said the Colonel.

"And what does that stand for?" queried the young congressman.

"For 'Champion Fool,'" quietly answered Goethals.

"To join the two oceans had been the dream of great men for centuries but while others only dreamed or failed, Goethals went ahead and achieved triumphant results." He worked with his whole heart. His was the courage that faced all obstacles and would not admit defeat. He was considerate, just and fair in all of his relations with the men who worked with him. He treated them as fellow members of the great brotherhood of humanity. To him "Service was nothing more than obedience in a broad sense." Knowledge of duties was the most essential part

of his life. He had the faith that moved mountains; not a passive virtue, but a "faithfulness that kindled like faithfulness in the others who worked with him and for generations to come have benefited all mankind."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. In all great constructive work such as building a transcontinental railroad or the Panama Canal, which factor presents the greater problems, nature or human nature? Explain.
2. Instead of "making the dirt fly," Goethals spent two years in keeping the mosquitoes from flying. Why?
3. Do you agree with the statement "that early habits, early training, and early interests were the key to Colonel Goethals' success?"
4. Give reasons why foolhardiness shows lack of knowledge.
5. What is your estimate of the character of Colonel Goethals?
6. How did he deal with "red tape?"

Large opportunities in the hands of small men come to nothing, but small opportunities in the hands of large men become great.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie

Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. *—Henry Van Dyke*

To educate a man in mind and not in morals is to educate a menace to society.

—Theodore Roosevelt

The Substitutes

[A TWO-ACT PLAY]

It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."

—*Washington Gladden*

CHARACTERS

Hugh, *a boy of ten.*

Lottie, *his sister, two years older.*

Ella, *another sister, fifteen years of age.*

Mr. Ryder, *their father.*

Mr. Williams, *their father's guest.*

Dan, *the oldest of the Ryder children, age twenty.*

Act One

Place: The Kitchen of the Ryder Home.

Time: 3:15 P.M. Wednesday.

The kitchen furniture is white. There are several chairs around a small table at the center of the stage. Up stage, to the extreme right, is a gas range. To the left of the range is a large kitchen cabinet, at the center of the stage is a window, and to the left of the window a refrigerator and sink. There is a door, right stage, leading to the back porch, and a swinging door, left stage, leading to the dining room. A clock on the cabinet indicates the time.

Hugh enters at the right, carrying his books strapped

together. He puts them on a chair, takes off his cap and coat, goes to the sink, and washes his hands very hastily. He then goes to the breadbox, takes a roll, and goes to the refrigerator for a bottle of milk. He brings his food, together with a glass, to the table. As he is about to eat, he discovers a note on the table. He picks it up, reads it, scowls, and throws it down disapprovingly.

HUGH. Huh!

He stares a moment at the note and then devotes himself to his food. Lottie enters from the right carrying her brief-case.)

LOTTIE. My! It feels like snow. Where's mother?

HUGH. At Aunt Caroline's. Aunt Caroline's got the grippe.

LOTTIE (*correcting him*). Aunt Caroline *has* the grippe, Hugh.

HUGH. Well, that's where mother is. She left that note.

(*Lottie puts down her books and reads the note.*)

LOTTIE. That's too bad.

HUGH (*sulkily*). Aunt Millie lives nearer to Aunt Caroline than we do. Why can't she take care of her?

LOTTIE. I don't know, but mother wouldn't stay away if she didn't have to.

HUGH. I see where we don't get any supper.

LOTTIE. No? Why not? Mother says in the note that she did the marketing.

HUGH. But supper ain't cooked, is it?

LOTTIE (*correcting him*). Supper *isn't* cooked, Hugh, *isn't* cooked. No, not yet.

(*Lottie takes off her wraps and is about to exit to the left when Hugh jumps to his feet.*)

HUGH (*with great glee*). I've got an idea!

LOTTIE (*correcting him*). *Have* an idea, Hugh, you mean.

HUGH. Well, this is the idea. When Dad and Dan come home, let's all drive into the city and have supper at a "res-to-raunt."

LOTTIE. Restaurant, you mean, Hugh.

HUGH. What do you say? Let's have supper in the city?

(*Ella enters from the right, overhearing Hugh's last remark.*)

ELLA. What is this? Have supper in the city? When?

HUGH. Tonight.

ELLA. Why?

HUGH. Because mother had to go to take care of Aunt Caroline. She's got the—she's sick.

LOTTIE. Here's the note mother left.

(*Ella reads the note.*)

ELLA. Everything is in the house. Why go to a restaurant?

HUGH. Nothing is cooked.

ELLA. We will get the supper.

HUGH. Ah, let's go to a res-to-rant for a change.

LOTTIE. It may be a good idea. Then we shall have the time between now and supper time to let down the hems of our party dresses and press them. Remember, the school entertainment is on Saturday. I wish Dad would let us buy new dresses.

ELLA. I asked him at breakfast. At least, I hinted very strongly and he did not offer. So I guess we won't have new frocks for this occasion.

HUGH. Let's go to supper at a res-to-rant.

ELLA. No, we cannot do that. You don't suppose that Dad and Dan, when they get home tired and hungry, will want to drive into the city, do you? Besides, it has started to snow.

HUGH. Hurrah! Then I'll get a chance to use my new sled. I'll ask Ed Hayes to go coasting tomorrow.

(*He starts to the door, right.*)

ELLA. No, wait a minute. We may need you. (*To Lottie.*) We shall have to plan what we must do. (*She goes to the refrigerator and opens the door.*) Lamb! We can roast it. And there are fresh peas—all shelled.

LOTTIE. And let's have baked potatoes. I'll scrub them.

HUGH. If I have to do any errands in this house, then I want rice puddin' with a lot of raisins in it and a lot of cream on it.

LOTTIE. Pudding, Hugh, pudding.

ELLA (*to Hugh*). You will have to go to the store for the cream then and . . .

(*The ringing of the telephone off stage left interrupts her. She exits left to answer the phone. Hugh finishes his milk and roll. Lottie takes up her books and wraps.*)

HUGH. I guess I'll go out. I can go to the store later if you want me to.

LOTTIE. Better wait. We will be sure to need you.

HUGH. All right, all right.

(*He sits toying with his hat as Ella enters briskly.*)

ELLA. Hugh, you run to the store for the cream. Stop at the florist and get a dozen carnations. Then I want you to bring up some logs from the cellar and put them near the fireplace in the sitting room. And Lottie, you polish up the silver. I'll do the cooking.

(*She puts on an apron, goes to her brief case, takes out a book and turns the pages.*)

LOTTIE. What are you looking for?

ELLA. A recipe for rice pudding.

HUGH. Say, what's all the extra fuss for?

ELLA. Mr. Williams, Dad's partner, is coming for dinner.

LOTTIE. But didn't you tell Dad mother won't be home?

ELLA. No. We can substitute.

Courtesy United Artists Corporation

A Helping Hand

Hugh (*going to the door*). With company comin'—If you spoil the dinner . . .

(*He exits, right, with a grin. Lottie dons an apron and the girls busy themselves as the curtain falls.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

Act Two

Place: The Sitting Room of the Ryder Home.

Time: Eight-thirty, the Same Evening.

Comfortable living room furniture is appropriately placed about the room. There is an exit on the left to the hall, and double folding-doors on the right rear lead to the dining room. Down stage center, near the

footlight, two comfortable chairs have been placed facing the audience. In front of the chairs is a mat and on either side of the mat, an andiron. The red glow of the footlights in front of the mat give the appearance of a fireplace.

As the curtain rises, the sound of laughing can be heard from the dining room. Presently, the folding doors are rolled back by Lottie, and the diners can be seen rising from the table, and coming toward the living room.)

Mr. Ryder (*to Mr. Williams as they enter*). You are a good story-teller Williams. I am sure we all enjoyed your lion hunt, even the girls.

Mr. Williams. Yes, everybody likes the lion story, and I always enjoy telling it *after a good dinner.*

(*Mr. Ryder and Mr. Williams come forward and take the chairs in front of the fire. Dan sits up stage rear and glances over the paper, Hugh remains in the dining room with Lottie who closes the folding doors.*)

Mr. Ryder. We shall have some coffee here.

Mr. Williams (*stretching his hands toward the fire and rubbing them together*). Ah, this is comfort, Ryder, solid comfort. I have never outgrown my liking for a good old-fashioned grate fire.

Mr. Ryder. There *is* something "homey" about an open fire. (*Ella enters with a tray of coffee. She places a small stand between the chairs and serves the coffee.*) Ah, thank you, my

dear, thank you. (*Then to Mr. Williams.*) We don't usually indulge in coffee at night, but I thought since you have some distance to travel, the effects will wear off before bedtime.

MR. WILLIAMS. Quite so. It is delicious, very delicious. Where did you learn to cook, little lady?

(*He addresses Ella who is about to exit through the hall.*)

ELLA. Mother taught me some things and we also study cooking at school.

(*Ella exits quietly left.*)

MR. WILLIAMS. It's amazing all the things they teach at school nowadays. And the social life—Why, Ryder, we had no such activities as the boys and girls now engage in.

(*Dan has folded up his paper and is about to exit left.*)

MR. RYDER. Ah, social life—that reminds me. Dan, wait a moment. (*Dan turns at the door.*) It seems to me that Ella suggested—or at least hinted, that she and Lottie want to—er—do some shopping. You take the morning off tomorrow and drive them to the city.

DAN. All right, Dad. And when Mr. Williams wants to catch his train, I will drive him to the station.

MR. RYDER. Good! I'll call you.

(*Dan exits. Mr. Williams draws some papers from his pocket and unfolds them.*)

MR. WILLIAMS. Shall we go over the plans for the new addition. You see, I thought it best to make a few changes.

(*The warm glow of the fire lights up their faces and they bend over the plans.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Give reasons why you think that Ella is a self-reliant person.
2. What are the probable reasons Ella had for not telling her father, when he phoned, that their mother would not be home?
3. What reasons are there for believing that the dinner was a success?
4. If you were placed in a similar position, would you have done what Ella did, or would you have explained matters over the telephone to your father? Give your reasons.
5. "Every girl should be handy around the house—no matter what her career." Debate this.

Cultivate cheerfulness if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. —*J. Ellis*

The only things in life in which we can be said to have any property are our actions.

—*C. C. Colton*

Twelve Great Feats

The winds and waves are always on the side of the noblest navigators. —*Gibbons*

THE greatest hero of the ancient Greeks was Hercules. Hercules had both strength of body and of spirit. That is not strange for his father was supposed to be Jupiter, the chief god of the Greeks, and his mother was Alcmene, the granddaughter of Perseus, the great hero who cut off the Gorgon's head and who rescued Andromeda from the sea monster.

From his earliest babyhood, Hercules had extraordinary strength. One day, when Hercules and his twin brother Iphicles were only eight months old, the whole palace was roused by frantic cries coming from the room where the babies were playing. When Alcmene and the others rushed in, there, in a corner, was Iphicles shrieking with fright while Hercules clutched in his baby hands two immense serpents that Juno had sent to kill him. He was calmly choking the snakes to death.

There was nothing remarkable about Iphicles, but Hercules grew in strength and stature until he towered above all of the men of the time. He was well trained too, for the greatest chariot-racers, wrestlers, archers, and swordsmen of his time taught him their skill. Then Chiron, the

centaur,* taught Hercules as much of his wisdom as the youth would accept. For accomplishments, Linus, the brother of Orpheus, taught him to sing and to play on the lyre.

By the time Hercules was eighteen, he was exceedingly strong, accomplished, and gave promise of a great career. But, unfortunately for Hercules, he was proud, with the pride that will not permit the least opposition to one's will. He was filled with a sense of superiority toward his fellows. Any opposition or criticism aroused his anger to the pitch of insanity, though when he could have his own way he was perfectly good-natured and pleasant.

As Hercules craved glory, he undertook all sorts of adventures for their own sake. He killed a lion that had been ravaging the kingdom of a neighboring king. At another time, he resented the tribute of one hundred oxen that a certain king exacted, and, when the envoys appeared to collect them, Hercules cut off their noses and drove them back.

For this deed, King Creon gave Hercules his daughter Megara for his wife. They had three children. However, things went well for Hercules for a while only. The goddess, Juno, who hated Hercules, contrived through tricking Jupiter, that Hercules should serve his cousin,

*The centaur was supposed to have the body of a man and the legs of a horse.

Eurystheus, who ruled over the Kingdom of Argos.

Of course, Hercules refused to obey anybody, least of all an insignificant rather cowardly person like Eurystheus. "He only wants to feed his own vanity. He wants to say 'Hercules is master of Greece, but I am master of Hercules!' The gods don't mean me to serve such a one," argued Hercules.

But strange to say, terrible things began to happen. Hercules' strength increased but he seemed to go mad. People said, "He is haunted by the furies." Then, when he had become a terror to all who approached him, and had, in his mad fury, killed his own children and those of Iphicles he came to his senses and fell into an agony of remorse. He fled from his home in Thebes for he felt himself accursed and an outcast. For a long while he wandered in the forests and over the mountains, hiding from all men and living like a wild beast.

Then the time came when he felt that he could no longer bear life. He humbly turned to the gods for direction and help. They gladly gave him the counsel which he sought.

"The deeds done in your madness are not the sins that are driving you to despair. Madness was sent upon you to punish you for your real sins of pride and self-love. It was decreed before your birth that you should serve, and you

defied heaven when you refused to obey Eurystheus. The gods have given each man his place, some to rule and others to serve. Those who rule are frequently the inferior of their servants. The good are made subject to the wicked, the wise, to the foolish. Do not ask 'why.' The gods have their own way of training those whom they love. Your duty is to obey Eurystheus. Do that duty and you will grow great, for in serving your cousin you will be obeying the gods. No man can do more."

Hercules struggled long with his pride before he took the road toward Mycenæ, the city of Eurystheus. As he traveled, the shadow began to leave his soul and his peace of mind returned.

Like all crafty and cowardly people, Eurystheus was suspicious. "What does this submission and humility mean? What is he plotting?" For Hercules never did things by halves. He was as humble in his submission as he had been haughty in his pride. Eurystheus couldn't know that Hercules was obeying the will of the Greek gods.

The gods had ordained that Hercules should perform twelve great feats of strength that Eurystheus should select. So Hercules was impatient to set about his task and end his bondage. "Now," said he, as he towered above his scared and puny cousin, "What do you want me to do?"

Eurystheus wished to use his power to the utmost, because of the glory that he thought it would bring him and because of the hope that this dangerous relative might be killed. So he said, "Bring me the skin of the Nemean lion since you have the reputation of being a good lion hunter."

Hercules was only too glad to set out at once, though the lion, which inhabited the forest in the valley of Nemea, was the fiercest and the wildest alive. The arrows of Hercules fell harmlessly from the tough hide of the lion. Finally, he uprooted a young tree, and, rushing into the cave, began to beat the lion with the club, but the beast continued to snarl and rush at Hercules. At last, Hercules grasped the throat of the lion and choked him to death. Then, with the body thrown across his shoulders, he strode back to Mycenæ looking like some monstrous beast himself.

Eurystheus was terrified and crept into a brass pot that he had made to protect himself from Hercules if his cousin should fly into a rage at him. He called out to Hercules through an opening in the pot, "Go kill the hydra."

So, wrapped up in the lion's skin which was impenetrable to teeth or claws and carrying his club, Hercules set off for Lake Lerna where the hundred-headed monster lived.

"Nobody in his senses would attack the

hydra," chuckled Eurystheus as he climbed out of the pot, and watched his cousin accompanied by Iolaus, his kinsman, striding away. But Eurystheus forgot that there is one sense that drives some people to seemingly impossible deeds: that is a sense of duty.

Hercules had no difficulty in finding the hydra in the poisonous swamp. There it wallowed with its hundred mouths breathing out poisonous vapors and its two hundred eyes flaming in the dusk. He brought down his club on one of the heads with so mighty a blow that it was shattered, but to his horror from the crushed skull, two new heads sprang. So it was with each head. The monster was growing in strength with each blow that Hercules struck.

"There must be a root from which all of the heads spring," thought Hercules. "I must go to the root and attack the evil there." Iolaus was told to heat a piece of iron red hot, and as soon as a head was cut off to burn the root. This he did and, finally, Hercules cut off the head from which the others had sprung and the monster gasped and died, just as Hercules, strong as he was, felt that he could not strike another blow.

Then he dipped his arrows in the blood of the hydra so that their wounds should be deadly and set off for Mycenæ where he hoped to get a little rest. But his cousin had no intention of

letting him do anything but toil. He set Hercules off to catch the swiftest stag in the world, and then to capture the fiercest boar. Following these tasks, he was sent to clean the Augean stables, and this task shows that Hercules was depending on his intelligence as well as on his strength.

King Augeas had the largest and dirtiest stables in the world. An enormous number of oxen and goats had been kept in the stables for years and years with never any attempt made to clear away the litter. No life would be long enough to clear away the mountain of filth. Hercules was appalled. He almost turned his back on a labor that was so loathsome. Especially was he annoyed with Augeas who said pleasantly, "It is very kind of Eurystheus to send me such a great hero to clean my stables. You can see they need it badly. I'll give you an ox and a goat from every ten as soon as you have made the place tidy."

"I'm not serving for pay," growled Hercules, "but any man who lets his stables get in such a condition shouldn't have them put right for nothing."

Hercules knew that mere strength could do nothing against such an accumulation, so putting his brain to work he conceived the idea of turning the river Alpheus through the stables. Digging a narrow water course he turned the

bed of the stream and soon had it rushing through the stables washing out the mess in its course.

Eurystheus was worried almost insane providing tasks sufficiently difficult and dangerous to keep his cousin employed. Hercules performed them all. Then as he was stronger than ever, Eurystheus sent him off to get the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides. On that adventure he found the Titan, Atlas, holding up the sky. Hercules didn't know where the garden was and Atlas did, so Hercules took the sky on his shoulders while Atlas went off to get the apples for him. Hercules suffered horribly. He was almost ready to fall and let the sky crush him. But again his sense of responsibility restrained him. He did not value his own life, but he could not let the sky fall and crush all of the people who lived under it.

Atlas came back with the apples and then shouted, "Good-bye!"

"Are you not coming back to your duty?" exclaimed Hercules.

"Certainly not. Do you take me for a fool?" laughed Atlas.

"Then let me fix the lion skin so that the weight will be easier to bear," said Hercules.

Atlas put his shoulders under the dome and Hercules slipped away letting the whole weight of the sky fall back on Atlas whose responsibility it really was.

The last task was the greatest of all. "Go to Hades and bring me Cerberus who is Pluto's watch dog," ordered Eurystheus. The king patted himself on the back for his cleverness. "I'm rid of him at last," he said, "for to reach Hades he must die." But in all these years Eurystheus had not learned to know Hercules.

In Thessaly, there lived the King Admetus and his queen whom he dearly loved. Her name was Alcestis. Because Admetus had been a kind master when Jupiter had banished the god Apollo from the Kingdom of the gods at Olympus and ordered him to herd Admetus' sheep, Apollo promised to grant him any boon he wished. Admetus asked that he might never die, but not even the Fates could change the laws of life and death. The best they could do was to promise that Admetus should live so long as he could get anybody to die in his stead.

Admetus lived in great happiness. But presently the time appointed for his death arrived. Admetus remembered the promise of the gods. His father was old, and he asked him to go down to Hades in his place. But his father refused. "Life is still sweet," he said.

Then Admetus went to his mother. "You are weak and old, your life is really over, die for me," Admetus implored. But his mother refused. "Because you are so afraid of death even

your mother should not encourage your cowardice," she said.

Admetus besought all of his friends to save him, but they all refused him. But even the Fates did not guess how strong love could be, for Alcestis, his dear and lovely wife came to him and said, "Admetus I will die for you gladly." With all of his cowardice and selfishness, Admetus had never dreamed of sacrificing his wife, but the Fates had issued the decree which was not to be altered. So Alcestis died proudly and gladly as she said she would.

Just as the last hymn was being sung at the funeral Hercules pushed through the crowd around the grave. He had heard the story and his pity was aroused. "I'm on my way to Hades," he said to the King, "I'll bring back your wife when I return." As best he could, Hercules made his way to the gates of Hades, the kingdom of the dead. There growled Cerberus, the three-headed dog. Hercules brought his club down on one head and so stunned the monster that, taking him by the throat, he dragged him into the presence of Pluto and Proserpine, the King and Queen of the dead.

"Give me the soul of Alcestis or I will choke this dog to death!"

Alcestis had been willing to die for one that she loved, but Hercules had dared the dangers of the realm of death out of pity and hatred of

wrong. So, deeply moved, Pluto allowed Alcestis to appear. Then dragging Cerberus and leading the queen, who grew from a faint grey shadow to a lovely woman, they emerged into the light and the air of the upper world.

Hercules did not wait for thanks but hurried off with Cerberus to Eurystheus. "Here he is," said Hercules, "What are you going to do with him?" The sight of Hercules, grown to god-like strength through his labors willingly performed was terrifying enough, but the three heads of Cerberus entirely overcame Eurystheus. In turn he shrieked, "You and your dog be gone. Never let me see you again." Hercules released Cerberus who plunged into the earth with a terrible howl.

At last Hercules had won his freedom. He used this freedom not for pleasure, or to gain power or riches, but by his own choice to be the servant of mankind. He traveled over the earth righting wrongs, carrying the love of justice and law with him so that evils and monsters began to disappear, and it seemed as though the Golden Age might be returning.

—An Old Myth

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. How did the Greek gods punish Hercules for his pride and sense of superiority toward his fellows?

2. What were the twelve great feats which Hercules successfully performed?

3. Should we ever obey those whom we know to be inferior to ourselves? Explain.

4. How did Hercules show that he had great wisdom as well as great strength?

5. In what way did Hercules show his unselfishness?

6. "Hercules, you are a man who has conquered himself." What did Diana, the goddess of the chase, mean when she made this statement?

An acorn is not an oak when it is sprouted. It must go through long summers and fierce winters. . . . So a man is not a man when he is created. He is only begun. His manhood must come with years. —*Henry W. Beecher*

Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.
—*Mrs. Thrale*

Every one has two educations: that which is given to him and that which he gives himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the more valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man he must work out and conquer for himself.
—*Jean Paul Richter*

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved, waste of health, seldom; but waste of time, never.
—*Selected*

The Man who Made the World Laugh

Mark Twain's life teaches that poverty is an incentive rather than a bar; and that any boy, however humble his birth and surroundings, may, by honesty and industry accomplish great things.—*George A. Mahon*

JOSEPHINE and Fred had come to spend a week of their summer vacation with their grandparents on the farm. How they had looked forward to this visit! They had hoped to spend the first day exploring every nook and corner, visiting the cattle and the poultry, and romping through the meadows with the two collies. But it was raining. It had been raining all the morning. Presently, Grandpa came in with his heavy coat dripping, and dashed their hopes completely.

"The wind is wrong for clearing," he said, "it's going to keep up all day. I am afraid you will have to find some indoor amusement. How would you like to read?"

"Have you any books—I mean anything funny?" asked Fred.

"How would you like a book of Mark Twain's?"

"Are his books very amusing?" inquired Josephine doubtfully.

"I should say they are. Why, Mark Twain is the man who has made the world laugh. He has made your grandmother and me laugh until our sides ached. Many and many a time have I heard your father laugh as he read his books. Mark Twain is the greatest humorist America has ever had. At least we think so, don't we, Phoebe?"

"Indeed we do, John," answered Grandma promptly.

"Well," continued Grandpa, "I could talk about Mark Twain till it stops raining, for he is a great favorite with me and has been ever since I was a boy. *Mark Twain*, by which he is commonly known, was only his pen name. His real name was Samuel Clemens. Clemens, or Sam, as the boys called him, spent his boyhood days in a town called Hannibal, in Missouri, on the Mississippi River. How that boy Sam did love that river! His friends and he learned to swim in it, to row and sail on it, and to play 'robbers' on an island in the middle of it. They loved to roam through the woods and over the hills. And what do you think?" added Grandpa impressively.

"What?" cried Josephine and Fred.

"Mark Twain and his friends found a cave. It was not just a hole in the ground, but a large affair with winding passages and so many chambers that the boys never did find the end of it.

Courtesy George A. Mahan

TOM SAWYER AND HUCKLEBERRY FINN

This was a mysterious cave. Some people said it used to be the home of robbers and some said that runaway slaves used to hide there. But I

won't tell you any more for you will read about it in 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.'

"Sam Clemens was a bright boy, a good listener, and a good observer. He made a careful study of the interesting people he met, noted what they looked like, how they acted, how they talked, and what their mannerisms and superstitions were. He even made a pretty keen guess about their very thoughts. He stored this information away in his memory, and it came in handy later when he used it in his books to amuse and interest his readers.

"When Sam Clemens was about your age, Fred, his father died and he had to go to work. He became a printer's helper. It was not long before he could set type, print the papers, distribute, and sell them.

"Sam loved to stand on the banks of the Mississippi River and watch the big boats go by. He admired the men in the pilot house who guided the boat. With all his heart he longed to be a pilot, but in those days it cost money. Sam gathered together all the money he could and gave it to a first class pilot in return for instruction. After a year of study, he was given a pilot's license and for six years he steered a boat up and down the Mississippi. Some places in the river were deep and some were shallow, so frequent soundings were necessary. When a boatman called *mark twain*, it meant twelve feet

of water and safe going for the river boats. This is where Samuel Clemens got his pen name."

"Mark Twain is better known to readers than Samuel Clemens," observed Grandma.

"I guess you're right," replied Grandpa. "Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes. After six years he gave up being a pilot and went West with his brother to become a miner. His experiences in a mining camp appear in a book called 'Roughing It.' Don't you remember, Phoebe, we read it the year of the blizzard?"

"I do, indeed," answered Grandma. "It kept us cheerful all those dreary days we were snowed in."

"At the mining camps, Mark Twain earned quite a reputation as a story-teller. When he visited the general store, or the post office, a crowd was sure to gather around him and listen by the hour to his humorous stories. Some of his friends urged him to lecture and, finally, with many misgivings as to the result, he agreed to give just one. This was such a success that he later made a tour of the country giving lecture after lecture.

"In 1867, he joined a party of about forty tourists or 'pilgrims' as he called them, who sailed on an excursion to the Holy Land. The ship was called 'The Quaker City.' It was a steam side-wheeler resembling the ferry boats we have now. The accounts of this trip, which

Mark Twain sent home to the papers, were so funny that people could hardly wait for the next issue. Later on, he put these accounts into a book called, 'Innocents Abroad.'

"We read that, too, didn't we, Phoebe?"

"Indeed we did," answered Grandma with a chuckle.

"They had a jolly time all the way across the ocean and back, listening to Mark Twain's funny yarns. We had even a jollier time reading all about the trip. Some of the passages we read again and again. The best books for you to start on are, 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'Tom Sawyer.' We brought your daddy up on 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'Tom Sawyer.' Whenever those two boys came together in the stories some mischief was sure to happen. Do you remember about Jim and his rope ladder, Phoebe?"

Grandma and Grandpa laughed heartily for a few moments while Josephine and Fred stared at them feeling that they had missed something exceedingly amusing. Presently Grandpa continued:

"It's hard to tell which boy, Tom or Huckleberry, was funnier. Tom was full of schemes. Remember how he got his aunt's fence whitewashed, Phoebe?"

The old couple began laughing so heartily that Fred and Josephine joined in.

Courtesy George A. Mahan

HUCKLEBERRY FINN'S HOME

"Other books which you will enjoy reading are 'Pudd'nhead Wilson,' 'A Tramp Abroad,' 'A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,' and, when you are older, you can read 'Joan of Arc,' and 'Life on the Mississippi.' "

"Have you ever seen Mark Twain, Grandpa?" asked Fred.

"Yes, your Grandmother and I saw him twice, once at a lecture he gave and once at a dinner at which he was the principal speaker. It seems that he wasn't a very good business man, and the publishing house of which he was part owner failed. The company went into bankruptcy and settled with the creditors at fifty

cents on the dollar. While this arrangement was lawful, it did not satisfy Mark Twain's sense of honesty or justice. He made up his mind that, if he lived long enough, he would pay the firm's creditors back every cent they lost. To do this he went on lecture tours in many countries. After four years of unceasing labor he succeeded in wiping out the debts."

"My, but didn't the papers praise him for doing that!" remarked Grandma. "For months he was the most popular and most photographed man in America."

"That's true, Phoebe. We went to one of his lectures given in a big opera house in the city. He spoke for an hour and I believe we laughed once a minute. He was a born actor and knew how to get the most fun out of his stories."

"Did he have any children of his own to tell his jokes to?" inquired Josephine.

"Yes, he had three girls, but two of them and his wife also, died before he did. The children were very fond of their father and intensely proud of him. He loved them dearly and enjoyed playing with them and with their pets.

"The whole world owes Mark Twain a debt of gratitude, for he has cheered, entertained, and amused everybody. We owe a great deal to the man who can do that. It's the most difficult thing in the world to be really humorous, and any one who can make us laugh is a benefactor.

There's no better tonic than a good hearty laugh. You will find Mark Twain's books on the shelves in the East Room. See if you do not agree with me."

The children scrambled out to the East room. Grandma gazed after them for a moment with a reminiscent smile. Then she said to Grandpa, "My! How time does fly! The third generation has started on Mark Twain."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. How does Mark Twain's life prove that poverty is an incentive to success?
2. "A good laugh now and again is better than medicine." Would you agree with this statement? Explain.
3. Why did Mark Twain insist on wiping out the debts which his publishing company had incurred?
4. To what other persons besides Mark Twain does the world owe a debt of gratitude? Give reasons for your choice.

When you know a thing to hold that you know it, and when you do not know a thing to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.

—*Confucius*

There was scarcely a minute in which I could not learn something or find out how much there was to learn and how little I knew. I felt that my foot was upon the ladder and that I was bound to climb. —*Andrew Carnegie*

Our Guides

Man's work in making books is all in vain, if books in turn do not make the man.—*Dean Howells*

EUROPEAN guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would—and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners, and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we *never* went into

ecstasies any more—we never admired any thing—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage, at times, but we have never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans show much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo! —write it himself!—write it wis his own hand! —come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest—

"Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said—

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said—

Courtesy George A. Mahan

MARK TWAIN AND HIS BOYHOOD HOME

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful, and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass, procured for such occasions:

"Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America, O, ze devil!"

"Discover America? No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo — pleasant name; — is — is he dead?"

"O corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Smallpox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen—I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do *not* know,—I think he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see,—happy combination,—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner,—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He

walked his legs, off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last,—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:—

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy!—Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name? — he got no name! — Mummy! — 'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. 'Gyptian mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy,—mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"O *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying

to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!* Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out! —or we'll make a mummy of you!"

We made it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

—*From "Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Why did the doctor, in this story, often ask the guide such simple and unnecessary questions?

2. What is meant by the expression *to impose on somebody?*

3. "A cheerful book is sometimes as good as medicine to a sick man." Explain this statement.

4. Why is cheerfulness such a fine asset to anyone who enters business?

You Be the Judge

1. George is very interested in auto-mechanics. A few doors from his home is a garage where the men take great delight in showing George the different parts of an auto and their workings. Alfred, tries to discourage George from visiting the garage because of the bad language used by some of the men but George refuses to listen.

One day, while eating some ice cream in a candy store, George upsets a tumbler of water and startles Alfred by using one of the words he had heard the men use.

If you were Alfred, would you, (a) pretend not to have heard, (b) tell your parents, (c) ask the garage men not to use such language, or (d) would you use some other method?

2. Emily runs errands for her sister Jeannette, picks up the things she drops, sharpens her pencils, does her home chores, copies her lessons, and, in short, makes herself a "slavey" for Jeannette who is as strong and able as she is.

One of Jeannette's friends notices this and says to her, "If you don't do things for yourself, you will never know how to do them." Jeannette becomes very angry and they quarrel.

Emily overhears the quarrel and knows that Jeannette's friend has stated the truth.

Should Emily, (a) defend Jeannette's friend, (b) pretend not to have heard, or (c) stop doing Jeannette's work?

3. Jack and his twin brother Donald share the same bedroom. Jack has bad dreams about robbers, pirates, and murderers. He cries and moans in his sleep and often awakens Donald. Donald discovers that Jack has been reading cheap detective and blood-curdling murder stories that he has borrowed from a friend and hidden in his room. Jack begs Donald not to tell their father and mother.

Should Donald, (a) ask Jack to promise not to read any more, (b) ask Jack's friend not to lend Jack any more books, or (c) secure a library card for Jack and give him a list of good books to read?

4. Marion and Robert are standing at the rail of a ferryboat when Marion's hat blows into the water.

"Oh, my hat! Get my hat!" she cried.

Robert jumps into the water after it. The passengers shout, "Boy overboard!" The boat is stopped, and Robert is pulled out of the water.

Was Robert, (a) helpful, (b) heroic, or (c) foolhardy?

5. Two friends, Jerry and Alec undertake the daily delivery of newspapers in their small

town. They divide the town in half and each supplies his part of it. The service of both boys is prompt and regular and for a while things run smoothly. Then Alec, endeavoring to finish his work quickly, becomes careless. As he rides past the houses very rapidly on his bicycle, he throws the papers on the front porch and is not particular where they land. The customers find them some distance from the door and occasionally upon the steps where they are exposed to the rain. One customer complains to Alec but he does not pay any attention to the complaint. Jerry hears of the complaints against Alec and goes to him and advises him to be more careful. Alec receives Jerry's advice very ungraciously and Jerry says nothing more.

One night, a customer, living in the part of the town covered by Alec just over the boundary line, calls up Jerry and tells him that she wants him to make the delivery because she has stopped taking papers from Alec.

Should Jerry, (a) deliver papers to her, (b) ask her to give Alec another chance, (c) "pocket his pride" and see Alec again and try to persuade him to render a more satisfactory service to his customers?

6. Daniel is asked to join some of his acquaintances who are going to help themselves to apples from an orchard several miles away. The owner of the orchard is in the South and

will not be back until January. The boys declare they have a right to take the apples which may otherwise rot on the trees. Daniel wants to ask his father if it is right to take the apples, but the boys laugh at him for this and call him a coward.

If you were Daniel, would you go with the boys or would you try to prove to them that your father knew better and that you were not a coward?

7. Jim, Harry, Leslie and Bert are playing tag. In running around, they scamper over the lawn of a neighbor regardless of the shrubbery and plants. He asks them not to play on his lawn because of the damage they have done. Harry, in revenge, picks up a handful of dirt and throws it in through the open front window. Afterwards he is sorry for what he has done.

Should Harry apologize to the neighbor for what he has done, should he offer to clean up the room into which the dirt has been thrown, or is there anything else he could do?

8. Lawrence and Arthur had been given air rifles as presents. They wanted to use them so much that they shot at some pigeons which they saw on the roof of a house on a neighboring street. Both boys fired but missed and broke a big window. The family was away on their vacation and no one saw the boys do it.

If you were one of the boys would you, (a) say nothing about the window, (b) have a new window put in and pay for the damage or, (c) wait until the family came back and then own up?

9. Fred is caught cheating during a test. Before the student council he admits that he has cheated in previous tests.

If you were on the student council would you suggest that, (a) Fred be compelled to take all the tests again at which he has cheated, (b) a certain percentage be deducted from each test, (c) he be debarred from all positions of honor or trust, (d) he be reported to his family?

10. Lucy and Eileen are continually saying mean things about other girls who do not dress as well as they do.

If you were a friend of the girls, would you get even by saying mean things about them, would you report them to your teacher, or would you try to show them just how mean their remarks are?

There is a destiny which makes us brothers.
None walks his way alone;
Whatever we give unto the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

—*Anonymous*

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS TO READ

Captains Courageous. Kipling. Doubleday Doran.
Man of Iron. Howard Pyle. The Century Co.
Florence Nightingale. Laura Richards. Appleton.
Heroines of Service. Mary R. Parkman. The Century Co.
Round the World in Eighty Days. Jules Verne.
Oxteam Days on the Oregon Trail. Ezra Meeker. World Book Co.
Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Holt & Co.
The Queen's Highway. Cornelia Meigs. Macmillan.
Old Ryerson. Walter Camp.
Gunga Din. Kipling.
The Red Cross Spirit Speaks. John Finley.
The Zest of Life. Henry Van Dyke.

PLAYS

"The Making of the Constitution." From *Dramatic Moments in American History* by Hague and Chalmers. The University Publishing Co.

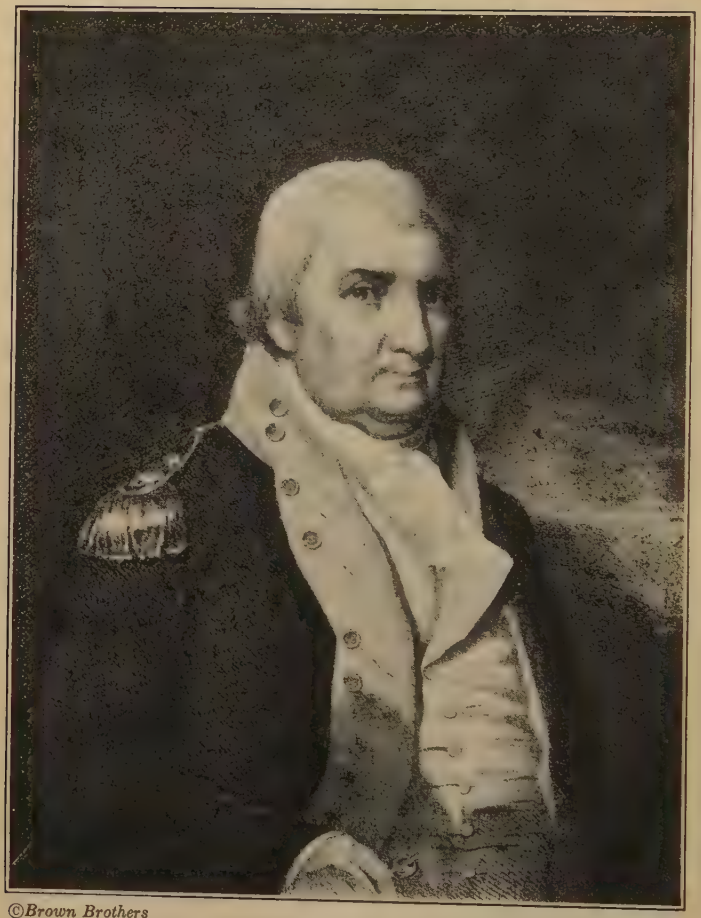
He who has not learned how to be gentle, forgiving, loving, and happy has learned very little, great though his book learning and profound though his acquaintance with Scripture may be; for it is in the process of becoming gentle, pure, and happy that deep, real, enduring lessons of life are learned. —*James Allen*

The man or the woman who has the courage of his convictions is the one to whom the world takes off its hat. —*Charles E. Hughes*

Able Ambassadors

Truth and Honesty

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen, *I must be truthful and honest*—I must know what is true in order to do what is right. I must tell the truth without fear. I must be honest in all my dealings and in all my thoughts. Unless I am honest I cannot have self-respect.



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CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney

[A PLAY IN FOUR EPISODES]

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.
—*Bulwer*

A man's words combined with his deeds frequently paint for us a truer picture of the individual than any description of him that could be given by his friends. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney—scholar, jurist, soldier, statesman, diplomat, and patriot—born in Charleston, South Carolina, on February 25, 1746, shall speak for himself.

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney

CHARACTERS

Dr. Markham
First Boy
Second Boy
C. C. Pinckney
The Aide
Commandant
First Guest
Marshall
Gerry
Second Guest
Third Guest
Fourth Guest
Fifth Guest
Mr. ——

Episode One

Place: The Study of the Headmaster, Westminster School, England.

Time: About 1760.

Dr. Markham, the headmaster, an elderly man in a white wig, is sitting in a great high-backed oak chair. In front of him are three boys. Two of these boys have told quite different stories concerning the same incident. Both of the boys who have been speaking look flushed, nervous, and rather angry. They shift from one foot to the other.

Dr. Markham (*looking at the boys sternly*). I cannot understand how two persons who took part in an occurrence can tell such different stories concerning it. Someone must be lying.

(*The two boys look at each other venomously. One starts to speak but the headmaster silences him with a gesture.*)

Dr. Markham (*turning to the third boy*). Pinckney, were you present?

C. C. Pinckney (*after a moment's silence*). Yes, sir!

Dr. Markham (*in a gentle tone of voice*). I know the strictness of your principles and your attachment to truth. Speak, Pinckney! My decision shall be guided by your sentiments.

Episode Two

Place: Within the British Prison Camp at Hoddrel's Point.

Time: 1780.

(*The British Commandant tells his aide that he has ordered General Pinckney's return to the prison camp.*)

THE AIDE. Dr. Hayes says that the general's health is too poor to stand the privations here.

COMMANDANT. That does not affect me in the least. They are rebellious subjects of the mother country and must be treated with severity.

THE AIDE. I understand General Pinckney's son has just died.

(*The guard enters with General Pinckney who is very emaciated and wears a sad expression.*)

COMMANDANT. I reconsidered my leniency and felt it wiser to order your return here, Pinckney.

GEN. PINCKNEY. As you know, I am a General in the Army of the United States.

COMMANDANT. Rebels all of them! (*The Commandant turns to the guard.*) Put him with the others. We will see if he will send out any more petitions.

GEN. PINCKNEY. I entered into this cause after reflection and through principle. My heart is altogether American and neither severity, nor favor, nor poverty, nor affluence can induce me to swerve from it.

COMMANDANT. Brave words! We will see those sentiments change after some further months of prison fare.

GEN. PINCKNEY. Never! The freedom and the independence of my country are the gods of my idolatry.

Episode Three

Place: Philadelphia.

Time: 1794

Around the banquet table are gathered many distinguished men. The three envoys who have been sent to France to make terms with the French government, so that France shall cease to interfere with the commerce of the United States, have returned. There has been much discussion, some of it rather angry, for there is a strong feeling with one group of men in the government that favor England in endorsing the Jay Treaty. Another group are warm friends of France and feel that no objection should be made to any act of hers even though it injure us, so long as France beats England in the war that is going on.

The three envoys have been very badly treated by the French government. They have been urged to ask their government to apologize to the French government. Besides that, three agents of Talleyrand have come to them and told them that if the United States is to be left free to sail the high seas, two sums of money must be paid. One of the sums is to go to the French government and the other sum into the pockets of the individual deputies.

Full of anger and disgust, as well as dread of what their refusal may mean, the envoys have returned to the United States.

First Guest. What did you reply when the demand for $240,000, besides a loan to the French government, was made?

MARSHALL. We said, "No, no gentlemen, not a sixpence!"

GERRY. Then Monsieur X and Monsieur Y said, "Be cautious, France can treat you as she did Venice. She can destroy your shipping, and even alter your form of government.

SECOND GUEST. That would mean war!

THIRD GUEST. But we must have no war with our friend and ally, France.

FOURTH GUEST. Better war than dishonor.

MARSHALL. We were treated as suppliants instead of equals. The demands made were made as though the United States were a tributary country.

FIFTH GUEST. But our refusal will mean war with the most powerful country in Europe.

PINCKNEY. Let it be war then! Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.

EPISODE FOUR

PLACE: A Street in Philadelphia.

TIME: 1799.

(*Preparations for war have been made. Washington has been chosen commander-in-chief. Hamilton is second in command. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney has been commissioned a Major General by Washington.*)

MR. ——. Good morning, General! I congratulate the country on your appointment.

GEN. PINCKNEY. You are most flattering.

MR. ——. Not at all, General, your services have been most distinguished in the field and in Congress.

GEN. PINCKNEY. You rate me too highly. No service is too great in behalf of our country.

MR. ——. Personally I feel aggrieved that Hamilton should have been given an appointment that makes him outrank you.

GEN. PINCKNEY. I am confident that General Washington has sufficient reason for this preference. Let us first dispose of our enemies. We shall have leisure time then to settle the question of rank.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. What did Charles Chauncey mean when he said of C. C. Pinckney, "His love of honor was greater than his love of power, and deeper than his love of self."

2. What is your estimate of the character of C. C. Pinckney?

3. Would Pinckney be carrying tales about the two boys if he told Dr. Markham just what had happened? Explain.

4. Tell about the part played by Pinckney in the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

5. What did Pinckney mean by, "No service is too great in behalf of our country"?

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines. —*Benjamin Franklin*

The Peasant's Mule

No man is wise or safe, but that he is honest.
—*Sir Walter Raleigh*

ROY SOMMERS rushed into the library where the family had gathered after supper.

"Guess what has happened!" he cried, his voice full of excitement and indignation.

"What?" exclaimed his father, his mother, and his sister at the same time.

"Hal King's dog was stolen."

"Stolen?" repeated his sister. "When?"

"This afternoon, right over on Broadway, by a man."

"Tell us about it," said his father.

"It was like this. Hal and his brother, Jim, were out with the dog. They had him muzzled and had him on a leash or maybe he wouldn't have been stolen. Anyway, while Hal and Jim were walking along, a man drove up and got out of a taxi. He asked Hal where the Star Laundry is and Hal told him just around the corner. He took out a dollar and a ticket and asked Hal if he would get the laundry for him. Just as soon as he turned the corner, the man pulled out a half-dollar and gave it to Jim, telling him he did not give his brother enough money to pay for the laundry. The man said he'd hold

the dog while Jim ran around the corner and gave the money to his brother. Jim was only six and didn't know any better so he did what the man asked. When Hal got to the laundry, they told him that the ticket he had wasn't a laundry ticket at all, and when he saw Jim he knew he had been fooled. The two boys ran out as fast as they could but the taxi, the man, and the dog were gone."

"I am afraid he will never see his dog again," said Mr. Sommers.

"He was valuable, too," added Roy. "I guess the thief knew that."

"He probably had been watching the dog and waiting for a good chance to steal him," said Roy's sister. "It's too bad."

"That reminds me of a story I read not long ago," said Mr. Sommers.

The children were always ready for a story and drew closer to their father.

"It's in that red book on the third shelf. Get it for me, son, and I'll read it. It's an old Spanish story," he added as he found the place, "about a college student and a credulous farmer. Here it is:

Manuel was a poor student, a very poor student, and since he had no relatives to pay for his continued attendance at college, it was necessary for him to leave. Debts surrounded him on all sides. He owed the college authorities, he

owed for his board, and he owed various sums to some of his comrades. He was at the end of his resources, so leave he must.

Manuel was not, however, the only youth at that college who was in straitened circumstances. There were others quite as poor and just as intelligent. It occurred to Manuel that their intelligence ought to afford them a better living so he gathered together those who were as poor as he, and conversed with them concerning the future.

"Providence," he said with conviction, "never intended us to exist in poverty, yet fate has kept us poor. Let us accept intelligence as our guiding star and go out into the world to seek our fortunes. Whoever follows me will greatly improve his condition. Who wants good food and a comfortable lodging when night overtakes him?"

"Are you in earnest or are you just teasing us?" asked one of the lean, hungry-looking students.

"I never was more in earnest in my life," declared Manuel. "Our cultivated brains shall recompense us for our many hours of study. Who follows me?"

"We all do," exclaimed his comrades.

"Provided you do not lead us to the gallows," added a doubtful voice.

"Never fear, leave all to me and follow on."

Manuel and his companions set off on their

quest to make their intelligence support them. For two hours they trudged along the dusty road in the hot sun. Presently they came to rising ground and passed through a shady wood. Suddenly Manuel stopped to listen.

"What do you hear?"

"A farmer coming home from the market in the city in all probability," answered one of his companions.

"Exactly!" cried Manuel. "Your ears are excellent. Now, let's hide behind that hedge."

The young men hid behind the hedge and presently they saw a farmer riding on one mule leading three others, whose empty baskets swayed from side to side. The tired farmer was half asleep, with his head bowed so low that it almost touched his animal's ears.

After the procession had passed, Manuel slipped out from behind the hedge, cut the last mule loose, took off his trappings and faced him about on the road. His companions captured the mule while Manuel, putting the animal's trappings on his own back, continued with the procession. When the young man felt that he had given his friends ample time to get out of sight, he began to pull on the rope, and kick and disturb the mules. This disturbance aroused the farmer from his doze and he dismounted to investigate the trouble. He raised his whip to strike but when he saw a man wearing the

trappings of his mule he paused in amazement.

"What silly prank is this?" he began as soon as he could speak.

"Silly prank? Oh, how can you speak so flippantly of the works of Providence. I was transformed for my sins into a mule and compelled to serve you," said Manuel.

"But where is my mule?" cried the bewildered man.

"I see you do not understand," replied Manuel. I was your mule. Now that I have served my penance, I have resumed my own form. Now do you understand?"

"I am beginning to," answered the farmer slowly. "Then it was really you I bought at the market in Burgos last year."

Manuel nodded gravely.

"I knew there was something strange about that animal," added the farmer. "That was it."

Manuel grew bolder. "Now that you understand the matter, I must say that it is not every Castilian peasant who can boast of having had a nobleman as his beast of burden."

"A nobleman!" The frightened farmer fell upon his knees. "Oh, your Excellency, can you ever forgive me for my treatment of you! Indeed my lord I did not know."

"We will say no more about it," said Manuel. "The lashings were part of the penance. I will not hold that against you."

©*Brown Brothers*

THE MULE IS A POPULAR BEAST OF BURDEN IN SPAIN

"Thank you, your Excellency," said the grateful farmer. "In return I shall always remain silent concerning the matter of your sin and punishment."

"That is well," replied Manuel. "That is well. Now good day. We part in peace," and he turned back to regain his companions while the farmer continued on his way meditating upon the gracious action of the nobleman.

A fortnight later the farmer again drove to the city of Burgos, the market center of the province. After disposing of his produce, he drove his mules to a public square there to rest them while he stretched himself out under the shade of one of the buildings and slept. As he

tied his mules to a post, he saw standing hitched to the next post the mule he had owned two weeks ago. He went to him and stood gazing at the animal for fully a minute, and then he said in a sorrowful voice, "Alas! Again, your Excellency!"

"That is a good story but it couldn't happen now," said Roy as his father closed the book.

"But honest people are fooled in other ways," replied his father. "Dishonest people are very clever, but in the end they are usually caught. If some people would spend as much effort and energy in doing the right thing as they spend in planning dishonest schemes, they would rise high in the world rather than end in jail."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Would you blame either Hal or his brother Jim for the loss of the dog? Give reasons for your answer.

2. "Thieves who steal from children should be punished more severely than those who steal from men and women," said an eighth grade boy. What do you think?

3. Why do parents, when they find it necessary to leave children alone in the house, sometimes warn them not to open the door to strangers?

4. Do you think laziness is one of the causes of dishonesty? Explain.

5. Suppose a stranger met you on the street and gave you a ten dollar bill and asked you to run into the neighboring store to have it changed. There is a doubt in your mind as to whether the bill is genuine. What would you do?

A Three-sided Argument

[A ONE-ACT PLAY]

Be true to your word, your work, and your friend.
—*Anonymous*

CHARACTERS

Mr. Appleby
Mrs. Appleby
Mrs. Gompertz
Lieutenant Gompertz
Sarah Gompertz, *a sixteen-year-old girl*
Bill Gompertz, *a thirteen-year-old boy*
Dan Appleby, *same age as Bill*
Chris Franklin, *same age as Bill*

PLACE: The Dining Room of the APPLEBY Family and the Dining Room of the GOMPERTZ Family.

TIME: 6:30 P.M.

The curtain rises on a double set of dining rooms. Both dining tables are set for the evening meal. Mr. Appleby is seen seated at the left of his table. Mrs. Appleby is standing at the window looking out. In the Gompertz dining room, Mrs. Gompertz and Sarah are placing dishes of food on the table.

MR. APPLEBY (*throwing down his paper impatiently*). What's keeping that boy, anyway?

MRS. APPLEBY. I am sure I can't say. He knows our dinner hour.

MR. APPLEBY. He ought to be trained to be more punctual. (*He takes up the paper again*

and continues reading. Mrs. Appleby remains at the window watching for Dan.)

(*Lieutenant Gompertz of the Police Department enters his dining room carrying a paper which he places with his hat on the telephone table.*)

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. I don't know whether I shall be off duty to-night or not. The Chief will 'phone me.

MRS. GOMPERTZ. I hope you are. You worked last night and the night before.

SARAH. If you are, dad, we can all go to the movies.

MRS. GOMPERTZ. Call Will, Sarah.

SARAH (*going to exit down stairs right*). Willie! Oh, Willie boy! (*No answer.*) Willie, come to supper. (*No answer.*)

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ (*stepping to the exit*). Bill!

BILL. Yes, sir, coming right away.

(*Lieutenant and Mrs. Gompertz sit right and left of the table respectively, and Sarah sits with her back to the audience. Bill enters and takes the vacant seat facing the audience.*)

SARAH. My! how the boy has plastered his hair down over his forehead. Starting a new style, Willie?

BILL (*anxious to change the subject*). I don't know. Everything smells fine and I'm starved. (*Lieutenant Gompertz begins to serve the dinner.*) What dessert have we?

Mrs. Gompertz. Peach pie.

Mr. Appleby (*throwing down his paper a second time*). Let's not wait any longer. (*He touches a covered dish.*) The supper is getting cold.

Mrs. Appleby. Very well. (*She sits at the table and they begin the meal.*)

Mrs. Gompertz. Will, your hair doesn't look well plastered down over one eye like that. (*She reaches over and brushes back his hair with her hand before he can draw away.*) Where did you get that cut on your forehead? (*Bill has his mouth full of food and they all wait until he has chewed and swallowed. Bill takes his time about it.*)

Bill. We were climbing trees to-day and I must have cut myself on the bark.

Mrs. Gompertz. It seems to me, Will, that you ought to find some better means of getting exercise than climbing trees and cutting yourself.

Sarah. And tearing his stockings. I darned a whole batch last week. I'm going to strike.

Lieut. Gompertz. Let me see that cut, Bill. (*Bill rises reluctantly. Just then the telephone bell rings and Lieutenant Gompertz goes to the telephone. Bill sinks relieved into his chair.*) Hello! Yes, Chief. (*He draws a notebook and takes down instructions. The family continues the meal in silence. The Applebys are also silent at their*

meal. Dan Appleby peeps in the window, and, seeing his parents, draws back quickly, but not before his father has seen him.)

MR. APPLEBY. Come in, come in. This is where you live.

(*Mr. Appleby and Mrs. Appleby both turn toward the door, and wait for Dan to enter. He enters slowly, unwillingly. His clothes are torn, his hair disheveled and he has a black eye.*)

MRS. APPLEBY (*rising and throwing her arms about Dan*). My dear boy, what in the world has happened to you?

DAN. Nothing much.

MR. APPLEBY. You've been fighting.

DAN. Yes sir.

MRS. APPLEBY. With whom?

DAN. Bill Gompertz.

MRS. APPLEBY. How badly you've been beaten up!

DAN (*sullenly*). Bill Gompertz can't lick me! He can't!

MRS. APPLEBY. Did some other boys help him?

DAN (*brightening at the suggestion*). Yes.

MR. APPLEBY. Who?

DAN (*vaguely*). O, some of the fellows he knows—his gang.

MR. APPLEBY. Who are they? What are their names?

DAN. I don't know them very well—The East End gang.

MRS. APPLEBY. Those horrid boys? How many were there?

DAN. Four or five—five of them.

MR. APPLEBY. Do you mean to say that Bill Gompertz got five boys to help fight you?

DAN (*hesitatingly*). Yes, sir.

(*Bill Gompertz throughout this action seems to be enjoying his meal. He talks to his mother and sister in whispers so as not to disturb his father at the telephone.*)

MR. APPLEBY. Who was there that we know?

DAN. Chris Franklin—only he wasn't in the fight. He just looked on.

MRS. APPLEBY. How cowardly for so many boys to pick on one!

MR. APPLEBY. Dan, go upstairs and wash your face.

MRS. APPLEBY. And bathe your eye.

(*Dan exits down stage left.*)

MR. APPLEBY. I am going to look into this matter. This is not my idea of fair play. (*He goes to the telephone, takes up the book and looks up a number.*)

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. That all, Chief. Good-bye! (*He hangs up the receiver and comes back to the table.*) I'm on duty to-night. (*He continues eating his meal.*)

MR. APPLEBY (*telephoning*). Hello! Main 298? Yes, that's correct. (*Pause.*) Hello! Mr. Franklin? This is Appleby. Is Chris there? Will you let him come over to Gompertz' house after supper? Thanks. No, no trouble. He witnessed a fight between Dan and Bill and I want him to tell us about it. (*He hangs up the receiver, comes back to the table, and resumes his meal.*)

BILL (*glad that his father has forgotten to examine his cut*). Going to have an exciting night, dad?

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. I never can tell, son. (*To Mrs. Gompertz.*) No dessert. When I'm busy I eat lightly. Good plan to follow, Bill. Heavy meals are not good if you want to step lively.

SARAH. Let's go to a movie to-night.

MRS. GOMPERTZ. We might as well since your father can't be home.

SARAH. I'll look up a good one.

(*She rises, goes to the telephone table and takes up the paper.*)

BILL. Let's see "The Big Parade."

(*Dan re-enters. Mr. Appleby rises from the table.*)

MR. APPLEBY. Come on, Dan.

DAN (*frightened*). Where?

MR. APPLEBY. Over to see Lieutenant Gompertz.

DAN (*more frightened*). I don't want to go. (*He looks appealingly at his mother.*) I'm hungry.

MR. APPLEBY. You can eat later. Come on. (*He takes Dan by the arm and drags him off-stage rear.*)

MRS. APPLEBY (*calling after them*). Be very firm with Bill Gompertz and very strict.

SARAH. What a lot of good shows!

BILL. Ah, let's see "The Big Parade."

(*The door bell rear rings. Sarah answers.*)

MRS. GOMPERTZ. I wonder who it is?

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. We will soon know.

(*Re-enter Sarah followed by Mr. Appleby leading Dan by the arm.*)

BILL (*rising*). May I be excused?

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. Sit down. (*Bill sinks weakly into his chair.*)

MR. APPLEBY. I am sorry to interrupt you at this time.

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. It's all right, Appleby. It's all right. Any trouble?

MR. APPLEBY. It appears that your boy and mine had a quarrel which led to a fist fight. That's bad enough, but the thing I object to most is that your son got that East End gang to help him beat up Dan.

BILL (*furiously*). If Dan says that he lies!

MRS. GOMPERTZ. Stop that! No such language, son.

BILL. Well there wasn't any gang. Dan and I fought and I licked him.

DAN (*defiantly*). You did *not*.

BILL. I did so.

SARAH (*mockingly*). Katy did, Katy didn't.

(*The bell rear rings again and Sarah answers.*)

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. Did anybody see this fight?

BILL. Yes, sir, Chris Franklin.

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. Anybody else?

BILL. No, just Chris.

(*Sarah enters followed by Chris Franklin, a boy of Dan's age. Chris surveys the gathering calmly.*)

CHRIS. Pop told me to come right over.

MR. APPLEBY. Dan and Bill had a fight.

CHRIS (*smiling*). Yes, sir, I was there.

MR. APPLEBY. Dan said Bill had a gang to help him.

CHRIS. No, sir, I was the only one there.

(*Dan starts for the door but his father seizes him by the collar.*)

MR. APPLEBY (*shaking him*). So you lied to me!

DAN (*weakly*). Yes, sir.

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. What was the fight about? (*He looks at Bill who remains silent.*) What was the fight about, Dan? (*Dan is silent also.*) Well, Chris, tell us why they fought.

CHRIS. No very special reason, sir.

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. No special reason!

CHRIS. They got into an argument. Bill said that three home runs were knocked in to-day's game and Dan said that there was only one. They went on arguing and Bill called Dan a liar. Dan said he'd lick Bill for a nickel. Bill said he'd lend Dan the nickel if he was short of change. They began to fight.

MR. APPLEBY. But who started it—who struck the first blow?

DAN. Bill did.

BILL. I did not.

CHRIS (*coolly and calmly*). They both started at the same time, when I said, "Go."

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. Oh, you started them off, did you?

CHRIS. Yes, sir, I wanted it to be fair.

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. And did you say, "Stop?"

CHRIS (*smiling good-naturedly*). No, sir, I never thought of that.

MR. APPLEBY. Dan, you've not only gotten into a disgusting fist fight over nothing but you've lied to your mother and me. Trying to make a hero of yourself about that gang stuff. Get home and go up to your room!

(*He releases Dan who makes quickly for the exit rear and disappears.*)

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ (*turning to Bill*). As for you, you stay in. No movies for you. Wash the dishes and take care of the house. I'll see

you later about that tree-climbing story. Begin now!

(*Bill takes off his coat and goes to the kitchen door, left, rolling up his sleeves as he exits.*)

MR. APPLEBY. That's all, Chris, you may go. Thank you for coming here!

CHRIS. Thank you, sir, good-night! (*He smiles at everybody and exits rear.*)

MRS. GOMPERTZ. That boy, Chris, is bold.

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. But honest.

(*Dan enters the dining room of his home. His mother is sipping her tea. She looks up expectantly but Dan rushes past her upstairs. A door can be heard slamming overhead. Mrs. Appleby looks surprised.*)

MR. APPLEBY. By the way, Gompertz, I think my son was right about the home runs. There was only one.

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. Bill was right I am sure. There were three!

MR. APPLEBY (*positively*). No, there was one. I heard some men who had just come from the game. They sat near me in the car and were talking about it.

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ (*coldly*). I stopped at a radio store on the way from headquarters. The announcer was talking about the home runs, so I know you are wrong. There were three.

SARAH. We can soon find out. Here's the paper, dad.

(*Lieutenant Gompertz takes the paper, turns to the sport column and reads.*)

LIEUT. GOMPERTZ. What do you know about that? Isn't that funny? Those boys were both wrong! There were two "homers" today.

MRS. GOMPERTZ. Isn't it queer, Sarah, the way *boys* will quarrel over trifles?

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. After reading this story how would you explain the following statement: "He that does one fault at first, and lies to hide it, makes it two."
2. What proof can you advance to show that Lieutenant Gompertz was a reasonable man?
3. To what extent was Chris Franklin to blame?
4. Why did Bill Gompertz and Dan Appleby try to conceal the fact that they had been fighting?
5. What do you think of the punishments given to the two boys?

Keep one thing forever in view—the truth; and if you do this, though it may seem to lead you away from the good opinions of men, it will assuredly conduct you to the throne of God.

—*Horace Mann*

Sin has many tools but a lie is the handle that fits them all. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

The Weaver's Gold

A clear conscience can bear any trouble.
—*Selected*

SILAS MARNER, the weaver of Raveloe, was a miser who shunned his neighbors and was in turn shunned by them. After working long hours at his loom, he would count and re-count his hoarded money as if it were his life. His accumulated gold he hid in two leather bags under the floor-bricks of his cottage. After he had hidden the money away, he would spread sand over his hearth so that no one would suspect the presence of the gold.

Silas Marner's cottage was not far from the large red house of Squire Cass, the most important man in Raveloe. Squire Cass had two sons, Godfrey and Dunstan. Godfrey and Dunstan quarreled over money matters, for Dunstan discovered that Godfrey had failed to hand over to his father rent money which he had received from one of the tenants. To make up for the loss, Godfrey consented to have Dunstan sell Wildfire, his favorite horse. Dunstan, after selling Wildfire, had an accident resulting in the horse's death before it was delivered at the buyer's stables. Dunstan set out on foot, for home, through the gathering mist, his way taking him past the cottage of the lonely weaver.

The Weaver's Gold

He was still nearly three quarters of a mile from home, and the lane was becoming unpleasantly slippery, for the mist was passing into rain. He turned up the bank, not without some fear lest he might miss the right way, since he was not certain whether the light were in front or on the side of the cottage. But he felt the ground before him cautiously with his whip handle, and at last arrived safely at the door.

He knocked loudly, rather enjoying the idea that the old fellow would be frightened at the sudden noise. He heard no movement in reply; all was silence in the cottage. Was the weaver gone to bed, then? If so, why had he left a light? That was a strange forgetfulness in a miser. Dunstan knocked still more loudly, and, without pausing for a reply, pushed his fingers through the latch hole, intending to shake the door and pull the latch string up and down, not doubting that the door was fastened; but, to his surprise, at this double motion the door opened, and he found himself in front of a bright fire, which lit up every corner of the cottage—the bed, the loom, the three chairs, and the table—and showed him that Marner was not there.

Nothing at that moment could be much more inviting to Dunsey than the bright fire on the brick hearth; he walked in and seated himself

by it at once. There was something in front of the fire, too, that would have been inviting to a hungry man, if it had been in a different stage of cooking. It was a small bit of pork suspended from the kettle hanger by a string passed through a large door key, in a way known to primitive housekeepers unpossessed of jacks. But the pork had been hung at the farthest extremity of the hanger, apparently to prevent the roasting from proceeding too rapidly during the owner's absence. The old staring simpleton had hot meat for his supper, then? thought Dunstan. People had always said he lived on moldy bread, on purpose to check his appetite.

But where could he be at this time, and on such an evening, leaving his supper in this stage of preparation, and his door unfastened? Dunstan's own recent difficulty in making his way suggested to him that the weaver had perhaps gone outside his cottage to fetch in fuel, or for some such brief purpose, and had slipped into the stone pit. That was an interesting idea to Dunstan, carrying consequences of entire novelty. If the weaver was dead, who had a right to his money? Who would know where his money was hidden? *Who would know that anybody had come to take it away?* He went no farther into the subtleties of evidence. The pressing question, "Where *is* the money?" now took such entire possession of him as to make him quite

forget that the weaver's death was not a certainty.

There were only three hiding places where he had ever heard of cottagers' hoards being found: the thatch, the bed, and a hole in the floor. Marner's cottage had no thatch; and Dunstan's first act, after a train of thought made rapid by the stimulus of cupidity, was to go up to the bed; but while he did so, his eyes traveled eagerly over the floor, where the bricks, distinct in the firelight, were discernible under the sprinkling of sand. But not everywhere; for there was one spot, and one only, which was quite covered with sand, and sand showing the marks of fingers, which had apparently been careful to spread it over a given space. It was near the treadles of the loom.

In an instant Dunstan darted to that spot, swept away the sand with his whip, and, inserting the thin end of the hook between the bricks, found that they were loose. In haste he lifted up two bricks, and saw what he had no doubt was the object of his search; for what could there be but money in those two leathern bags? and, from their weight, they must be filled with guineas.*

Dunstan felt round the hole, to be certain that it held no more; then hastily replaced the

*English coins no longer in use worth about five dollars.

bricks, and spread the sand over them. Hardly more than five minutes had passed since he entered the cottage, but it seemed to Dunstan like a long while; and though he was without any distinct recognition of the possibility that Marner might be alive, and might reënter the cottage at any moment, he felt an indefinable dread laying hold on him, as he rose to his feet with the bags in his hand. He would hasten out into the darkness, and then consider what he should do with the bags. He closed the door behind him immediately, that he might shut in the stream of light; a few steps would be enough to carry him beyond betrayal by the gleams from the shutter chinks and the latch hole. The rain and darkness had got thicker, and he was glad of it; though it was awkward walking with both hands filled, so that it was as much as he could do to grasp his whip along with one of the bags. But when he had gone a yard or two, he might take his time. So he stepped forward into the darkness.

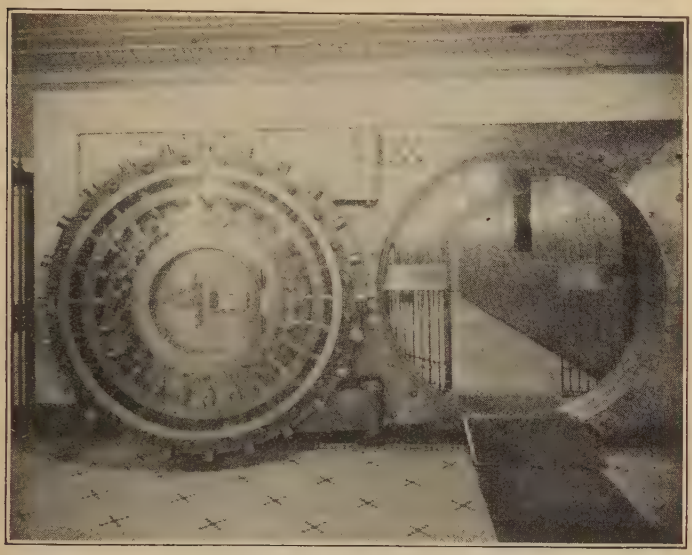
* * *

When Dunstan Cass turned his back on the cottage, Silas Marner was not more than a hundred yards away from it, plodding along from the village with a sack thrown round his shoulders as an overcoat, and with a horn lantern in his hand. His legs were weary, but

his mind was at ease, free from the presentiment of change.

Silas was thinking with double complacency of his supper; first, because it would be hot and savory, and secondly, because it would cost him nothing. For the little bit of pork was a present from that excellent housewife, Miss Priscilla Lammeter, to whom he had this day carried home a handsome piece of linen; and it was only on occasion of a present like this, that Silas indulged himself with roast meat.

Supper was his favorite meal, because it came at his time of revelry, when his heart warmed over his gold; whenever he had roast meat, he always chose to have it for supper. But this evening, he had no sooner ingeniously knotted his string fast round his bit of pork, twisted the string according to rule over his door key, passed it through the handle, and made it fast on the hanger, than he remembered that a piece of very fine twine was indispensable to his "setting up" a new piece of work in his loom early in the morning. It had slipped his memory, because, in coming from Mr. Lammeter's, he had not had to pass through the village; but to lose time by going on errands in the morning was out of the question. It was a nasty fog to turn out into, but there were things Silas loved better than his own comfort; so, drawing his pork to the extremity of the hanger, and arming himself



A Modern Safe Deposit Vault

with his lantern and his old sack, he set out on what, in ordinary weather, would have been a twenty minutes' errand.

He could not have locked his door without undoing his well knotted string and retarding his supper; it was not worth his while to make that sacrifice. What thief would find his way to the Stone Pits on such a night as this? and why should he come on this particular night, when he had never come through all the fifteen years before? These questions were not distinctly present in Silas's mind; they merely serve to represent the vaguely felt foundation of his freedom from anxiety.

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done. He opened it, and to his shortsighted eyes everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat. He trod about the floor while putting by his lantern and throwing aside his hat and sack, so as to merge the marks of Dunstan's feet on the sand in the marks of his own nailed boots. Then he moved his pork nearer to the fire, and sat down to the agreeable business of tending the meat and warming himself at the same time.

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be plesant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast; for joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once; only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more.

At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

—*Abridged from* "Silas Marner," *by George Eliot*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Why would it be right to call Dunstan Cass a coward as well as a thief?
2. "Money dishonestly gotten is never worth the cost." Explain this statement.
3. What is meant when it is said that "a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth?"
4. Did Silas Marner deserve to have his money stolen? Give your reasons.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies. —*Selected*

Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
Than ever king did, when he made a lord.
—*Rowe*

The Old Smith's Chain

MEN said the old smith was foolishly careful, as he wrought on the great chain he was making in his dingy shop in the heart of the city. But he heeded not their words, and only wrought with greater painstaking. Link after link he fashioned and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed.

Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and the ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. At last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the awful strain.

It sang in the wild storm as the vessel's weight surged upon it. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The ship with its cargo of a thousand lives depended upon this one chain. What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even one link of his chain!

But he had put honesty and truth and invincible strength into every part of it, and it stood the test, holding the ship in safety until the storm was over.

—J. B. Gough

©*Ewing Galloway*

AN OLD-TIME BLACKSMITH SHOP

ASSIGNMENT

Using the above four-paragraph story as a model, write a composition, using one of the following themes:

1. Trying to make home on a three base hit.
2. Study not for a record but just to "get by."
3. Building for the ages.
4. Putting quality into your work
5. A bridge that was poorly constructed.
6. Building up a reputation.
7. The big thing in business—honest value.
8. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.
9. The boots that were resoled three times.
10. The school that wasn't well built.
11. A chain is as strong as its weakest link.

You Be the Judge

1. Joe Perry exchanges a knife for a pair of ice skates. When sharpening the skates, the grinder states that they are made of the finest steel and are worth a considerable amount of money. Joe resolves to go to the boy with whom he made the exchange and tell him what the grinder said about the skates. A friend tries to persuade Joe that "a trade is a trade" and that the deal is closed.

What would you do if you were Joe?

2. Kate, Margaret, and Virginia discuss the long grammar assignment on their way home from school. Margaret agrees to analyze one half of the sentences and Virginia agrees to analyze the remaining sentences, each of them to give the other a copy of her work.

If you were Kate, would you, (a) try to persuade Margaret and Virginia that they are dishonest, (b) report them to your teacher, or (c) ask that you be allowed to join with them?

3. Byron Mills bought twenty-five postal cards at a bookstore for twenty-five cents. When he got home, he found that two of them had stuck together and that he had twenty-six cards in all. Byron wanted to take the extra

card back to the bookstore, but his sister Clara thought he should keep it for it only cost a penny.

If you were Byron, would you keep the card, would you take it back, or would you keep it and pay the bookstore one penny for it?

4. During the day, George Reilly had received a leaden nickel. Going home that evening in the subway, he said to a friend as they were going through a turnstile, "Somebody passed me a bad nickel. I don't know who it was, but I'll get rid of it in here."

Had you been George's friend what would you have told him?

5. Helen's mother sent her to the store with money she supposed was just the exact amount for the groceries. One article had been reduced four cents. Helen bought four cents worth of candy with it and told her mother the grocer gave it to her.

If you were Helen, would you give your mother the four cents, would you spend it and say the grocer had given it to you, or would you spend it and own up to your mother that you had bought the candy with her money?

6. Phillip McDonald was going along the street when he met Jerry Allen's aunt and several other ladies. Jerry's aunt asked how Jerry was getting along at school. Phillip knew that Jerry was doing very poor work.

Should Phillip tell the truth in the presence of the ladies, should he take Jerry's aunt to one side and tell her, or should he reply that he didn't know anything about Jerry's work?

7. John Hill, who is president of the graduating class, was instructed to buy the class medals. One store offers to give him a free medal if he will buy the medals from them.

What would you do if you were John?

8. May has some flowers given to her by a neighbor which she is taking to a girl companion who is ill. Elizabeth said that she would go too, but she has nothing to take to the sick girl. On the way to meet May, Elizabeth sees some lilacs drooping over a fence in such a position that she can easily reach them from the sidewalk. She takes a large bunch, easing her conscience by telling herself that they were outside the fence, and that they are going to be used to cheer a sick girl.

If you were Elizabeth, would you have taken the flowers, would you have asked the owners for a bunch of flowers, or would you have asked your mother to lend you money with which to buy some flowers?

9. Harold persuades Gene to absent himself from school to attend a ball game. The principal finds out that the boys have attended the game and is about to punish them.

What would you do if you were Harold?

10. Marie Scholz, living in a foreign section of a large city, received low marks on her monthly record card. She was afraid to take the card home so she signed her father's name, imitating the foreign-looking signature. Marie explained to her parents that, because of her teacher's illness, no report cards were given out that month. When the cards were collected, the teacher suspected that the signature was not genuine. The truth came out when she sent for Marie's father. The father was very angry because he said his daughter was a "coward."

Why did not Marie's father say that she was a "cheater" or "liar"?

11. Mrs. Green, who is a dear friend of Don Elliot's mother, asks Don when she meets him on the street what salary his father is getting in his new position. Don knows his father would not want him to tell but he does not want to offend Mrs. Green.

If you were Don, would you say, (a) I don't know, (b) I'll ask father, (c) my father doesn't want me to talk about his affairs, or (d) I'd rather not tell you?

12. Mary is anxious to be class president. One day, she overhears two of her classmates discussing her for the office. One of the girls says, "Mary is a bluffer. You can never be sure that she is truthful in what she says."

Mary is very much hurt and quite indignant.

She tells her dearest friend, Mabel, of the incident. Mabel is fond of Mary but knows her failing.

Should Mabel remain silent, should she tell Mary of her failing or, should she go with Mary to the two girls and give her a chance of defending herself?

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS TO READ

Life of Joan of Arc. L. M. Boutet de Monvel. McKay, David Publishing Co.

Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln. Helen Nicolay. The Century Co.

Don Quixote. Judge Parry. Doran.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Life of Theodore Roosevelt. Hagedorn.

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. George P. Krapp.

Quality. John Galsworthy. Scribner's Sons.

The Pied Piper of Hamlin. Browning.

Playing the Game. Henry Newbolt. Stokes Publishing Co.

The Vision of Sir Launfal. Lowell.

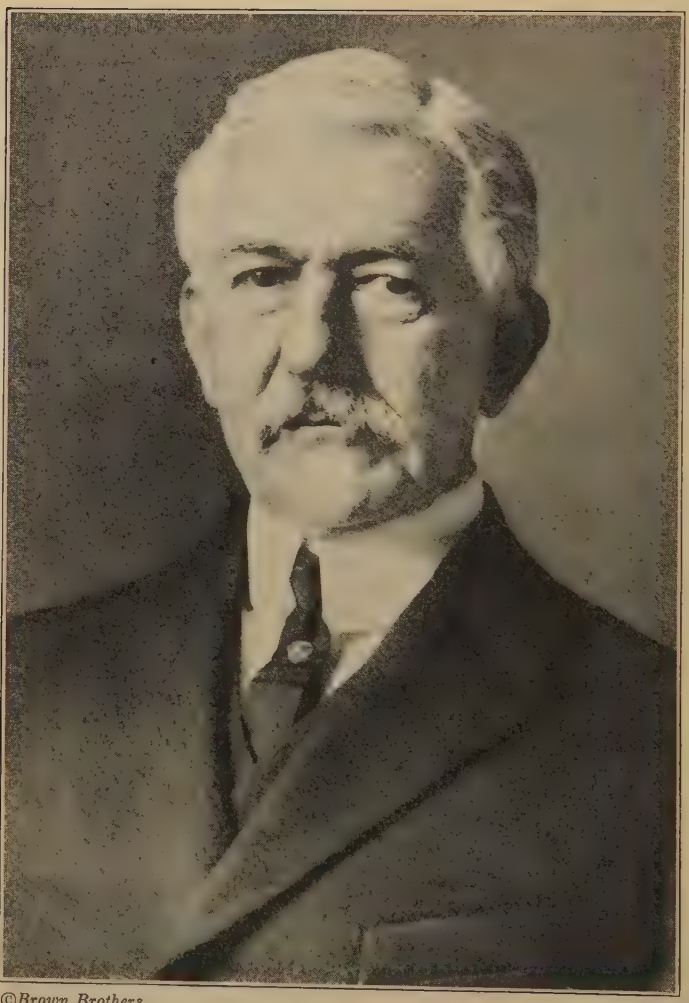
Nothing can make good citizenship in men who have not got in them courage, hardihood, decency, sanity, the spirit of truth telling and truth seeking. —*Theodore Roosevelt*

Truth is a gem that is found at a great depth; whilst on the surface of the world all things are weighed by the false scale of custom. —*Byron*

Conquerors of the Earth

Healthfulness and Cleanliness

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen, *I must make my body strong*—My eyes, my teeth, my heart, my whole body must be healthful so that my mind can work properly. I must keep physically and morally clean.



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COLONEL GORGAS, WHO DIRECTED THE WAR AGAINST THE MOSQUITO

The Flying Death

He who has good health and owes nothing is both young and rich.—*Anonymous*

IN the last years of the nineteenth century, scientists made the discovery that a number of the ticks, fleas, gnats, bugs, and mosquitoes which for uncounted centuries had tormented man and beast, were the carriers of some of the most dreadful diseases that afflicted mankind.

Battista Grassi, an Italian, and Donald Ross, an Englishman, discovered that a beautiful female mosquito with four black spots on each of her light brown wings carried the germ of malaria from the sick to the well. "Get rid of the malaria mosquito, and the most dreadful disease of the hot, marshy countries can be prevented," they said. While Ross was working in India, and Grassi in Italy, to get rid of what Ross called, "million murdering death," American soldiers were dying of yellow fever in Cuba.

Everybody was demanding that something should be done at once. There were fourteen hundred cases of yellow fever among the American troops occupying Havana, in spite of the fact that Havana, under Major Gorgas and the sanitary commission, had been made cleaner than any other city in the world had ever been. Where was the yellow fever coming from?

Dr. Carlos Finlay of Havana talked a good deal about mosquitoes. He talked especially to Walter Reed, James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear, and Aristide Agramouth, four army surgeons who had been sent down to investigate. They listened politely, but Dr. Finlay couldn't produce a case of yellow fever as the result of a mosquito bite, though anybody could feel that there were enough mosquitoes zizzing and zooming around—eight hundred or more varieties of them. Finlay was sure he knew which was the villain. *Stegomyia* with her silvery-striped body was the murderess.

The doctors investigated and explored all of the cases. They kept records. They discovered that contact with the patients who were ill did not cause infection. Finally Dr. Lazear borrowed some of Dr. Finlay's pet *stegomyias*. He let them feed on yellow fever patients and then set them to biting those who were not immune, including himself. If a person has once had yellow fever he cannot have it again and is said to be immune. No cases of fever resulted from this experiment. Then the experimenter discovered that the mosquito must suck the blood of an infected person during the first three days of infection, and that the germs did not become poisonous until they had developed for twelve days in the body of the *stegomyia*.

Then came the time for experiments on human

beings. Dr. Lazear, Dr. Carroll, and William Dean, a private, submitted themselves to these experiments. Mosquitoes that had fed on the blood of yellow fever patients were allowed to sting these heroes of science. All of the men became desperately ill. Dr. Carroll recovered but was so weakened by his experience that he died a few years afterward. William Dean recovered. Dr. Jesse Lazear, young and brilliant, one of the best beloved men in Havana died, a martyr to humanity.

Soon, more experiments had to be made on human beings, experiments of a very terrible kind. One group must be submitted to contact with bedding, furniture, and clothing that had been contaminated by yellow fever patients. But this group must be absolutely screened away from any mosquitoes. Another group must be carefully kept away from any contact with yellow fever patients. Then they must be submitted to the sting of the *stegomyia* that had fed on yellow fever patients within three days of the beginning of the attack, and for twelve days had the germs of yellow fever developing in their bodies.

Then came the next question, "Who were to form these groups?" It seemed like murder to suggest such a test for in some instances eighty-five cases out of a hundred had died. Dr. Walter Reed who wanted to take the test himself but

was forbidden to do so by his superior officer General Wood, "notified the American soldiers in Cuba that there was another war on; a war to save lives! Were there any volunteers?"

Out stepped Private Kissingen of Indiana and John J. Moran of Ohio, a clerk in General Fitzhugh Lee's office. "You can try it on us, sir!" they said.

"But do you realize your danger?" asked Dr. Reed. He went on to describe the headaches, the burning fever, and the racking hiccups. He told them that they had only one chance in three of recovering.

"Yes, I know all about that. I've been working in the yellow fever hospital," said Private Kissingen who had volunteered at nineteen to fight for his country and in four years had never yet been in a skirmish. Here was a chance for a good fight.

Then Dr. Reed told them that they would be paid maybe as much as three hundred dollars for letting the female *stegomyia* bite them as many times as she wanted to.

"The one condition on which we volunteer, sir," said civilian clerk John J. Moran, "is that we get no compensation."

"No compensation!" repeated Private Kissingen. "We volunteer solely for the cause of humanity, and in the interest of science."

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DR. JAMES CARROLL WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN THE FIGHT AGAINST YELLOW FEVER

Major Walter Reed raised his hand to his cap. "Gentlemen, I salute you!" he said.

Kissingen had a frightful attack of the fever but recovered though he never was really healthy again. While he lay racked by fever, "I thought my joints would split," he said later; two hundred mosquitoes fed on him. These mosquitoes were used in further experiments. In those eight days of his hideous suffering, "the medical staff learned more about the scourge of the tropics than they had learned in the previous eight years." Moran did not get the fever.

Now it was determined to try the other experiment at Camp Lazear, the experimental sanitary station named in honor of the first martyr, Dr. Jesse Lazear. It had been proven by Dr. Carroll, Dr. Lazear, John Kissingen, and other Spanish emigrants who had wished to earn the two hundred dollars offered, that a mosquito bite was *one* way of getting "yellow jack." Was there any other way? This question called for more warriors in this fight against disease.

Out at Camp Lazear two little houses were built. *Number One* was carefully screened so that no mosquito could enter. Then it was heated by a stove until the temperature was ninety degrees. Tubs of water were set about so that the atmosphere might become as steamy as any tropical marsh. A terrible house it was, made

more terrible by the contents of the boxes that sweating soldiers carried into it from the yellow fever wards of the hospital.

On the night of November 30, 1900, into that noisome little house, there walked a young American doctor named Cook, and two American soldiers, Folk and Jernegan. These three men in that stifling house opened the boxes from the hospitals. They unpacked the bedding and the pajamas that had been used and soiled by men who had died of the fever. Then using only those filthy bed coverings, these men lived in that little house for twenty days and nights. They were then quarantined in airy tents and waited for the fever to develop, but they kept perfectly well.

Three other groups were submitted to the same test but they kept as fit as fiddles. So the theory that contact with the clothing of yellow fever patients caused the infection burst like a bubble.

Then, to make sure, Folk and Jernegan were bitten by the fever-fed mosquitoes. Both had very bad cases of fever but recovered.

Do you remember John Moran? He had volunteered for the test but nothing had happened, so the doctors determined to submit him to another experiment. *House Number Two* was a fine airy little shack kept as clean and as cool as possible. It was quite a contrast to *House*

Number One. House Number Two was divided in the middle by a screen of fine copper net, so fine that the tiniest mosquito could not get through the meshes.

John Moran, who had been scrubbed and disinfected within an inch of his life, took possession of one half of this house at noon on December 21st. His companions were fifteen *stegomyia*, hungry for blood, which whined and zizzed around, and in two minutes time had bitten Moran over and over again. On the other side of the screen lay two other perfectly healthy boys who could hear the mosquitoes singing around, but were protected from their sting by the wire netting.

John Moran woke on Christmas morning to find that he had a present of a fearful headache, and a worse ache in his bones. He nearly died, but he had his wish, to serve science and humanity. The boys on the other side of the screen ate a large Christmas dinner, and after eighteen nights spent as close neighbors of the yellow fever mosquitoes, were perfectly well, for not one of the savage females had been able to sting them.

Of course there were plenty of people who scoffed at the mosquito theory, and many who jeered. A group of doctors came down to Havana to investigate this funny idea. They were polite but amused when shown a jar full of

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DR. WALTER REED, A HERO OF THE YELLOW FEVER CAMPAIGN

buzzing *stegomyia*, whose bodies were ruddy with the blood of yellow fever patients. But when the cover of the jar was accidentally pulled off, not one of these skeptical doctors but made a rush for the door or for the windows. They got away, carrying the nettings with them.

Dr. Walter Reed wrote to his wife on December 31, 1900, "The prayer that has been mine for twenty years that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering has been granted. A thousand happy New Years!"

The theory that mosquitoes caused yellow fever had been proved, but how much better off was the world? It was preposterous to suppose that mosquitoes that swarm by the million in tropical countries could be destroyed. But Dr. William Crawford Gorgas meant to fight mosquitoes just as he had fought dirt, only he was not quite so sure of winning the battle.

On February 4, 1901, Gorgas announced, "I am going to get rid of the mosquito!"

Mosquitoes had swarmed in Havana so long that they had come to be accepted as inevitable, like the rising and the setting of the sun. Almost everybody either laughed at the idea of exterminating mosquitoes, or snorted with rage at its absurdity. "They knew the mosquito!" Quite so, but they didn't know Dr. William Crawford Gorgas of Alabama.

"They say we can't do it," said this quiet grey-eyed Southerner. "Perhaps we can't, but we will try."

Then came a campaign that drove the housewives of Havana almost frantic. Her ladyship, the *stegomyia*, was an aristocrat in her tastes.

Other mosquitoes might lay their eggs in swamps and in stagnant pools, but her taste was for something much more refined. Only clean, fresh water contained in a receptacle or in a house inhabited by human beings would content her as a suitable breeding place for her eggs. It was this habit that brought affliction on the housewives of Havana. Every house was inspected, and a card index was made of every pitcher, vase, bowl, glass, pail, tub, rain barrel, or cistern that was in or near the house. Later, periodically, an inspector came around and checked up. Woe betide the woman who did not produce and empty every article on her list! The big receptacles for water were coated with a film of oil and then covered with a wire netting, for the oil smothered the wigglers that hatched from the eggs of the *stegomyia*. The result of this campaign was to stamp out yellow fever in five months in Havana, a city which had not been free of that plague for centuries.

What rewards came to this glorious company of soldiers, scientists, and civilians?

Dr. Finlay who first said, "Mosquitoes carry yellow fever," died a comparatively poor man in the riches of the world but loved and honored by all who knew of him.

Dr. Gorgas put into operation the same system at Panama that he had used at Havana, and made of that plague spot of the Western

Hemisphere the healthiest spot on the globe. To him, quite as much as to Colonel Goethals, the Panama Canal is a monument.

Dr. Walter Reed of Virginia, died in 1902. The Walter Reed Hospital in Washington was named for him. The government gave his wife a pension of $1500 a year. Dr. Lazear, the first martyr, left a wife and children who received a pension of $1500. Dr. Carroll died in 1907. His widow was given the same pension as Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Lazear received. What of John Moran, Warren Jernegan, and Levi Folk? They have dropped out of sight.

In making his report to the government in Washington, Dr. Reed wrote of John R. Kissingen, "In my opinion this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the Army of the United States." Fate has been unkind to this hero but he does not complain. The attack of fever left Kissingen an enfeebled man. His friends urged him to apply for a pension but he refused. One day, he suddenly fell to his knees in the street. For thirteen years he was forced to wheel himself around in a chair or crawl around on his knees. But he and his wife managed to support the family by taking in washing. Through the efforts of friends the government allotted Kissingen a pension of $12 a month. Finally, in 1911, the pension was raised to $100 a month. James E.

Peabody, Dr. Howard Kelly, and Dr. Caroline Lattimer as well as others got the American Association for Medical Progress to grant him $6000. Kissingen was then able to buy himself a house and a cow. He calls the cow Sunshine. He is intensely loyal to his country. Kissingen said to a newspaper man who visited him, "Of course it was hard, but I should do it all over again if it would help."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. In northern climates such as Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, outbreaks of yellow fever occur during the summer months, and cease with the cold weather. Why?
2. What qualities must a person have who investigates contagious diseases?
3. Kissingen enlisted in the army to fight for his country. Did he accomplish his purpose? Give some reasons for your answer.
4. Why were those who submitted themselves to the yellow fever tests great heroes?
5. Make a list of all of the agencies in your neighborhood that work to improve public health. How many of these are under government control?
6. Why is it important that each one should pay attention to *cleanliness?*

No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature at half price. Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think. —*John Ruskin*

Seeing Ourselves

[A TWO-ACT PLAY]

Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health, and as friendly to the mind as to the body.

—*Joseph Addison*

CHARACTERS

Josephine.
Grace, *her youngest sister.*
Frances, Meredith, Gladys } *classmates of Grace.*
Patsy, *the girl next door.*

PLACE: Lawn In the Rear of Grace's Home.

TIME: June.

To the right and extending along the entire side is a rose arbor. The rosebushes are trained upon a trellis so that they are about five and a half feet tall. Across the rear of the stage is a high board fence. To the left, there is a path. In the center of the stage is a table with four chairs placed around it. On one of the chairs are a book, some pencils, and paper. As the curtain rises, Josephine can be seen crossing the stage stealthily from left to right, carrying a motion picture camera on a tripod. She hides it behind the rose arbor and, re-entering, goes to the table. She picks up the book and is glancing at it when Grace enters from the path on

the left carrying a tray containing a pitcher of lemonade, four glasses, and a plate of cakes.

JOSEPHINE. Oh, it's a party, is it? I thought you were going to have your classmates here to study?

GRACE (*placing a tray on the table*). We are going to eat and study, too.

JOSEPHINE. As long as the sun stays behind the clouds you ought to be pretty comfortable here.

GRACE. If it gets sunny we'll move to the porch. Frances can't stand much light. Her eyes are weak.

JOSEPHINE. Is she too vain to wear glasses?

GRACE. I think so.

JOSEPHINE. Here she comes around the corner with her hat over her eyes as though she were a burglar.

(*Grace exits left down the path to meet Frances, and Josephine hides behind the rose arbor. Grace presently re-enters followed by Frances.*)

GRACE. Since there is no sun I thought we had better meet here where there is a little breeze.

FRANCES (*sitting*). Anywhere will do as long as I do not have to face the sun. (*She squints up at the sky.*) Where'll it be if it comes out?

GRACE. You'll be facing the sun if you sit where you are now. (*Frances jumps up quickly*

and takes a seat at the opposite side of the table. She keeps her hat on to shade her eyes.) You didn't bring your book?

FRANCES. No, I thought I'd just listen to you and the others and give my eyes a rest.

GRACE. Why don't you wear glasses? You know you need them.

FRANCES. What! Put on glasses and spoil my looks?

GRACE. But you are hurting your eyes—a number of the girls in our class wear glasses!

FRANCES. Glasses are not becoming to me. They make me look years older. I'd rather stop studying than wear glasses.

GRACE. But the movies are just as hard on your eyes. You go almost every night, don't you?

FRANCES. Not *every* night—about three or four times a week.

(*Enter Meredith, a tall and extremely thin girl who walks with a fashionable slouch and stoop, imitating the postures she has seen in a fashion magazine. Her frock is stylish and expensive. She is followed by Gladys who is very short for her age. Gladys tries to increase her height by wearing shoes with extremely high heels. This gives her the appearance of hobbling about rather than of walking. Both girls are hatless.*)

GLADYS. Hello, girls! Oh, refreshments!

(*She sits in a chair dropping her book on the grass beside her.*)

GRACE. Now that you have come we'll all have some lemonade.

GLADYS. Is that Frances under the hat?

FRANCES (*snatching off her hat and throwing it on the grass*). Yes, it is.

GRACE (*pouring out lemonade*). Lemonade for all?

MEREDITH. Not for me!

GLADYS (*kicking off her shoes to rest her feet*). Still starving to keep slim, Meredith?

MEREDITH (*laughing*). I have to be stylish, don't I?

GRACE (*passing a glass of lemonade to Meredith*). Lemonade isn't fattening. Do have a glass!

MEREDITH. The sugar in the lemonade is. No, thanks!

(*The other girls laugh at Meredith and drink with a relish.*)

GRACE. How about a cake? (*She passes the cakes but Meredith declines. Frances and Gladys accept.*) No cakes either? Can't I offer you anything?

MEREDITH. Well, to be sociable, I'll take a slice of lemon if you can fish it out of the pitcher.

(*Grace takes a slice of lemon from the pitcher with a spoon and passes it to Meredith.*)

FRANCES. Are you still going without your breakfast, Meredith?

MEREDITH. Yes.

GRACE. I am terribly hungry at breakfast time. I don't see how you stand it till lunch.

MEREDITH. At first it was hard but now I am used to it.

GLADYS. Reward—you wear sample dresses with style.

MEREDITH. Do you like this one?

(*She rises and paces back and forth in front of them exhibiting her gown.*)

FRANCES. It's really lovely.

GRACE. Look, there's Patsy passing! (*Raising her voice.*) Patsy! Patsy! come over here a minute.

(*Patsy enters.*)

FRANCES. Have a glass of lemonade, Patsy! It's good.

(*Patsy is an athletic girl, dressed in a tennis costume and carrying a racket.*)

PATSY. I will, thanks. (*Grace passes her a glass of lemonade.*) It looks good. (*She drinks it with relish.*)

GRACE. Have you just come from the park?

PATSY. Yes, I had a couple of sets with some of the girls.

GLADYS. We are going to do our homework assignment. Have you done yours yet?

PATSY. Yes, this morning.

A Girls' Club Exercising at Camp

Meredith. Hard?

Patsy. Not hard, but quite long.

Grace. In that case we had better get to work.

Patsy. I'll go along now, so you can settle down to it.

Grace. Have a cake before you go.

Patsy. No, thank you. Well so long, girls. I've a lot of chores to do before supper. (*Patsy exits down the path to the left. Frances gazes after her but the other girls open their books.*)

Grace. It's page one-eighty-three. Who starts reading?

Gladys. Suppose you do. I'll look up the comments and the explanations at the end of the lesson.

FRANCES (*still gazing after Patsy*). Say, girls, do you know Patsy looks very much like a certain screen star?

MEREDITH. Is that so?

GLADYS. Who?

FRANCES. Shirley Clayton.

GLADYS. But Shirley Clayton is beautiful.

GRACE. Patsy's very good-looking, too.

FRANCES. I saw Shirley Clayton last night in "Lost in Siberia."

GLADYS. Is it good?

FRANCES (*enthusiastically*). The most thrilling picture I have ever seen.

MEREDITH. Oh, is it? I must see it, too.

GLADYS. What makes it so thrilling?

FRANCES. The plot, the setting, and the interesting people in it. Most of the action takes place in the Siberian snow. There are Cossacks, gorgeous horses, wild escapes from the wolves, and . . .

MEREDITH. Do tell us about it.

GRACE. But we ought to study . . .

GLADYS (*closing her book*). Begin at the very beginning, Frances.

FRANCES. The story opens in Moscow. Shirley Clayton, who is a duchess, and her husband, who is a great duke, are going to a ball, a grand affair . . .

[*CURTAIN DESCENDS SLOWLY*]

Act Two*

Place: Living Room in Grace's Home.

Time: 8:30 p. m. One Week Later.

There is an exit left to the street and an exit right to another room. On the extreme left of the rear wall a motion picture screen has been suspended from the wall. Down stage, right, a motion picture projector has been placed on a table. There are several small chairs in the room besides the regular living-room furniture.

As the curtain rises, Josephine is adjusting the projector and placing a reel in position. Grace is standing by her side.

Grace. Why all this secrecy about this picture?

Josephine. Just a sort of surprise.

Grace. But why can't I know about it?

Josephine. Because it's a surprise to you as well as to Frances, Gladys, and Meredith.

Grace. Tell me this, why didn't you let me invite Patsy? She would like home-made movies, too. She is thinking of getting a motion picture outfit herself.

*In producing Act Two, have a spotlight, soft in color, with a square frame. The scene is acted in the frame of the spotlight thus giving the appearance of a motion picture. The children will then reproduce in pantomime the action of Act One. The stage is dark except for the spotlight. At the end of the action, the stage should remain dark for a few seconds to allow the children time enough to take their places as spectators, to be discovered thus as the stage is lighted. The action is resumed at the point where "the visitors stand and face Josephine." (See end of Act Two.)

JOSEPHINE. Don't ask so many questions and place those chairs so that your classmates will get a good view of the screen.

(*Grace arranges the chairs and then comes back to where Josephine is standing.*)

GRACE. Won't you give me just a hint of what the picture is about?

JOSEPHINE. Not a hint.

(*Grace is about to protest when the bell rings. She goes to the door left, opens it, and admits Gladys who hobbles in wearing very dressy high-heeled slippers, Frances who blinks and squints as she did in Act One, and Meredith who comes slouching in dressed in a beautiful frock.*)

GLADYS. I am just crazy to see a home-made picture.

FRANCES. What have you named it, Josephine?

JOSEPHINE. I haven't named it yet. Perhaps you girls can select a good name after you have seen it.

GRACE. We are all ready. Sit down, girls, and I will turn out the lights.

(*The girls take the chairs placed for them and Grace turns out the lights. Josephine starts the projector and throws the picture on the screen.*

The girls see the screen of Act One, the table containing refreshments, and the chairs placed about. Grace enters with Frances her first visitor. Frances has her hat pulled down over her eyes to avoid the light—just the

tip end of her nose can be seen under it. Frances fusses around to find a place that will not be sunny and then she sits. Soon Meredith and Gladys enter. Meredith is tall, slouched, and extremely thin. Gladys has such high heels that she hobbles instead of walks. The girls sink wearily into chairs and Gladys kicks off her shoes. Frances snatches off her hat and throws it on the ground when Gladys asks, "Is that Frances under the hat?" At this point in the picture Grace steps to Josephine's side.)

GRACE (*in a whisper*). You are just showing up their vanities. Why did you do it?

JOSEPHINE. Sh! . . .

GRACE (*whispering*). They will be angry.

JOSEPHINE. Don't worry.

(*The scene in which Meredith parades her new frock back and forth looks funny to Grace but she does not laugh. The scene in which the other girls are enjoying the refreshments while Meredith contents herself with a slice of lemon, on which she bites gingerly, looks ridiculous to Grace. The film rapidly moves on. Patsy enters briskly, partakes of the refreshments and after a few words, leaves. Frances squints and blinks after her. The girls become interested in the motion picture Frances is recounting to them, and the reel ends, as they are all listening attentively to the story with their books neglected. Josephine turns on the lights as the girls still sit. Grace is trying to think of something to say to ease the situation when the visitors stand and face Josephine.*)

FRANCES. Is this the first showing of this picture?

JOSEPHINE. The first and the last.

GLADYS. You'll never show it again?

JOSEPHINE. NEVER!

GLADYS. Thank you.

MEREDITH (*looking at the others and laughing*).

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad from monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion!"

[*All laugh as the curtain falls.*]

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Suppose Grace's friends were offended with Josephine's way of showing up their vanities and faults. What facts can you mention to them in Josephine's defense?

2. What, to your mind, are some of the evils of wearing very high heels?

3. Why should a person with weak eyes wear glasses?

4. Do you think that Frances, Meredith, and Gladys would want to change their habits now that they had seen themselves as others saw them? Why?

5. Suppose you have a friend who (a) has dirty hands, (b) seldom brushes her hair, (c) wears thin clothes in the coldest weather, (d) uses heavy quantities of lipstick and powder, how would you help her to see her faults as others see them?

A Great Health Crusade

Mankind is composed of those who work, those who pretend to work, and those who do neither.—*Grassi*

AN advertisement for a fugitive from justice more than one hundred fifty years ago mentioned that the wanted person was not pitted with the smallpox. It would seem quite strange or perhaps ridiculous to us today to mention as a mark of identification the fact that a person is *not* pitted with the smallpox. Yet in the days before vaccination it was rare to see a person without scars left by this disease. It has been stated by authorities that ten per cent of all deaths was due to smallpox and that one-third of all children dying before the age of ten years were carried away by this disease. Violent epidemics broke out sweeping through cities and country districts leaving nearly every house in mourning.

According to tradition, smallpox had its origin in India. From India it spread through Arabia and Egypt. The first smallpox plague visited Europe in the sixteenth century. So great was the death-toll that people became willing to submit to radical means to escape disfigurement and death.

In order to combat the disease, people deliberately gave themselves a mild form of small-

pox to avoid a severe attack, for a person who has had smallpox cannot as a rule take it again. This practice was called "inoculation against smallpox." The customary method was to take matter from the sores, or pocks, of a person with a mild attack, and to place it into scratches made on the body of the person to be inoculated, thus giving a mild form of the disease to this person. But, before the inoculation, the individual must submit to a severe process of preparation.

Edward Jenner, a ruddy-faced boy of twelve, was selected by his father to submit to "inoculation against smallpox." Had Edward lived in our age he would not have had to suffer so much, but having been born in England, in 1748, at a time when physicians knew of no other method, the boy had to go through a severe course of preparation lasting nearly six weeks. First, he was bled to find out whether his blood was "fine." Then he was put on a scanty diet and dosed with some sort of drink that was intended to "sweeten" his blood. After this, he was inoculated with the smallpox. The attack was mild but he said that ever afterwards he was troubled with spells of sleeplessness.

There were objections to this method of inoculation. Although the person treated would, as a rule, take the disease in a much milder form than the actual smallpox, still the disease was

just as contagious. Inoculated persons could give the disease to others who might take it in a severe form. Thus epidemics sometimes started. Besides, quite often, those who had been inoculated with a mild form of smallpox were left scarred, or pock-marked. Many people began to think the "cure almost as bad as the disease."

It was, indeed, fortunate for the human race that vaccination, a new protection against smallpox, became known. Vaccination comes from the word *vacca*, meaning cow. It was known, even before Edward Jenner became a physician, that people who worked on dairy farms occasionally caught a disease from the cows, which was called "cowpox." It was so named because cows sick with this disease had sores on their bodies which resembled pocks. It had been known for some time, at least to a few people, that those who had cowpox seldom took smallpox.

One day, while Edward Jenner was serving his apprenticeship under the direction of a physician well-known at the time, a woman from the country came to him for medical advice. In the course of the conversation, the subject of smallpox arose. "I cannot take it because I have had cowpox," she said.

This statement made a deep impression upon Jenner and he resolved to make a very careful study of the matter. He collected many descriptions of persons who had had cowpox and had

afterward resisted an epidemic of smallpox. After some time he resolved to make tests himself. Cowpox broke out on a farm near his home and he saw the chance to experiment. A dairy-maid had already been infected with the disease having contracted it from her master's cows. Dr. Jenner selected a healthy boy of eight for the purpose of this experiment. He took some matter from a sore on the dairy-maid's arm and inserted it into two scratches he made upon the boy's arm.

Dr. Jenner's description of what happened to the boy will probably remind you of your own vaccination. On the seventh day, the boy complained of soreness in the arm, on the ninth, he became a little chilly, lost his appetite, and had a slight headache. He spent a restless night, but was better the next day and entirely well the day after. The sore on his arm gradually healed without causing the slightest trouble.

Five or six weeks later, in order to find out whether the boy was protected against smallpox, Dr. Jenner took some matter from the arm of a person who was suffering from a severe attack of the real smallpox and inserted in into the scratches on the boy's arm. Days passed and nothing happened to the boy. Dr. Jenner repeated the test and again nothing happened. He concluded that cowpox vaccination had protected the boy from smallpox.

The success of his experiments led Dr. Jenner to publish, in 1798, his famous pamphlet entitled, "*An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of Variolae Vaccine or Cowpox.*" This pamphlet caused a great deal of interest and discussion. It also created a great deal of scornful opposition. Many physicians were jealous. In fact, Dr. Jenner experienced the same scorn and criticism as that directed against Christopher Columbus when he maintained that the earth is round.

But Dr. Jenner continued his health crusade and gradually won more and more people to his cause. He secured the interest and approval of the King of England and the royal family. This aided the spread of vaccination throughout England. Soon, it was received with enthusiasm throughout the continent of Europe. Napoleon ordered all of his soldiers who had not had smallpox to be vaccinated. The Empress of Russia urged the people of Russia to submit to vaccination. In Sicily and Naples, where smallpox was raging, vaccination was received with great enthusiasm. Dr. Sacco who introduced vaccine into Italy wrote to Dr. Jenner in 1808, "During eight years I reckon more than six hundred thousand have been vaccinated by my hand."

Vaccination gained headway rapidly in America, although at first there was much opposition to it. Thomas Jefferson, then President of

the United States, became interested and had his family vaccinated. This helped the spread of the practice throughout the country.

Not long after Dr. Jenner made his first experiments, he began to improve his vaccine to make sure that it was pure. The practice of inoculating one person with the matter taken from the arm of another was discontinued. Vaccine is now taken from a calf which has been vaccinated along a clean shaved surface of its body, and great care is taken that the calf is healthy.

The value of Dr. Jenner's work was recognized even while he still lived. Crowned heads of Europe showered praise and honor upon him and the physicians who had scorned his experiments became his supporters. When Dr. Jenner died in 1823, the civilized world mourned his loss and paid tribute to his memory.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Why was there so much opposition to the smallpox cure at first?
2. Why do many people, when they go on trips to eastern countries, have inoculations against certain diseases?
3. What was Dr. Jenner's real contribution to humanity?
4. Explain why a disease germ is so deadly.
5. Have all virulent germ diseases been controlled? Explain.

Her Cramming System

He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold or silver and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.—*John Locke*

TO one standing on the hill overlooking the Clearfield Boarding School for Girls, the scene must have appeared peaceful and quiet. One might suspect that the buildings were unoccupied, for there was not a soul in sight. Then suddenly the loud clang of a gong sounded, and, almost immediately, girls began to stream forth through the doors, spread over the lawns, and walk slowly along the paths toward their sleeping quarters. It was Friday afternoon, but there was apparent none of the usual Friday afternoon spirit of freedom and joyousness for in all of the last period classes it had been announced that mid-term tests would be given next week.

One group of four girls had gathered in earnest consultation in front of the history building. Claire, a tall dark girl, was speaking.

"Everybody knows that Miss Demming gives the most difficult tests, especially the mid-term ones. I suppose she does that to spur us on to work hard for the finals."

"History is scheduled for Tuesday morning," said another girl. "We had better get together and review the work."

"We ought to plan a series of reviews if we expect to cover all the work she has taken up so far—four reviews at least," said Claire. "How about meeting in my room tonight, tomorrow morning, tomorrow night, and Monday night? Can you all do that?"

All agreed that they would save this time for the history review, and would bring their notebooks, textbooks, and reference books to Claire's room promptly at eight o'clock that evening.

"By the way," said one of the group to Claire, "do you think Betty would like to study with us?"

Betty was Claire's friend and occupied the next room. Claire, however, knew that Betty had her own particular method of review, and that she always pursued it alone.

"I don't think so. Besides," she added, "there she goes now. She's going to spend the week-end with a friend in the city."

They stood gazing wistfully after the trim figure of Betty, suitcase in hand, hurrying to the station. Her carefree manner and sprightly step made the others long to join her.

"Miss Demming has not frightened her," observed a member of the study group.

"And Betty never fails," added Claire.

At ten o'clock Sunday evening, Betty dashed into Claire's room as the latter had begun to retire for the night. Betty's arms were full of

magazines, candy, flowers, and other purchases. She was full of enthusiasm and for a half-hour talked steadily of the delightful time she had spent with her friend in the city. At last, when the gong sounded for putting out the lights, Claire reminded her of the history examination on Tuesday morning.

"I haven't forgotten," said Betty, "but I have a system all my own for getting ready for tests."

At three o'clock Monday afternoon, Betty began operating her system. She went at once to her room, placed a "Not at Home to Callers" sign on her door, pulled down her shade and went to bed. She awoke at seven in the evening and succeeded in dressing and getting to the dining room a minute or two before the doors were closed. After supper, she went out and bought three sandwiches and a can of coffee. Back in her room again she settled down to the serious business of study. It was just eight-thirty.

Betty really had a system of study, and as far as cramming systems go, hers was both original and efficient. She reasoned that historical events always happened at a definite time, in a definite place, are preceded by definite movements and followed by definite results. She therefore always studied history with a map exposed to view, a table of events at her right

hand, and depended upon her vivid imagination to help her out with causal movements and results.

She unrolled a wall map of North America and hooked it over the upright spear of her bronze statue of Joan of Arc and sat facing it. With the open book before her, she started. She began at page one, running her skilled eye over paragraph headings, and topic sentences and skimming rapidly the other sentences in the paragraph.

Now she was in Europe, considering with Columbus ways and means of reaching India by sailing West. She explored with the Cabot brothers under the English flag, sailed cautiously around Africa with De Gama's expedition, starved herself around the world with the persevering Magellan, searched with De Leon for the Fountain of Youth, and helped to bury De Soto in the dead of night in the waters of the Mississippi.

She was with Cartier when he discovered the St. Lawrence River. She served under the French flag when Champlain led his party south through the wilds discovering a lake and exploring tractless land. She took her second voyage around the world under more favorable conditions, with the gallant, courageous Drake. She helped the Spaniards make settlements in South America and Mexico. She joined the

CRAFT HOUR AT A GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL

English, helping them to make settlements on the eastern coast of North America. She had landed at Jamestown, in 1607, when a clang rang out through the corridors.

"Lights out!" Betty promptly hung a heavy cloth over her transom, stuffed the key hole, and pulled down her window shade. Then she went back to Jamestown. Betty helped John Smith to make Jamestown safe from attacks by the Indians. She journeyed across the ocean again with that noble band of Pilgrims. She witnessed the signing of the Mayflower Compact, and landed on Plymouth Rock.

Betty settled New York and saw the English take the city away from Peter Stuyvesant.

The little crammer watched the colonies expand, make laws, and otherwise shift for themselves. She saw leaders spring up and express views that were entirely different from the ideas of the king.

It was now just twelve o'clock. "A little recess and a sandwich," she said to herself as she stopped work to make coffee.

Ten minutes later she was organizing and directing the movements that were to blaze forth in that "shot that was heard around the world." She objected to the Stamp Act and the Tea Tax, she was fired with enthusiasm by the eloquence of Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, she cheered for General Washington, and applauded the Declaration of Independence.

When war came, she followed the army. She suffered at Morristown and at Valley Forge, she realized the full significance of the Battle of Saratoga, and took heart to fight on. It was a long hard war and she was greatly relieved when Cornwallis finally surrendered at Yorktown.

After signing the Constitution, new movements, difficult to follow, engrossed her attention. The westward expansion movement, the merchant marine, the increase in population, inventions, and our relations with other countries, all of these passed in review before Betty's imagination.

"Miss Demming dwelt for some time on the events leading up to the Civil War," mused Betty. "I must be sure to have those facts and the War itself. But I don't think I can go through any more wars without a little stimulant."

She declared another recess for it was now two o'clock, heated the coffee and ate another sandwich.

Soon, she was again reviewing the great pageant which swept down through the years bringing with it the terrible climax of war. She weighed the motives and the causes and threw herself into the struggle not as a soldier but as an eye witness. She fluttered here and there watching struggles, fearing results, and suffering with the wounded and the dying. She breathed a sigh of relief when she finally arrived at Appomattox Court House and witnessed the courage and the dignity of the vanquished and the generosity of the victor.

It was after four o'clock when Betty reached the place in the book where Miss Demming had stopped. She turned out the light, tumbled into bed, and in less than five minutes was sleeping the sleep of the weary.

Her alarm clock woke her at eight. At 8:05, she was enjoying a stimulating, refreshing cold bath. At 8:40, she had consumed the third and the last sandwich, and had drunk two cups of

strong black coffee. She never visited the dining room when she operated her system for no coffee was served there. At 8:50, she had taken her seat in the examination room. Except that she was a little pale, she looked as fresh and as fit as usual.

"System is a great thing," she thought as she waited for the question papers to be distributed.

At nine o'clock, Miss Demming passed out the questions and gave the order to begin. As Betty surveyed the ten detailed questions with their a, b, c, and d parts, she knew she was prepared. Her mind was active and alert, stimulated by the coffee. She seized her pen and went to work. She allotted herself twelve minutes for each question, since two hours were allowed for the test. In thirty-five minutes, she had finished the third and was passing to the next, when her stomach began to annoy her.

"Be quiet!" she commanded. "You can't be fed for hours."

But as Betty finished the fourth answer, she realized her stomach had not obeyed her commands. It had become most annoying and took considerable of her attention from her fifth answer. At the end of this, she sat back in her seat, and realized with growing uneasiness that she was not annoyed by hunger but by an increasing feeling of nausea.

In alarm, Betty seized her pen and hastened

to answer the sixth question. She realized now that there was a race on between her and this sick feeling which was getting worse and worse. It was with a great effort of the will that she finished the answer.

Could she hold out until she had finished Number Eight? If she could, she would probably pass. Betty was getting dizzy, but she braced her feet against the iron base of the desk, gritted her teeth and began on the seventh answer. Her writing was getting irregular and shaky and perspiration broke out over her face. With almost marvelous self-control, she completed the seventh answer. Then it seemed to her that all the coffee she had ever drunk was surging up into her throat choking her.

"I've got to get out of here before I faint," she decided. Gathering up her papers, she placed them hastily upon Miss Demming's desk and managed to reach the campus where she leaned against a tree for support.

"My poor system!" she groaned.

SUGGESTIVE DISCUSSION

An 8B boy and a 7B girl read this story. Their comments were as follows:

The 8B Boy: I think Betty was a bright girl. She had as much grit and nerve as a fellow has. It's a wonder she didn't have better sense than to dope herself up on coffee. She would make a poor athlete on a team using her system. She must have had a very good mind or all that

cramming would have muddled her history all up. It's too bad she failed for she put up a good fight, but she tried to get home on a three base hit—and got put out.

THE 7B GIRL: Betty lacked self-control. She could have given up the week-end to study and gone to the city another week-end. I could not have stayed awake and studied as long as Betty. I would have fallen asleep. Besides cramming isn't a good way to learn. You don't remember what you cram in. Many girls who did what Betty did would not have passed the examination even if the coffee did not make them sick. They would have been so tired the next morning that their brains wouldn't work right and the facts would have been all jumbled up. Betty deserved to fail.

What are your comments?

There is no motive power like happiness. We need to get more happiness into health.

—Katherine Glover

Public health lies at the foundation, the very foundation, of all human welfare. Unless that is conserved and protected, there is very little use in any activity for the promotion of public welfare. *—Calvin Coolidge*

If there is any panacea for health ills, it is Education—the education of the physician, the health officer, and the public.

—The Delaware Journal

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can.

—Whittier

Mr. Pickwick on the Ice

He that will make good use of any part of his life must allow a large portion of it for recreation.—*Locke*

MR. WELLER and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were now exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a two-penny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice, warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company. Come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to

A Ski-ing Party of Today

observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony—to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black

gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles.

And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round) it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardour and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible

notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary—the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the

accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as you can, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller—presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly-defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where

Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in glowing colours to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. —*Charles Dickens*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Why is it important that you should take plenty of exercise all through the year?
2. Which is your favorite form of exercise? Why?
3. At the time this story was written, "bleeding a person" was always resorted to, whatever his complaint. Tell why this is no longer a general practice.
4. If you fell through the ice when skating with some friends, and you were a mile from any house, what would you do?

The consciousness of clean linen is, in and of itself, a source of moral strength, second only to that of a clean conscience. —*E. S. Phelps*

Moderation is the silken skein running through the pearl chain of all virtues. —*Dr. Fuller*

The excesses of youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years from date. —*C. C. Colton*

You Be the Judge

1. Walter Hughes says he can eat more bananas in fifteen minutes than Dennis Marbury can. On Saturday, when they receive their allowances, they buy a large supply of bananas and stage the contest in the Marbury garage. After ten minutes, Walter's brother Julian arrives on the scene. Walter has consumed seven bananas and Dennis is on his ninth.

Julian wants to stop the contest because he is sure that both boys will become ill, but he is afraid the spectators will say he interfered because his brother seemed to be losing.

What should Julian do?

2. Janet Brown has a friend who thinks she looks beautiful when she paints her face. Janet wants to stop her from painting, but she is undecided whether she should (a) ridicule her for painting, (b) try to persuade her that she looks better without it, (c) get several girls she knows to tell her at different times how terrible she looks.

What would you do if you were Janet?

3. Bernard had left school and was working in the shipping department of a large whole-

sale fruit firm. Bernard's great ambition was to be a traveling salesman. Year after year went by but Bernard was not promoted. At last, he became discouraged and left the firm to join another. As he was leaving, he asked the employment manager why he had not been promoted. The manager replied that Bernard never seemed to trouble about his personal appearance; his hair was always tangled; his shoes were dirty; his tie was never tied neatly, and his hands were very seldom clean.

If you were Bernard, would you have told the manager that, (a) he should have told you about these things before, (b) you should not be expected to have a neat appearance while working in the shipping room, (c) you should be given another chance, (d) you would benefit from the advice given?

4. Fay and Alice were hurrying to the corner to catch a street car to go downtown shopping. Fay slipped on a banana skin and almost fell. She stooped to pick it up and dropped it into a can nearby. Because of this, they missed their car and had to wait ten minutes for another one. Alice was annoyed and said that picking up the skin was not worth ten minutes of their time.

If you were Fay, how would you try to convince your sister that your act was worth the delay?

5. The Board of Health in a certain city keeps a Blue Ribbon Book in which are listed the names and photographs of all children who show a high standard in the practice of health habits. Each child whose name is entered is given a blue ribbon.

An eighth grade boy said, "I think it would be better if, instead of entering the names according to this plan, all the children were examined and then re-examined a year later. Then, they ought to enter the names of those children who showed great improvement in health because they paid attention to the health habits and health rules and made an effort to improve their health."

If you lived in this city, which plan would you favor?

6. In the practice for the last football game between the Hilldale and Evansville school teams, Willard Wright of the Hilldale team strains a tendon in his leg.

What should Willard do for the good of the team? Should he, (a) be a sport and go on with the practice so as to lose no time, (b) halt the practice to have his leg bound up, (c) get Ed to substitute even though he is not Willard's equal as a quarterback?

7. Glen's mother told him to bathe before retiring. He said he would but, when he went to his room, he was so tired he decided to wait

until morning. While untying his shoe, he scratched his finger on the rusty tip of the shoe lace. The next morning he was in a hurry and didn't wash his hands properly. That night, his finger began to throb and infection set in. Glen had to go to a doctor and stay away from school for several days.

If you were Glen, what would you have done on scratching your finger?

8. Bella was spending the summer at the seashore. Her room is prettily furnished in yellow and white. The house is near the beach so Bella can dress in her room after bathing. Bella is careless. She leaves her wet bathing suit on the floor for so long that there is a damp spot from which the paint finally peels off. She lies on her cot for a nap before dinner and soils the spread with her wet bathing slippers. Her windows are left open in all kinds of weather so that the curtains are stained by the screens and mildewed by the fogs.

Should Bella make good the expense she has caused, should she rely on the servant to clean up for her, or should she do nothing?

9. Bert had toothache. His mother sent him to the dentist but when he was nearly there his tooth stopped aching so he came home. The following Saturday he pitched for his team. While the teams were changing between innings, a friend gave him some candy which started his

tooth aching so badly that he could hardly bear it.

If you had been Bert, what would you have done?

10. Joe Mills is a cheerful boy, full of kindness and thoughtfulness for others. At times, Joe suffers bad headaches and, at those intervals, he is very irritable and unkind. Joe knows this and when his headaches leave him, he tries to make up for his meanness.

If you were Joe, what would you do?

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS TO READ

The Country Surgeon. Sinclair Lewis. Reading and Literature by World Book Co.

The Freshman Full Back. From *College Years* by Ralph D. Paine. Scribner's Sons.

A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig. Charles Lamb.

Giving the Mind its Three Square Meals. Lewis Carroll.

Louis Pasteur. Erwin F. Smith.

How They Took the Diphtheria Serum from Anchorage to Nome. Mary Roe in *The Great Conquest.* Little, Brown and Co.

Tom Brown at Rugby. Thomas Hughes.

So great is the effect of cleanliness, that it reaches even to the moral character. Virtue never dwells long with filth; nor do I believe there was ever a person who was greatly attentive to cleanliness who was wholly bad.

—*Rumford*

Famous Scouts

Helpfulness and Unselfishness

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen, *I must use my strength to help others who need help*—If I am strong I can help others. I can be kind, I can forgive those who hurt me and I can help and protect the weak, the suffering, the young and the old, and dumb animals.

Sacajawea, the Bird Woman Who Accompanied Lewis and Clark

The Bird Woman

What do we live for, if not to make life happier and less difficult for each other?—*George Eliot*

THERE was much excitement in the Minnetoree village in North Dakota. A huge boatload of white men was coming up the river. Was their errand peace or war? When the men drew their boat up on the shore and started to build log huts in the month of October, 1804, there was even more gossip among the Indians. Fourteen-year-old Sacajawea was as much excited as anyone. In some ways, the event was more exciting for her than for the rest, for her husband was Toussaint Chaboneau, a French half-breed who was the interpreter for the Northwest Fur Company. He could talk to the Canadian half-breed who acted as interpreter for the two leaders of the white men. There was much news to be gained that way.

More thrilling than talk, however, were the marvelous contraptions that the white men had brought with them. There was a mill that would grind corn with twice the speed and half the effort that the squaws put into pounding the dried maize into flour. There were rings, blue and red beads, and cloth. Who wouldn't paddle

over to the island where the white man's camp was established if any of these treasures were to be obtained for corn or dried buffalo meat? The camp was not far from the wigwams.

These were very strange white men. They didn't want to buy furs, or make war, they wanted to go journeying on and on to the West. Sacajawea knew that western country. She had been born in a Shoshone village on the Snake River just west of the Bitter Root Mountains. Then when she was about nine years old, the Minnetarus of Knife River had suddenly attacked the Snake Indians. The Snakes had gone up the river and hidden in the woods. The men were too few, so they had taken to their horses and fled. The women and children were soon captured and hurried off eastward into what is now North Dakota.

Toussaint Chaboneau was proud to point the Bird Woman out as his squaw to these white men. "I buy her from the Rock Mountains," he announced.

Finally Lewis and Clark, the exploring leaders of the white men, held a council with the Indians. They told them that the land belonged to the United States. They urged them to look upon the white men as friends and to trade with them. Wise leaders were able to make peace between the Rickarus and the Blackfeet, different tribes of the Mandan Indians. So the

Blackfeet swore friendship with the white men and they exchanged names.

Lewis and Clark got much information during the winter they spent on the island below the Indian village. Sacajawea had been born under the shadow of the mountains that form the Great Divide. Though she spoke the language of the Blackfeet or Minnetarus, she had not forgotten the tongue of the Shoshones or Snake Indians who were her ancestral tribe. She could tell the white men legends and tales of both tribes.

Finally, Lewis and Clark invited Chaboneau and the Bird Woman to go with them, and, on April 7, 1805, the expedition started out guided by Chaboneau and the Bird Woman carrying her two-months-old baby. Five thousand miles that papoose rode on his mother's back. Taking Sacajawea and the baby was a very wise move on the part of Lewis and Clark, for Indians never took women on the war path. Sacajawea and the baby were, therefore, a guarantee that the aims of the party were peaceful.

This gentle, quiet, indomitable little woman trudged, climbed, and canoed, with the baby on her back, with the strongest and sturdiest of the company of thirty men who formed this expedition. They were going to explore the country known as the Louisiana Purchase. Over and over again the Bird Woman saved the

situation. Once, when a sudden squall struck the boat, Chaboneau dropped the tiller and called on God for help. The boat almost capsized and valuable papers, instruments, medicines, and merchandise floated out, to be lost in the stream. But the Bird Woman who was seated in the stern of the boat saved nearly everything. The loss of these records and goods would have meant a journey of fifteen hundred miles to replace them and the loss of a year's time.

One day Sacajawea was taken ill. Chaboneau begged her to return to the Blackfeet with him but she steadily refused. Finally, Lewis determined to make camp until she was really well. In his journal he writes, "I gave her laudanum and herbs. She is free from pain, clear of fever today. She eats as heartily as I am willing to permit her of broiled buffalo well seasoned with salt and pepper."

After all, the Bird Woman was only a fifteen-year-old girl in spite of her poise and knowledge, so when she began to feel well again Lewis makes this entry in his diary, "Woman walked out today and gathered a quantity of white apples of which she ate so heartily . . . together with a quantity of dried fish . . . that she complained very much and the fever returned."

But green apples and dried fish could not

©Brown Brothers

THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

conquer Sacajawea's strong little body and the next day the whole party started on their way westward. Nine days later, Clark, Sacajawea and the baby, and Chaboneau took refuge under some shelving rocks in a ravine from a storm that seemed to be coming their way. The rain fell in such torrents that it started a landslide from higher up the gorge. Clark seized his gun in one hand and Sacajawea with the baby in the other, and began to scramble up the side of the ravine.

Chaboneau helped a little but he was too frightened to be of much aid.

A roaring torrent driving rocks, trees, and earth, thundered down the ravine. Clark lost his compass and the baby its cradle. Before he could reach the higher ground, the water had risen to his waist and ruined his watch. By the time they got to the top, the water was surging through the gulch in a stream fifteen feet deep. Clark was afraid that little Baptiste, the papoose, might take cold as all of his clothes had been washed away; and that the Bird Woman's fever might return, so he hurried them all back to camp and dosed them vigorously.

From the time Lewis and Clark had started from St. Louis, in 1804, they had been observing the Indian tribes that they met on their trip, and noting their customs. Some built round tepees decorated with bright colors, others lived in eight-sided, earth-covered lodges. Headdresses of eagle feathers, necklaces of bears' claws, and white-dressed buffalo robes painted with pictures of the history of the tribe were some of the variations in costumes. The tambourine, the small drum, the whip rattles made of the hoofs of goat and deer, produced the Indian music.

But traveling with the Bird Woman introduced them to more Indian lore than they could have gathered for themselves. When in

July they reached the Shoshone country, Sacajawea became the most important individual in the party. For, besides being an interpreter, she it was who could spy out Indian trails and buffalo paths that were hidden from the white man.

When the party reached the three forks of the Missouri, Sacajawea advised that they follow the south fork for she remembered that her tribe had often come from the west across the plains by that route. They came to gather the lily bulbs that grow in moist places, and to trap the beaver. One of the places where the party camped was the spot where the Indian girl had been captured six years before.

The party was much in need of horses and guides to take them over the Divide. One day, when Clark, Chaboneau, and Sacajawea were trudging along the river bank, the Bird Woman pointed to some Indians who were approaching them. She began to dance and show signs of great joy, sucking her fingers to show that she was of their tribe. From among the crowd of Indians, a woman suddenly ran out and embraced her with the greatest ardor. She was a companion of the Bird Woman's childhood. She was captured at the same time but had escaped and found her way back to the tribe.

While this re-union was going on, Lewis had gone forward, raised his blanket above his head

and let it unfold. Then he lowered it, and made a sweeping motion as though he would spread it on the ground as a resting place for an honored guest. The Shoshone Chief accepted the gesture of friendship, came forward, rubbed some vermilion on the cheeks of the captains as a token of friendship, and they smoked together and exchanged gifts.

Sacajawea was then sent for to act as interpreter to the leaders. She looked intently at the Indian Chief, then weeping and laughing she ran to him, threw her blanket over him and embraced him. It was Cameahwait, *One Who Never Walks*, her brother. He had become the Chief of the tribe.

Of course, the Bird Woman was of the greatest possible assistance under these circumstances. She was absolutely loyal to her white friends. She told her brother of the great advantages he would gain by trading with the white men. So convincing and eloquent was she that she won the good will of her people just as she had won the friendship and help of all the tribes they had met.

Not only did she make the journey for the white men through the Shoshone country possible, but she even persuaded the Chief to furnish guides across the Divide. The horses were obtained by barter. An axe, a knife, a handkerchief were exchanged for one of the strong

horses that formed the chief wealth of the Snake Indians. A kettle was also the equivalent of a pony in the eyes of a Shoshone. The fortunate Indian who received a chief's coat, a shirt, leggings, a handkerchief, and some arrow heads in exchange for three horses considered that he had by far the best of the bargain.

Even in the trading, Sacajawea showed her devotion to the whites, for she gave the precious beads that formed her girdle in exchange for beaver skins for the party. She was invaluable as an interpreter too, though the conversation had to pass through many languages before its meaning reached the whites or the Indians. This was the route that each idea had to follow: The Captains spoke in English, which was translated into French by the Canadian half-breed, Chaboneau. Then the French was translated into Minnetoree dialect, the Bird Woman changed it into the Shoshone tongue and an Indian boy in the party spoke the message in the especial dialect of the tribe with whom Clark and Lewis wished to communicate.

Another time, when the Bird Woman discovered that her tribe was planning to desert the party of whites and take with them the horses they had promised, she told Lewis and Clark. They called the Chiefs together and, after a long pow-wow, the Indians were dissuaded from their plan of desertion, the Chief

taking off his moccasins as a token that he would go barefoot rather than break his word.

By the end of August, they had started west over the hardest part of the journey. There were steep mountains to climb to the gates of the Rocky Mountains where great blocks of black granite rose twelve hundred feet in the air from the river's edge.

They would know when they were across the summit of the Divide, for only an hour's journey from the source of the Missouri River, flowing east, they would come to a stream that flowed west. This stream grew into a mighty river which flowed into the Great Water. But there were many dangers, so the Bird Woman warned them. Canoes could not live in the waters of this westward flowing river. There was no ford, only Indian paths, and for ten days they must cross a sandy desert where there was no water or game. Sacajawea's anxiety was all for her white companions who were trusting to her knowledge, to her instinct, and to her loyalty. It was the Indian woman who brought the party successfully through from the East.

When their food gave out, she gathered roots and herbs unknown to the whites and cooked them into a soup. She found the edible seeds and berries that kept them from starving. She poked in the prairie dogs' holes and discovered the wild artichokes. When Clark was ill, she took

the flour she had been saving for her baby, and fed it to the white captain, saving his life and insuring the success of the expedition. She was always brave, cheerful, and resourceful.

By the time they reached the coast late in November, they were more like a party of famine refugees than explorers. The rain fell until their clothes and bedding rotted away. They had only dried fish to eat, but they celebrated Christmas. They sang songs, and Sacajawea gave Clark two dozen white weasels' tails for a Christmas present.

By March, because of sickness, few goods and less food, and disappointment at the non-appearance of trading ships, the party started East again. The return trip was made much more quickly for, by August, the Bird Woman was back in the North Dakota village where she first met the white men with their wonderful saucepans and flour mills.

Clark offered to take the family back to the States and set them up on a farm with everything in the way of stock and utensils that they would need to run it. But Chaboneau refused. He had no friends in the East he said, and would not know how to make a living.

Clark gave her full credit for he and Lewis really appreciated her devotion. Clark wrote, "The woman who accompanied us on that long, dangerous, and fatiguing route to the Pacific

Ocean and back deserved a greater reward for her services on that route than we had in our power to give her at the Mandans."

Sacajawea lived to be very old. Dr. Irwin describes her, in 1871, living with her son, Baptiste, in the Indian Reservation in Fremont County, Wyoming:

"She is quick in her movements, remarkably straight and active, and very intelligent. She still talks of her journey to the place of 'much water for the great Washington' and of the 'big waters beyond the shining mountains toward the setting sun.'"

A great peak in the Bridger Range where she pointed out the pass to the explorers, has been named for this humble and unselfish heroine.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Why have the women of Oregon erected a statue in Portland, Oregon, and why have the Montana "Daughters of the American Revolution" placed a bronze tablet on a boulder in memory of this Indian girl who could neither read nor write?
2. Tell why you admire the "Bird Woman of Oregon."
3. Why could the service rendered by the "Bird Woman" not be paid for in money?
4. Compare Pocahontas and Sacajawea. Whose deed was the greater?
5. Would the Expedition of Lewis and Clark have been a success without the help of Sacajawea? Explain.
6. Give the names of other women who have rendered great service.

The Quest of the Three Princes

If you would be happy, learn to please.

—*Prior*

The following story is based upon a Bohemian legend. Three princes, sons of the ruling king of the country, were extremely fond of the beautiful princess, Libena, whom they thought was their sister. By chance, the youngest prince when entering the stable to order his horse, overhears an old stableman telling another that Libena is only the adopted daughter of the king.

The Quest of the Three Princes

"WHAT did you say?" cried the prince, grasping the coachman by the arm, "Libena is not our sister?"

The coachman was frightened, and began to deny he had said anything to that effect.

"Yes, you did," said the prince, "and you must tell me at once what it was."

"I only said," apologized the coachman, "what the other servants have told me that your father, the king, adopted her when she was a baby because he had no daughters of his own."

Upon hearing this, the prince went immediately to seek his brothers.

"Brothers!" he said with great joy, "Libena

is not our true sister. She was adopted by our parents when a mere baby."

"Not our sister! Then she shall be my wife," said the eldest brother.

"Not so! She shall be mine," insisted the second.

"I love her more than either of you," cried the youngest brother. "She shall marry me."

"I am the oldest and my wishes should be consulted first," replied the Crown Prince. "I will go at once to father and ask his permission to marry Libena."

He went to his father and his brothers followed him. The King and the Queen were surprised that their sons were delighted that Libena was not their real sister, but exceedingly perplexed when all of the princes wished to marry her. After considerable reflection, the King said to the princes, "My sons you cannot all marry Libena. Two of you must give way to the other. You all appear to be equally suitable and equally anxious to marry our beautiful adopted daughter. Therefore go each of you into the world. The one who brings back to us the most wonderful thing shall become the husband of Libena."

The princes assented and at once set out on their travels. They journeyed together for several days, but saw nothing wonderful or even out of the ordinary.

"This is not the proper way to accomplish our purpose," said the eldest brother, when they had stopped at an inn to rest one evening. "Let us separate. Then we shall perhaps be more fortunate."

The other brothers agreed to this suggestion, and on the morrow set forth bright and early each on a different route. They all promised to meet again at the inn before undertaking the journey home.

The eldest prince followed a road leading to the right. One day, he came to a town, and, from a distance, he beheld a great crowd of people gathered near the market place. There he saw that a very old man with a little carriage was the cause of the gathering. He pushed his way through the crowd.

"What is this?" asked the prince of a bystander.

The bystander laughed. "Why that old man wants to sell the carriage for one thousand pieces of gold. No wonder the crowd is amused."

The prince raised his voice, "Oh, foolish old man, who would give one thousand pieces of gold for that miserable carriage?"

"Who, indeed?" laughed a bystander. "Not I."

"Nor I," said several others as the crowd began to disperse. Soon the old man found himself alone with the prince.

"This is no ordinary carriage," he said to the prince.

"Indeed. What is extraordinary about it?" asked the prince eagerly.

"It's a very wonderful one," replied the old man impressively. "Whoever sits in it will find himself immediately transferred to the place he wishes to go."

"A miraculous carriage!" exclaimed the prince in great glee. "I'll take it. Here are your thousand pieces of gold."

The prince sat in the little carriage and wished himself back at the inn. Immediately he was there. He was delighted with his wonderful prize and waited at the inn with great satisfaction and contentment for his brothers.

The second prince had turned to the left. He traveled on and on for several days and met nothing extraordinary. At last, however, fortune favored him. Just in front of the town gates, he saw a little man showing a looking-glass to those who passed. He was trying to sell it. The passersby would stop to admire it, but when they asked the price, they would either laugh at the old man or shake their heads and continue on their way.

The prince came along and stopped to examine the looking-glass.

"Buy it," urged the old man, "I'll sell it to you for two thousand pieces of gold."

"Two thousand pieces of gold!" exclaimed the prince in amazement. "Are you mad?"

"But stay," pleaded the old man as the prince was about to pass on. "This is a wonderful glass. Whoever looks into it will see what he desires."

"I'll take the glass," cried the prince at once. "Here are your gold pieces."

He paid the man and seized the glass, wishing to see the inn where he was to meet his brothers. Immediately, he saw his elder brother seated contentedly under the shade of a tree in front of the inn. He concluded his brother had found some extraordinary thing and had ended his search. Wrapping the looking-glass carefully in a leather bag he started for the inn.

Meanwhile, the youngest son had continued straight ahead, wandering aimlessly about for a time. All he could think about was Libena and his love for her.

One day, as he approached the market place of a small town, he saw a laughing, jeering crowd surrounding a woman who was holding apples in her hand which she was offering for sale.

"She is crazy," shouted a man. "She surely must be crazy."

"Why crazy?" asked the prince.

"Because she wants ten pieces of gold for each of her apples."

"Won't you buy these apples?" she begged

approaching the prince. "They are ten pieces of gold each."

"That's a very high price for apples!" replied the youngest prince.

"Not for these," replied the woman. "These are not ordinary apples. I have only three. Buy them."

After the prince had given the woman thirty pieces of gold for the three apples, she whispered into his ear, "You have bought a prize, my son. If one is about to die, and will but eat one of these apples, he will live again."

The prince was delighted, and, putting the apples into his pocket, started back to the inn to meet his brothers.

"Where have you been so long?" they asked when he arrived.

"I have wandered about in many places searching for wonderful things," was his reply.

"And what have you brought?" asked the second brother.

"Three apples." He took them from his pocket and showed them to his brothers.

"There is nothing wonderful about those apples," remarked the eldest brother. "We have something better. I have a little carriage in which one can travel as fast as the wind, and our brother has a looking-glass in which you can see all that you wish to see."

"Then let us look and see what they are

doing at home," said the youngest prince who was anxious to see Libena again.

The second brother took up the glass and all three expressed a wish to see the palace. They were frightened at what they saw. The windows of the palace were closed and the blinds drawn, servants were rushing around wringing their hands, doctors were holding whispered consultations, and nurses were hurrying to and fro.

"Some one is ill, perhaps dying," cried the youngest prince.

"We will soon see," said the second. "Let us wish to see inside the palace."

Immediately, they saw inside the palace. The king, the queen, and Libena all lay at the point of death.

"The plague has seized them," cried the youngest brother in despair.

"Let us hurry home. Get into my carriage," said the eldest brother. "We will be there immediately."

They all crowded into the little carriage and were immediately transferred to the bedside of their stricken ones.

The youngest prince ran to his parents and gave each of them an apple beseeching each to eat it. Then he rushed over to Libena and gave her one. Before many minutes the sick ones sat up, to the amazement of the learned doctors

and, before an hour, they had completely recovered.

The king embraced his youngest son and declared his prize of the miraculous apples the most wonderful that could possibly be obtained.

"You may have Libena, for but for you she surely would have died," said the king.

"Not so, Father!" cried the second son. "Had it not been for my looking-glass, we should not have known you were ill. Libena should belong to me."

"No!" protested the eldest son, "Libena should be mine, for without my magic carriage none of us would have arrived in time."

The dispute continued and the three sons of the king could not agree. The king decided to call his wise men together and let them decide. The wise men argued for many days and they could come to no decision as to which of the three princes should be entitled to marry Libena. The king grew weary of the dispute and had almost decided to let his sons draw lots, when a little old man presented himself at the palace and begged to be heard.

"Sire," he said, "your sons are all deserving, but how does the matter stand? One of your sons has a miraculous little carriage, another has a magic looking-glass, but the third has nothing. His apples were eaten. He should receive Libena."

The king sprang to his feet joyfully. "You have made the decision. It shall be as you say," he exclaimed.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. How did the purchase of the apples by the youngest prince differ from the purchases made by his brothers?
2. Show how the three sons seek separately for their object, but are willing to coöperate and unite for the common good.
3. Do you agree with the old man's arguments that the youngest prince should marry the princess? Explain.
4. Give instances of independent work done by individuals today which is really *coöperation* with others.
5. From the heroes of our country, name five who have displayed unselfishness.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others, cannot keep it from themselves.

—J. M. Barrie

Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.

—M. B. Whitman

There is no personal charm so great as the charm of a cheerful and happy temperament.

—Henry Van Dyke

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done. *—Charles Kingsley*

Come Up From the Fields

That you may be loved, be lovable.
—*Selected*

In 1862, Walt Whitman volunteered as an army nurse, and served in that capacity until the end of the war between the states.

Whitman never tired of caring for the wounded, whatever the uniform they wore. He worked late into the night, taking little sleep and spending all of his free time at the bedside of anyone who needed him. It is probable that many soldiers would have died without sending home a farewell message had it not been for Whitman's willing service. In one of his volumes, *Drum Taps*, we read this touching poem:

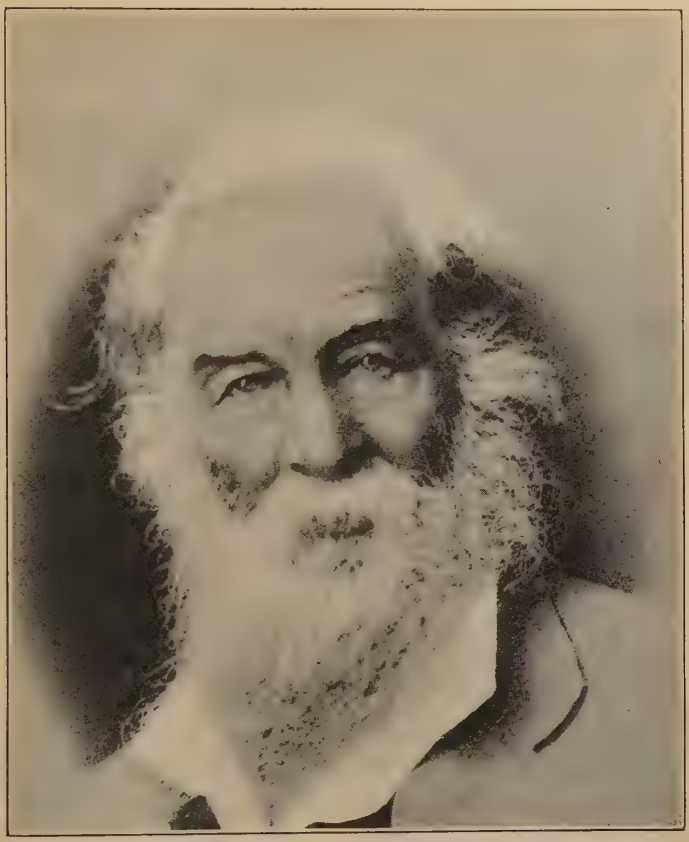
Come Up From the Fields

1

"Come up from the fields, father, here's a letter
from our Pete;
And come to the front door, mother, here's a
letter from thy dear son.

2

Lo, 'tis autumn;
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and
redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves
fluttering in the moderate wind;



WALT WHITMAN, A MAN OF WILLING SERVICE

Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the trellis'd vines;
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky, so calm, so transparent
after the rain, and with wondrous clouds;
Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful—and
the farm prospers well.

3

Down in the fields all prospers well;
But now from the fields come, father—come at
the daughter's call;
And come to the entry, mother—to the front
door come, right away.
Fast as she can she hurries—something ominous
—her steps trembling;
She does not tarry to smoothe her hair, nor ad-
just her cap.
Open the envelope quickly;
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is
signed;
O, a strange hand writes for our dear son—
O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—
she catches the main words only;
Sentences broken—'*gun-shot wound in the breast,*
cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital.
At present low, but will soon be better!

4

Ah, now, the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its
cities and farms,

Walt Whitman's Home, West Hills, Long Island, N. Y.

Sickly white in the face, and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.
'Grieve not so, dear mother! (The just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs;
The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dismay'd;)
'See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.'

5

Alas, poor boy, he will never be better (nor maybe needs to be better, that brave and simple soul;)
While they stand at the home at the door, he is dead already;

The only son is dead.
But the mother needs to be better;
She with thin form, presently drest in black;
By day her meals untouched—then at night fitfully sleeping,
In the midnight, waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed—silent from life, escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear son."

—*Walt Whitman*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Charles Lamb once said, "I cannot hate a man I know." What did he mean?
2. Why did the poet, who wrote the letter for the dying soldier, not wish to come out with the blunt truth?
3. It is sometimes said that it takes a vivid imagination to make a person very sympathetic. Explain this.
4. How have better means of transportation and communication added to the good will and helpfulness of people in general?

Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of youthful looks. —*Charles Dickens*

If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Frank's Dream

[PROLOGUE, THREE SCENES, AND EPILOGUE]

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his own home.

—*Goethe*

CHARACTERS

Frank Clark, *a boy of fourteen.*
Mr. Clark, *his father.*
Mrs. Clark, *his mother.*

Howard, *president of club.*
Arthur
Ben
Joe
Frank Clark
Andrew Young
Edward
club members

Patrolman
Lieutenant
Sergeant
Grandma Clark
Nora, *the maid.*

PROLOGUE

PLACE: Living Room In the Clark Home.

As the curtain rises, Frank is seen sitting in a large arm chair reading. From time to time he helps himself to candies from a box resting upon an arm of the chair. His father and his mother enter dressed for the street.

MRS. CLARK. Frank, I wouldn't eat any more of those candies if I were you. Too many sweets are not good for you.

MR. CLARK. Besides, if you are going to stay on the track team you ought to live up to the rules.

FRANK. I have only eaten a few.

MRS. CLARK. We are going over to the Jacksons. Don't sit up late, and put out the lights when you go up to bed.

FRANK. All right.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Clark go to the street door left but turn as they are about to go out.*)

MR. CLARK. If you must sit up and read, pull that reading lamp around so that you get the light over your left shoulder.

FRANK. All right, Dad.

(*He arranges the light.*)

MRS. CLARK. And Frank, don't forget to open your window wide, a good health rule, you know.

FRANK. All right, Mother, but I wish we could do without rules. I'm fed up on them.

MR. CLARK. Well, we can't get along without them in this world.

MRS. CLARK. Unless you go to live by yourself on a desert island.

FRANK. If I happened to want to bring my dog, I'd have to have rules then too, I suppose.

MR. CLARK. I should say. Good-night, son!

FRANK. Good-night! (*Frank settles more com-*

fortably in his chair and starts to read, but the book no longer interests him.) Rules! I'll bet there are a million in the world. (*He opens the book, looks at it a moment, yawns.*) Most of them useless, too. (*Yawns again and rubs his eyes sleepily.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

Scene One

Place: The Boys' Club.

The curtain rises, showing a noisy club room. The boys are standing around in groups and the president, Howard, is rapping for order. They pay no attention to the pounding of the gavel. Howard then uses his hands as a megaphone.

Howard (*shouting*). Don't you hear? This meeting will come to order! Sit down, everybody!

Arthur (*going about pulling boys into their seats*). Sit down, sit down! Can't you hear what Howard is saying?

Ben. Let's get this meeting over. I want to go home early. Everybody sit down and keep still!

(*Gradually the boys settle down into their seats. The noise subsides but there is a restless feeling among the boys and constant talking in undertones.*)

Howard. The Secretary will please read the minutes of the last meeting.

JOE. Let's dispense with them. We all know what happened at the last meeting.

HOWARD. But we have to follow the rules!

(*Enter Frank Clark at that moment with his friend, Andrew Young.*)

FRANK. Rules! Did I hear someone say something about rules? None for me! Fellows, you ought to have seen Andy and me get away from a bicycle cop. Andy's got some car!

(*Howard raps for order.*)

ARTHUR. Sit down you two!

(*He pushes them into their seats.*)

FRANK. All right—all right! So you're the club policeman now, Art.

(*They settle down in their seats and talk in low tones.*)

JOE. I move we dispense with the reading of the minutes of the last meeting.

FRANK. That suits me.

ANDREW. Yes, we want to go for a ride.

BEN. I second the motion.

HOWARD. All in favor will say "Aye."

VOICES. Aye!

HOWARD. Those who are opposed will say "No."

VOICES. No!

HOWARD. I can't decide. There is too much noise.

BEN. The "ayes" have it.

HOWARD. We will now listen to the report of the Committee on Speakers for the next meeting. Edward Morrison, the Chairman.

EDWARD. Mr. President and fellow members, your committee visited Commissioner Richman on Tuesday. He was out and . . .

ANDREW. Cut it short.

EDWARD. He was out and we had to wait a half hour . . .

FRANK. Don't keep us waiting a half hour!

HOWARD (*rapping for order*). We must have order!

EDWARD. The Commissioner was out but returned in about a half hour and gave us an interview.

ANDREW. Is he going to speak at the next meeting or not?

EDWARD. He didn't decide then but he wrote later. I'll read his letter.

FRANK. It's three pages long! I move that this meeting be adjourned.

ANDREW. I second the motion!

HOWARD. The motion is not in order. We must follow the rules.

FRANK. I move we suspend the rules and adjourn.

ANDREW (*shouting*). I'm going home!

(*This starts a confused movement and cries of "sit down," and "let them go home." Howard raps his*

gavel in vain and the scene ends as it began, in confusion.)

[*CURTAIN*]

Scene Two

Place: The Police Station.

As the curtain rises, the Lieutenant and the Sergeant are deeply engrossed in a game of checkers. A patrolman enters dragging in Frank and Andrew. He waits until the Lieutenant makes a very deliberative move.

Patrolman. Speeders, Lieutenant!

Lieutenant (*without taking his attention from the game*). Lock them up!

Frank. But, Lieutenant, I . . .

Lieutenant. Keep still!

Patrolman. There's no room. The cells are full.

Lieutenant. Throw them anywhere. Lock them up or fine them.

(*He turns his attention to the checker game.*)

Sergeant. You can lock them up in my room if you want to.

Patrolman (*he drags the boys over to the door left as they protest.*) All right, Sergeant.

Frank. Can't we pay a fine?

Patrolman. How much have you?

Frank. I haven't anything here, have you Andy?

ANDREW. Two dollars.

PATROLMAN. Not enough for this night's joy riding! Come on!

FRANK. Wait, officer. My grandmother lives very near here. She'll pay it.

PATROLMAN. Oh, she will, will she? Are you sure?

FRANK. Positive. She is the dearest, sweetest, and most generous old lady in the world.

PATROLMAN. Come on then—to see grandma.

(*He takes the boys out through the street door.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

SCENE THREE

PLACE: Sitting Room in the Home of Frank's Grandmother.

As the curtain rises, Frank's grandmother can be seen sitting near the radio. She is listening to waltz music and is keeping time to the rhythm with her hand. The door bell rings. She pays no attention to it. Nora, her maid, passes through the room and answers the bell. The patrolman leads in Frank and Andrew. They are handcuffed together. Frank runs over to his grandmother dragging Andrew with him.)

FRANK. Grandma, I'm in a peck of trouble, so is Andy. Please help us out.

GRANDMOTHER (*still beating the rhythm of the waltz*). Trouble? You are in trouble. What's that to me?

FRANK (*amazed*). Why, Grandmother! Listen, we've been arrested and have to pay a fine! Please help us out, Grandma, please, Grandma!

GRANDMOTHER. Stop grandma-ing me, young man!

FRANK. What *is* the matter, Grandma?

PATROLMAN. Madam, is this rascal your grandson or not?

GRANDMOTHER. He is, but that is no reason why he should burst into my house and annoy me. Take him away.

FRANK. Grandma!

PATROLMAN. Back to the jail you go.

(*The grandmother has risen and is moving gracefully about the room to the waltz time.*)

GRANDMOTHER. Wait! (*Frank stands before her more expectant and hopeful.*) Officer, do you waltz?

PATROLMAN. I do, madam.

GRANDMOTHER. Then waltz with me.

FRANK. Grandma!

NORA. Madam!

GRANDMOTHER. Hush, Nora. Dance with me, officer.

PATROLMAN. I am sorry, madam, but I am afraid these fellows can't be left alone. They tried to get away from me on the way over here.

GRANDMOTHER. I can keep them safe. Lock them up here.

(*She waltzes to the door of a closet and opens it.*)

FRANK (*angrily*). Grandma, how can you!

(*The patrolman pushes Frank and Andrew into the closet and grandmother and he waltz about the room while Nora, amazed, watches them. As the curtain falls, the prisoners can be heard pounding upon the locked door.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

EPILOGUE

PLACE: The Same Scene as the Prologue.

TIME: One Minute Before the Fall of the Curtain in Scene III.

Frank is discovered asleep in the chair. The box of candy and the book have fallen to the floor. Frank is restless and mutters in his sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Clark enter from the street door and go over to Frank's chair. Frank begins to moan, and clutches at his stomach.

MR. CLARK. A bad dream.

FRANK (*calling in his sleep*). Grandma! Grandma!

(*The parents look at each other in surprise. Then Frank begins to pound the arm of the chair.*)

MR. CLARK (*shaking him by the collar*). Here, wake up!

FRANK. Let, go, officer, let go.

(*His father stands him on his feet and he opens his*

eyes. He looks at his parents stupidly for a moment and then looks around the room.)

MRS. CLARK. You've been dreaming.

(*Frank suddenly bursts out laughing.*)

MR. CLARK. The way you were muttering and moaning, I wouldn't say it was a funny dream either.

FRANK. It wasn't for me, but you ought to have seen Grandma!

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Why are rules and laws necessary?
2. Suppose all the rules of your school were suspended for one day, what do you think the result would be?
3. Is it possible for anybody to live independently of his fellows and ignore rules made for the good of all? Explain.
4. Why was no progress made at the club in Scene I?
5. Suppose you are given the use of a vacant room in your house for a study club to be composed of eight or ten of your friends and yourself. What rules would you make?
6. Explain why the grandmother in the play was not at all like Frank's real grandmother.

The true purpose of education for young and old, is the understanding and enjoyment of life.

—World Association for Adult Education

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make an earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others?

—Lydia Maria Child

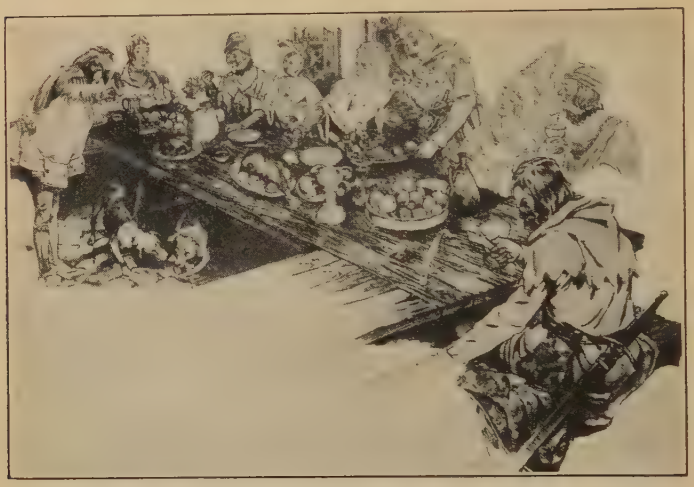
A Genius and His Works

Do no man wrong. Be good with the poor.
—*Old Motto*

THE queen was coming to Kenilworth. There would be rare sport, games, feasting, and a masque. To eleven-years-old Will Shakespeare, this was the most important event of his life. He was excited at the prospect of seeing Queen Elizabeth, but the greatest thrill came from the prospect of seeing the masque. Years after, when Shakespeare wrote the plays that the world still delights in, he put into them all sorts of recollections of his boyhood life at Stratford where he was born.

In those days, boys went to school from six in the morning until six in the evening. At nine o'clock and at three there was a fifteen-minute recess, and, at twelve, an hour or two when the scholars went home to their dinner. Hungry enough they must have been too, for they had not eaten since six o'clock the night before. Two meals a day was the habit in England, when Shakespeare was a boy. But these two meals were hearty ones of meat, fish, wild fowls, and bread usually made of rye flour, except in the houses of the rich.

If Shakespeare were brought up as other boys of his time were, he must put the food on the



A Dining Room Scene in Shakespeare's Day

table, see that each had a trencher, as the wooden dishes of that time were called; he must see that they had bread, and that the voiders—baskets into which those who sat at the table threw the bones—were often emptied. When the meat and fish had been eaten, he cleared away the used trenchers, placed clean ones before each person, and put on the cheese, fruit, cakes, and caraway candies. When the meal was ended, he passed a basin of water to each person so that the hands might be washed, for at that time there was no fork in all England. Queen Elizabeth was the first in her kingdom to have a fork, and it is doubtful if she used so foolish an Italian invention, when she had ten

good fingers with which to convey her food to her mouth.

After the older people had risen from the table and the boy had bowed courteously to them, he might sit and eat his own food. Then he went back to the school and the schoolmaster. In olden times the teacher must treat diseases, and drive out evil spirits, for in those days certain diseases were supposed to be due to demons who inhabited the body. Now the schoolmaster was the one man besides the priest who could speak Latin which was the only language supposed to be understood by devils. Shakespeare was more fortunate than the boys of some other towns because his teacher, Thomas Hunt, was a graduate of the University of Oxford, and a learned man. Boys and girls still go to The King's New School of Stratford-on-Avon, which Shakespeare attended.

Before Shakespeare entered school, he probably learned to read from the horn book, a single printed page set in a frame and covered with a thin leaf of transparent horn. It was held by a handle and the book was tied to the belt of the scholar by a cord run through a hole in the handle. These books cost about a penny. Two subjects only were studied, Latin and arithmetic. The pupils had five hours of Latin, five hours of arithmetic, and a half hour before six in which to read a chapter from the Bible, to sing a

psalm, and to listen to a prayer by the master. Some parents objected to the morning and afternoon recess, because they said the boys "do nothing but play!" but Brinsley, one of the wise teachers of his day said, "They do their work better for these brief respites—and that they should have part of one afternoon at the master's discretion for recreation as a reward of diligence and obedience." No wonder the poor children went unwillingly to school for beatings were the rule and not the exception. We are told of one schoolmaster who used to whip his boys on a cold morning "for no other purpose than to get himself into a heat."

In these recesses that some of the parents thought a waste of time, the Stratford boys played some of the games that you play now. In Hamlet, Shakespeare alludes to "Hood-man blind," our "Blind Man's Buff." In the Comedy of Errors, he speaks of football,

Am I so round with you as you with me
That like a Football you do spurn me thus?

They played see-saw which the boys of that time called "riding the wild mare." They spun tops, played ball, wrestled, and went in swimming just as boys do today.

When Shakespeare went back to his father's house in Henley Street where he was born, he found in winter a good fire blazing in the chimney place, something of a rarity in 1575. Most

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE

people made their fires and cooked their meat on open hearths and trusted to the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. As the houses of the poor and the middle class people had thatched roofs, many were the fires when the sparks flew up from the open hearth through the hole in the roof and landed on the straw of the thatch.

Will Shakespeare's home was, for that time, a very comfortable one. It still stands today almost exactly as it did, in 1564, when Shakespeare was born. Shakespeare's mother was not worried by having much to care for in the way

of house furnishings. In the main room, there were a few chairs and stools of wood, a plain table, and, on the wall, partly for decoration and partly for warmth, hung cheap substitutes for tapestry, called "printed clothes." The floors were covered with rushes. Carpets in that age were used to cover tables. In the "Taming of the Shrew" a servant speaks of "laying the carpet for supper." The furniture of the bedrooms was as simple as that of the other rooms. An Englishman, William Harrison, writes in 1577:—"Our fathers and we ourselves have lain full oft upon straw pallets covered only with a sheet under coverlets made of coarse cloths and a good round log under our heads instead of a bolster." Feather beds were great luxuries and bedspreads were few and valuable.

At eighteen, Shakespeare was married to Ann Hathaway who lived at Shottery in a quaint old cottage, part of which stands now in the midst of a beautiful garden. Ann and William had three children: Susanna, Hamet, and Judith. This is the only fact that is positively known about Shakespeare from the time he probably left school until we hear of him ten years later in about 1587, in London. Nobody knows why he left Stratford and what he did when he reached London. Some gossips say that he joined a troupe of strolling players and went off as any country boy, who was ambitious,

THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

might have done, to seek his fortune in the great city where there were more opportunities.

That the theatre in London should have attracted him rather than the business of glover, butcher, and malt merchant, we can well understand when we learn that in twenty years he wrote thirty-six plays and six long poems. It is probable that the boy had always been interested in the theatre and acting, for the people of Stratford were most cordial to the troupes of strolling players who came to town.

When Shakespeare arrived in London, there were two theatres, *The Rose* and *The Curtain*. He may at first have held the horses of the

nobles who came to the play. Then he probably was employed as a call boy. He became an actor before he began to write plays, and later we know that he played small parts in his own comedies. He played Adam in *As You Like It.* While acting had taught him how to write plays, he seems not to have enjoyed his work as an actor. He was much more interested in play-writing. This work he probably began by adapting old plays to the English stage. Then, from some old chronicles and from some of the popular romances of the time, he borrowed his plots which he so transformed and enlivened by his genius that he created new plays.

Shakespeare was growing more and more distinguished as a playwright. By the time he was thirty-eight years old, he had written twenty-four plays which included *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, his most charming comedies; *Hamlet*, and *Romeo and Juliet* among his tragedies, and the whole series of plays based on English history. The fame of his plays brought Shakespeare the friendship of all the people of the day who were making English history. Queen Elizabeth became his patron.

Somewhere in his plays, he expresses for all of us thoughts and feelings that we ourselves have. Each of us finds himself in some character that lives in Shakespeare's plays.

As an actor, a manager, and a playwright, Shakespeare had succeeded and made money. From time to time he bought property in Stratford and there he went to live in the last years of his life in a fine large house, New Place. Fifty-two years from the day he was born he died, April 23, 1616. In the beautiful old church at Stratford he lies beside the river he loved.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Give three reasons why a genius like Shakespeare adds to the welfare of the world.
2. Shakespeare said that an actor must "hold the mirror up to nature." How might seeing such acting affect one's own actions?
3. What did Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's friend, mean when he wrote after Shakespeare's death, "Thou art alive still while thy book doth live and we have wits to read and praise to give"?
4. Tell the story of any Shakespearean play that seems to you to teach some important lesson.
5. In what way has Shakespeare been a great help to the world?

I expect to pass through this life once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, any good thing I can do to any fellow beings, let me do it now, and not defer or neglect it, as I shall not pass this way again. —*William Penn*

True nobility comes from goodness, not from birth. —*Selected*

You Be the Judge

1. Dan Howell is seated in a street car with his feet stretched out in the aisle. A delivery boy enters the car carrying a package. He trips over Dan's feet and falls, the package crashes to the floor, and the glass dish inside is broken. The delivery boy will, of course, be held responsible for the damage.

Should Dan assume all the blame and pay for the dish, should he merely apologize, or should he take the stand that both are equally responsible and offer to pay one half the cost of the dish?

2. Margaret and Lillian, being of the same size, frequently exchange dresses. A friend criticizes Margaret on the ground that she is "showing off," and trying to give the impression that she has more dresses than she really owns.

Should Margaret, (a) stop exchanging dresses, (b) prove to her that she is not "showing off," (c) ignore her remark?

3. Jack's parents are going away for the summer and he is to stay with one of two aunts. Aunt Kate means well but she has never been so friendly with Jack as Aunt Helen has. She,

however, is very wealthy and would give Jack many things he couldn't get at the other house. Aunt Helen is poorer, but she has a large farm, a dog, and a very jolly disposition. Jack would have to cut wood and do other chores on the farm, but he would have fun, too.

What would you do if you were Jack?

4. Eileen, Emma, and Winifred are going to spend three weeks at a summer camp. Georgia is too poor to go but needs a vacation badly. Emma suggests to Eileen and Winifred that to allow Georgia to go with them, each of them should take turns sharing their bed with Georgia and that, every day, each of them should go without one meal in the dining room.

If you were Eileen or Winifred, would you agree to this plan, would you suggest it to the camp director, or would you suggest something else?

5. Bennett has earned five dollars. His mother's birthday is coming in a week. He needs a new baseball glove for he has joined the Junior Baseball Team. His contribution of two dollars towards the fund for purchasing a motion picture machine for the school is also due.

If you were Bennett, how would you use your five dollars?

6. Tony and Peter are newsboys. Tony has sold all except three of his papers when Peter

comes along with copies of the latest edition, the headlines of which contradict the headlines in Tony's papers. Tony knows that if passersby see that Peter's paper is a later edition, he cannot sell the three that remain. Tony, therefore, asks Peter to fold his papers so that the headlines cannot be seen and to keep them that way until he has sold his three.

If you were Peter what would you do?

7. Michael goes to a shoe store to purchase a pair of shoes. After trying on several pairs, he finds one pair which suits him perfectly. They fit, are comfortable, neat, and look durable. Although Michael feels that the price is fair, he wants to buy the shoes at the lowest possible price.

If you were Michael, would you, (a) pretend that you are not entirely satisfied with the shoes, (b) try to persuade the storekeeper that the price is too high, (c) offer him a lower price for them?

8. Amy and Florence are candidates for class president in the 8B grade. Both girls are good scholars. Amy has been captain of the Traffic Squad and Florence has been chairman of the Dramatic Committee. Amy's friend's make public the fact that, in the first part of the seventh year, Florence was brought before the Disciplinary Board charged with creating disorder during the recess and also at the change

of classes. There have been no charges against Florence since that time. Amy has a clean record.

If you were casting a vote would you, (a) ignore Florence's former misdeed, (b) inquire if Amy had allowed the statement concerning Florence to be made public, (c) vote for Amy?

9. In 1922, the children of Wales sent out this message which was intended to promote world-wide peace:

"We, boys and girls of the principality of Wales and Monmouthshire, greet with a cheer the boys and girls of every country under the sun.

"Will you, millions of you, join in our prayer that God will bless the hearts of the good men and women of every race and people who are doing their best to settle old quarrels without fighting? Then there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and kill one another."

What reply would you make to this message?

10. Charles insists on having put up in his lunch box, cheese which he likes but which has a very strong odor. His sister says it annoys the people who sit near him in the lunch room and she asks him not to take the cheese. Charles claims that this cheese is healthful and the people near him have no right to say what he

shall eat for his lunch. They appeal to a friend to settle the question.

If you were the friend, what would you say?

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS TO READ

King Penguin. Richard Horne. Macmillan.

Sir Marrok. Allen French. Century Co.

Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Selma Lagerlof. Doubleday Doran.

Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. Doubleday Doran.

The Spy. James Fenimore Cooper.

A Tale of Two Cities. Dickens.

The River Man. Stewart Edward White. Doubleday Doran.

The Traveler's Shoes. Laurence Housman. Harcourt.

The Griffin and the Minor Canon. Frank Stockton. Scribner's Sons.

The Selfish Giant. Oscar Wilde. Putnam.

Aunt Cynthia Dallet. Sarah Orne Jewett.

PLAYS

The Bluebird. Maurice Maeterlinck.

"World Concord." From *Dramatic Moments in American History* by Hague and Chalmers. The University Publishing Co.

Each one is bound to make the little circle in which he lives happier and better. Bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow. —*A. P. Stanley*

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
—*R. Greene*

The Great Gift

CHARITY

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen, *I must love*—I must love God, who created not only this earth but also all men of all races, nations, and creeds, who are my brothers. I must love my parents, my home, my neighbors, my country, and be loyal to all these.

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CHARLES LAMB, THE ENGLISH ESSAY WRITER

The House in the Shadow

"What is the secret of your life," asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me that I may make mine beautiful too." He replied, "I had a friend."

Charles Lamb was born in London, in 1775. When still a young man, he lost his parents, and was left with the sole care of his sister Mary who was subject to periods of insanity. During the time when her mind was clear, she and her brother were great friends. They were both writers and one helped the other. The following story tells of their last home in Edmonton, a suburb of London.

The House in the Shadow

"EDMONTON!" called the conductor.

I descended from the bus and presently found my way to Church Street in the quiet little suburb of London. I was looking for the cottage which, nearly one hundred years ago, had been the home of Charles Lamb and his brilliant but extremely unfortunate sister, Mary. I had been told in London that the little house had been sold and was now in the possession of a lady who was planning extensive alterations. I, therefore, hurried to Edmonton hoping to see the former home of the Lambs before the alterations were made.

When I arrived at the gate, I saw I was too late. The carpenters had finished their work and the painters were busy. There were a ladder

and two pails of paint in the pathway, and through the open window I could see a man painting the side walls. The door was ajar so I entered.

"I came to look the old place over," I explained, "but I am too late. You have made everything new."

THE HOME OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

"Yes, Miss," replied the young painter as he came down from the ladder, "it's almost a new house."

"Except, perhaps, that," I indicated a very old fireplace and mantelpiece.

"Yes, Miss, we've had orders to leave that as it is, though when the plumbers have put in a heating system I can't see why we need that. In my opinion, it spoils the look of the whole house."

"Perhaps the lady who owns the house has sentimental reasons for keeping this one thing in the house as it used to be. You know, do you not, that this is the house which was occupied by the English writer and his clever sister?"

"Yes, Miss, I have heard that Charles Lamb lived here. I guess he died here, too. His grave is over yonder in the churchyard. Lamb's the man who used to write essays, isn't he, Miss?"

I nodded. "Fine ones, too," I added. "He is one of the greatest of essayists."

"I read one once about how the Chinese discovered that roast pig was good to eat. That was a funny one." He smiled. "But," he added very seriously, "I did not know his sister was clever. I heard she was insane, Miss."

"She was at times, but a good deal of the time she was just as sane as you or I. She had spells of being out of her mind, or as she herself expressed it 'the shadows came over her,' and for weeks she was not her normal self."

"Then what would her brother do?" asked the young painter who appeared interested.

"He would get somebody—usually a nurse, to take care of her. If her spell was very bad, he would take her by the hand and lead her to the asylum. When she was well again he brought her home. Somehow, he always knew how to manage her."

"Hard luck, I call it, Miss. And how long did this go on?"

"As long as he lived he took care of his sister. He was very fond of her."

"Risky business. If I had been in Lamb's

boots, I'd have left her in the asylum when I once got her there."

"Perhaps you would have done just as Charles Lamb did. He did devote his whole life to caring for his sister and when her mind was clear, they enjoyed one another's companionship immensely. Why, Lamb himself says that her absences from home 'cut great sad slices out of the time we can live together!'"

The painter seemed a little perplexed that a brother could have been so devoted. I happened to think of a passage I had marked in the book I carried. It was a letter written by Mary Lamb to a friend.

"Perhaps you would like me to read this," I said. "You will then see how devoted Mary Lamb was to her brother."

I began: "'We are still in Temple Lane, but I am sitting in a room you never saw. Soon after you left we were distressed by the cries of a cat, which seemed to proceed from the garrets adjoining ours, and only separated from ours by a locked door, on the farther side of my brother's bedroom, which you know was the little room at the top of the stairs. We had the lock forced and let poor puss out from behind the panel of the wainscot, and she lived with us from that time, for we were in gratitude bound to keep her, as she had introduced us to four untenanted, unowned rooms, and by degrees we have taken

possession of these unclaimed apartments—first putting up lines to dry our clothes, then moving my brother's bed into one of these, more commodious than his own. And last winter, my brother being unable to pursue the work he had begun, owing to the kind interruptions of friends who had more leisure than himself, I persuaded him that he might write at ease in one of these rooms, as he could not hear himself being denied to be at home which was sure to make him call out and convict the poor maid in a fib. Here, I said, he might be almost really not at home. So I put in an old grate, and made him a fire in the largest of these garrets, and carried in one table, and one chair and bid him write away.

"'I left him quite delighted with his new acquisition, but in a few hours he came down again with a sadly dismal face. He could do nothing, he said with those bare whitewashed walls before his eyes. He could not write in that dull, unfurnished room.

"'The next day before he came home from his office, I had gathered up various bits of old carpet to cover the floor; and to break the blank look of the bare walls, I hung up a few old prints that we had used to ornament the kitchen; and after dinner with great boast of the improvement I had made, I took Charles once more to his study. A week of busy work followed in

which I think you would not have disliked to have been our assistant. My brother and I almost covered the walls with prints, and our poor despised garret has become our favorite sitting room.' "

"So you see," I said to the painter, "they were truly devoted one to the other. Charles caring for his sister when 'the shadows came' and she in turn encouraging him in his work."

"I can see that now, Miss."

"Besides, if Charles Lamb had not been so kind to his sister, if he had put her away the first time she lost her reason, a fine book for children would never have been written. This was what is now called, "Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare," the work of both. These charming stories of the plays of Shakespeare have been enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of children on both sides of the Atlantic."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Explain what is meant by the expression "Into each life some rain must fall."

2. If Charles Lamb had left his sister in the asylum, would either he or she have been happy? Give reasons.

3. How did Lamb and his sister show their affection for one another?

4. In what ways can you show kindness to cripples, to the deaf, to the blind and to those who are unable to talk?

5. Have you any duty toward the poor or the sick who are not related to you in any way? What?

The Magic of Kindness

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in others.—*Landon*

IT was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting patiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again.

She turned presently, and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, isn't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, isn't it? I'm most froze today, bein' lame and wimbly; and not selling much makes me kind of down-hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm the cockles of my heart!"

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her

rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindliness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, shoe laces, and colored soap. The lady's act was not done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. —*Louisa M. Alcott*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Did it require courage or just friendship for the lady in black to do what she did? Explain.
2. What appeals most to you about this story?
3. Tell about some kindly act which you have seen or read.
4. Give instances of kindly deeds performed by some famous Americans.

Glass Houses

[A ONE-ACT PLAY]

If there were no hearers, there would be no back-biters.
—*George Herbert*

CHARACTERS

Jessie Bradley, *Secretary of the Social Service Club in the Whittier Junior High School.*
Anne Bradley, *her younger sister in the Seventh grade.*
Willard Bradley, *their brother, a student in the second year of high school.*
Mrs. Bradley, *their mother.*
Ethel Sumner, *a classmate of Jessie's.*

TIME: A Day Just Before Thanksgiving.

PLACE: The Bradleys' Sitting Room.

The Bradleys live in a town where each house is surrounded by a strip of lawn and garden and where the hedges are low so that it is quite possible to see what is going on in the neighboring yards.

The sitting room is a cheerful room, though the furniture is a little shabby. Two large windows look across the lawn and street to the Mason's house opposite. Between the windows is a drop-leaf table at which Ethel and Jessie sit sewing and talking. There are some stockings and other garments which the girls are repairing on the table. On the right, there is a fireplace in which a fire is burning. On either side of the fireplace is a door. On the left, there is a wall with a book-

case in the middle and a desk at one side and an arm chair on the other. Anne Bradley sits at the desk doing her home work. On one side of the fireplace is a small sofa, on the other side stands an easy chair. There are pictures and lamps in appropriate places.

JESSIE. The Masons went away last night though school doesn't close until tomorrow.

ETHEL. Yes. Julia Mason told me that they were going to spend Thanksgiving with her grandmother. She hated to miss two days of school.

JESSIE. She would. She thinks that if she is away it may spoil her chance of being in the Christmas play and being a candidate for president of the Social Service Club.

ETHEL. She minds missing her lessons and spoiling the attendance. She explained that to Miss Spencer.

JESSIE. What good did that do?

ETHEL. Miss Spencer said she wouldn't count Julia's absence against the class as it was unavoidable.

JESSIE. Julia would make herself solid with Miss Spencer.

ANNE (*moving around and looking at the girls*). I thought you liked Julia.

JESSIE. Why of course I like her, but I don't think she's perfect.

(*Anne looks at Ethel and laughs. Before Jessie can speak again Mrs. Bradley comes in.*)

MRS. BRADLEY. You girls ought to be out in this glorious air.

JESSIE. We have to get these things done. The poor children need them. They ought to have a happy Thanksgiving.

MRS. BRADLEY. Do you need any help?

ETHEL. Thank you, Mrs. Bradley, we can finish this pile quite easily and you must have lots of darning to do for the family.

MRS. BRADLEY (*laughing*). Yes, sometimes I think I would like to organize a branch of the Social Service Club in this house.

ANNE. Mother, do you mean charity begins at home?

JESSIE. Now, Mother, I do help some. Besides, darning Willard's socks isn't half as interesting . . . (*She stops as she sees something out of the window that attracts her attention.*) There is a cat on the Mason's porch. I do believe they have gone away and left her.

ANNE. Oh, they wouldn't do a mean thing like that.

ETHEL. Sometimes people are thoughtless about animals.

JESSIE. Mother, Mrs. Chester has turned the corner. Do you suppose she is coming here? I can't bear her. She never says anything but disagreeable things about the people she knows.

(*As Jessie has been making this last remark Willard Bradley comes into the room and stands listening.*

When she has finished, he rattles the fire irons violently. Everybody jumps and exclaims.)

ANNE. Willard, you brute!

WILLARD. What are you objecting to. I wanted to join the "knocking" party.

(*The door bell rings.*)

JESSIE. Just as I thought, Mrs. Chester. Now for a list of everybody's failings.

WILLARD. The pot calling the kettle black.

(*Jessie looks angrily at him.*)

MRS. BRADLEY. Mrs. Chester does very kind things. Don't you remember the care she took of that family who lived over the track when their house was burned down?

JESSIE. I know she did, but she talked all the time of how much the boys ate and that they didn't show any proper gratitude.

ETHEL. It is so very easy to make disagreeable remarks.

(*There is a long drawn out "meow" from the cat.*)

JESSIE. There is that poor cat the Masons left.

WILLARD. Where? (*He goes to the window.*) I'll go after it. I met the Masons just as they were going for the train. They asked me to look out for their cat. It had run away from the garage man who was going to take care of it. They almost lost the train they were so worried about Puss.

(*He goes out.*)

NURSING AN INJURED DOG

ANNE (*turning around and speaking to Jessie*). Do you think you were fair to the Masons?

JESSIE (*in an apologetic tone*). I'd hate to be like Mrs. Chester.

[*CURTAIN*]

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Under what circumstances is it wise to be "blind" to the shortcomings of others?

2. What truth or falsity is there in the statement that "We dislike in others our own worst fault"?

3. Debate the question: Resolved that charity of thought and speech has helped more than deeds of charity.

4. Explain what is meant by "Charity begins at home."

A Rough Ride

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world.—*Bacon*

"WELL, what are you staring at?" asked the horseman.

"Your mare," said I, standing stoutly up. "I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride on her?"

"Thinkest thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her. Tut! I would be loath to kill thee."

"Ride her!" I cried with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; "there never was horse but I could tackle in half-an-hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take those leathers off her."

He looked at me with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his breeches-pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And my sister Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed, and approved her for doing so. And the worst of all was—he said nothing.

"Get away, Annie, will you?—Do you think I am a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not over-ride her."

"For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker

to over-ride thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbages. And the mellow straw-bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother's cousin, boy, and am going up to the house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows; and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once! Tom Faggus, and his young blood-mare, the strawberry! Already her fame was noised abroad; and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it.

Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me by fair-play; but the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me, especially as there were rumours abroad that she was not a mare after all, but a witch.

However, she looked like a mare all over, and wonderfully beautiful, with her supple stride, and soft slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water, and striking eyes full of love or of fire.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life.

"Up for it still, boy, be ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped too; and they looked at me provokingly.

Courtesy United Artists Corporation

WELL-FED AND WELL-TREATED HORSES

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is a good take-off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie, so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the joke was.

"Good tumble-off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family, and know the thickness of their skulls."

"Let me get up," said I, waxing wroth; "take off your saddle-bag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Mr. Faggus was quickly on his mettle at this proud speech of mine, for half-a-dozen of the farm-men had now gathered round us. He gave one glance around, and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance, and stupid ways, here was I in a duel, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as a herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the mare, who now could scarce subdue herself. But she drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the straw-heap. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment.

She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight on her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers.

"Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on. "Gee wugg, Polly, and show what thou art made of." With that I plugged my heels into her, and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless, she remained quiet, though her eyes were frightening Annie; but she curbed to

and fro, with her strong forelegs rising, like springs ingathered; waiting and quivering, and beginning to sweat about it.

Then her master gave a shrill, clear whistle, when her ears were bent towards him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hindlegs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright in the air, and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled worse than ever I did in a school-fight; then down with her forefeet deep in the straw, and her hindfeet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before or since.

She drove full-head at the wall—"Oh Jack, slip off!" screamed Annie—then she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. "If you kill me you shall die with me," I cried.

Then she took the court-yard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then right over a quickset hedge, and away for the water-meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child in its mother's arms, and wished I had never been born.

Straight away, all in front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her, she flew. All I knew of the speed we made was the frightful

flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away, and the air left far behind us, and my breath came and went.

All the while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and dug my toes into her flank, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then, in her fury at feeling me there still, she rushed at another device, and leaped the wide water-trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me.

The hazel-boughs struck me hard in the face, and the tall dog-briars got hold of me, and my back ached, till I longed to give up, and lie there and die in the cresses.

But there came a shrill whistle from up the home-hill, where the people had hurried to watch us; and the mare stopped as if with a bullet; then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently.

I never had dreamed of such graceful motion, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it; and at last, as she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the straw-heap.

—From Lorna Doone by R. D. Blackmore

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. How can you tell that there is a real sympathy between Tom Faggus and his mare?
2. Give instances to prove that animals often repay kindness shown them.
3. Do you think the boy mentioned in the story was brave, boastful, or stupid? Explain.
4. Relate some experience showing how *boastfulness* was at the root of some dispute or argument.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything. —*Johnson*

All speech written or spoken is a dead language until it finds a willing and prepared hearer.
—*Stevenson*

Time to me this truth has taught,
('Tis a treasure worth revealing)
More offend by want of thought,
Than by want of feeling.
—*Charles Swain*

The ornament of a house are the friends that frequent it. —*Mark Twain*

If Happiness has not her seat,
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great.
But never can be blest.
—*Robert Burns*

Phoebe's Daughter

It is much easier to be critical than correct.
—*Earl of Beaconsfield*

CAROLINE'S attention wandered from the treatise on foreign missions. She closed the magazine on her jeweled fingers and glanced at her husband who was deeply engrossed in a game of chess.

"I must do something for sister Phoebe's child." Her low-pitched voice was full of sympathy, but Richard continued to move his chess men as though he had not heard.

"It was so sudden and so sad—so very, very sad," she continued softly. "I cannot reconcile myself to her going and leaving a baby with a father who is so thoughtless." She sighed. Richard was absorbed in his chess. "If the baby had been a boy, it would not seem so unfortunate. A boy can endure the hard knocks of the world, but a girl, a poor little motherless girl! My heart bleeds for her. But there, Richard, you never could understand that side of my nature."

"Perhaps not," Richard answered.

She re-opened her magazine and tried to concentrate her attention on the marvelous progress the missionaries were making in West China. For some moments there was silence in the big

library, broken only by the crackling of the logs in the fireplace. Then Caroline sighed again and laid aside her magazine.

"I have decided what I shall do for sister Phoebe's child. I will invest some money for her. It will come in handy when she grows up."

Richard laid aside his chess board. "If you wish to see your bankers in the morning, I'll tell John you will want the carriage."

"Let me think," replied Caroline. "It seems to me there is something—yes, I remember. I have an important engagement tomorrow, but I will see my bankers very shortly. After all there is no great hurry as the baby is only a month old. I am sure this investment I am going to make would have pleased my poor sister Phoebe. I wish I could have told her before she went. But, of course, she must have known that if anything happened to her I would always take care of the baby. Do you know, Richard, I think she must have had that thought the last night? In fact, I am sure she had for when you and I were standing by her bedside, she looked up and smiled as though she had nothing to worry about."

"I remember the smile," replied Richard, who had drawn a letter from his pocket and was making some notes on the back of it. He reached over to the calendar on the table and tore off a page.

"Tomorrow will be the first of March," observed Richard.

"Dear me," said Caroline glancing at the calendar. "March first! How time flies!"

Fifteen years passed. Caroline still lived in the white mansion on the hill. The town had gradually spread and built out toward her vast acres which she had busily converted into building sites. During the long monotonous evenings she still read with deep interest literature on foreign missions and Richard's zeal for chess continued unabated. Caroline sometimes remarked that Phoebe's daughter as she grew older came to resemble the dear mother more and more. The girl and her father still lived in the same shabby little green cottage at the foot of the hill. Phoebe's daughter worked hard. She prepared the breakfast in the morning and filled her father's dinner pail. In the evening, when he returned, she had supper ready for him. The few hours she could snatch from her household duties she spent at the village school.

Caroline stopped occasionally to see her niece but seldom got out of the carriage and never stayed long, either because she disliked the girl's father or because she did not wish to keep the spirited horses standing. On none of these visits had Phoebe's daughter ever complained of her lot. She attacked the daily tasks with such cheerful zeal that she won the admiration

of Caroline who frequently, in the evenings, told Richard that the girl inherited stamina from her mother's side of the family.

Then one cold day in midwinter Caroline's doubt of the dependability of the girl's father was justified. The boy who came up the hill with the groceries volunteered the information that, two days before, the father had packed up his things and left a note to the effect that he was going west to stay. Caroline immediately hastened down the hill to offer her sympathy.

"I must do something for sister Phoebe's daughter," she said to Richard that evening. "Now that she is alone there is nothing to keep her in that miserable little cottage. Dear Phoebe would want her daughter well educated. I will send her away to school."

Richard pushed aside some of Caroline's building plans to make room for his chess board.

"Yes," continued Caroline, "I must select a good school. It will be expensive, but I feel I would like to make the child independent and happy. To make others happy is the joy of my life. But there, you never did understand, Richard," she added reproachfully.

Richard scowled.

Several months later, Caroline called upon her sister Phoebe's daughter. The bare little sitting room was quite changed in appearance.

Tall bookcases extending around two sides of the room were completely filled with the world's best literature. A large green shaded reading lamp stood on the center table under the light of which sat Phoebe's daughter and two young women who turned out to be the village school teachers. She had taken them to board. Caroline left feeling that her niece was quite contented.

One day, several years later, Phoebe's daughter confided to Richard that she would be married shortly to a young engineer on the railroad. When Richard told Caroline, she was both interested and pleased as she had heard the young man was steady and industrious.

"I must make her a handsome wedding present, something that will be of real assistance to them in their new life. Let me see, what shall it be? Ah, I have it—just the thing for them. What a happy thought!" The magazine on foreign missions dropped unheeded to the floor, as she turned to her husband. Her voice was so full of enthusiasm that Richard paused. "I am going to have that little cottage modernized and thoroughly renovated inside and out, all the newest improvements, fixtures, plumbing, lighting and heating. Then it will look nice. They will love it!"

A few weeks later when Caroline and Richard were driving from church they passed the little

cottage at the foot of the hill. Caroline noticed with surprise that the porch had been enlarged, the cottage painted and roof shingled.

"I quite approve of my niece's husband. He is, indeed, industrious. He has made the house quite presentable."

"It's cozy inside," said Richard.

Twenty years passed. Caroline and Richard continued to live in the mansion on the hill, and Phoebe's daughter in the little cottage in the valley. Caroline had discarded John and the team of spirited horses for Remson and a beautiful car. She spent her days looking after her estate and her evenings in reading literature on philanthropy and foreign missions. Richard still continued interested in chess. Phoebe's daughter had several children and she spent both her days and evenings in caring for them. Her husband was assigned to long runs on the railroad and was frequently away for days at a time.

One morning Caroline, reading her paper at the breakfast table, saw the news of a train wreck that had occurred the night before, and read the names of the dead. She immediately called for her car and hurried down the hill to pour out her sympathy upon Phoebe's heart-broken daughter. Richard went quietly about and arranged the details of the funeral.

"Phoebe's daughter is a brave woman, but

this will break her," prophesied Caroline sadly. "My heart bleeds for her. I must help her and the poor children. I have decided to give her a monthly allowance."

"If you wish me to go to your bankers with you—" began Richard.

"We will see, not tomorrow. I haven't decided upon the amount yet, you see, no, but very shortly, perhaps next week."

Richard did not feel well so he gave up his game early and leaving Caroline sitting by the grate considering what she should do for her niece, he went to bed. The next day he was very ill and the doctor was called in. Three days later he died.

Caroline went into deep mourning and was inconsolable. She spent most of her time in the big library where she and Richard had spent so many evenings. It was here Phoebe's daughter found her when she came to call about a week after the funeral. Caroline sat near the fireplace gazing sadly at a portrait of Richard she had placed over the mantel.

"Poor, poor Richard," began Caroline. "I miss him so much. It seems but yesterday when he was sitting over there playing chess. He was a good man. He never scolded, was never irritable, but somehow—"

"Yes?"

"He could not appreciate my sympathy for

others. He never quite understood," Caroline sighed.

"He was kind and sympathetic and, of course, he understood you." Phoebe's daughter glanced at the letter in her hand. "He has made me independent," she added softly.

"Independent?"

"Many, many years ago, when I was only a month old, he invested some money for me."

Caroline roused herself. "Was that investment made on March 1st in the year of your birth?" Phoebe's daughter nodded. Caroline was silent a moment and then said as though to herself. "I remember the occasion."

Long after Phoebe's daughter had taken her departure, Caroline remained seated motionless near the fireplace. When finally she summoned courage to meet the eyes in the portrait she knew that she had been understood only too well.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. What is a procrastinator?
2. Would you agree with the statement that "Caroline is a procrastinator"? Explain.
3. What goes to show that Richard had understood Caroline only too well?
4. Who felt the real sympathy for Phoebe's daughter, Richard or Caroline? Explain.

You Be the Judge

1. Rodney is a very intelligent boy but he has a weakness for argument. He waits for the chance to disagree with some one. He always offers information on all topics with a tone of authority. He is constantly picking out mistakes his friends make. He often makes tactless remarks and consequently has very few friends.

One day, while he was at school, the team had just won a hard-fought football game, the first that year. The hero, whose name was Williams, had made the winning touchdown and was being carried down the street on the shoulders of a group of boys. As they passed Rodney, he said something about "dubs with haloes." The next minute the boys were making a rush after him.

If you were Williams, would you interfere in Rodney's behalf?

2. Edith tells Jane that Martha has been saying mean things about Jane. Jane and Martha have been good friends for a long time.

Should Jane discontinue her friendship with Martha without telling the cause, should she tell Martha what Edith told her, or should she act as though nothing had happened?

3. Mary has offended a very good friend of hers who is extremely sensitive. Mary is very sorry and apologizes to her. She does not accept Mary's apology and continues to feel hurt. Mary does not want to lose her friendship.

Should Mary write her friend a letter, should she try to see her again and offer a more complete apology, or should she seek the aid of a mutual friend?

4. A young man who had invented an air brake came to the office of the president of a railroad to sell his invention. The president laughed at him and said, "I have no time to waste on fools." The young man visited the manager of another railroad, who not only accepted his invention but also advanced money to improve it. When the president of the other road heard of the young man's air brake, he wrote him a note setting a date for a conference. The young inventor returned the president's letter with these words written across the top, "I have no time to waste on fools."

a. Do you think this was a cheap way of "getting even"?

b. Was the young man justified in doing this?

c. Would it have been better to have answered the letter politely?

What answer would you have made?

5. An editorial from a newspaper states:

"Could the members of the canine world say,

"Thank you," many of them would bark their approval of the act of the governor of one of the states who signed a bill against ear-cropping and tail-cutting."

Christopher is going to have the tail of his fox terrier cut. What arguments can you offer to persuade him from doing this?

6. A party of boys and girls were going to a picnic. The bus was crowded and was about to start when Edna came hurrying along the street late as usual. She was very much disappointed when she found she could not go and her eyes filled with tears.

Jennie, her friend, immediately jumped out of the bus and said, "Take my seat. I have been there many times."

Should Jennie have given up her seat or should Edna have been taught to come early?

7. Fred had been sent by his mother to an employment agency. He had been told to apply for a man who could take care of the furnace, clear away the snow, and make himself useful about the house. As he neared the corner, he saw a man sitting trying to keep warm. Presently, Fred saw a half-starved dog approach him. The man patted the dog and, taking from his pocket a small package, he unwrapped it. In it was a roll. He broke it in half and giving one half to the dog, he re-wrapped the other and put it back into his pocket.

Should Fred employ this man because he was kind to dogs or should he go to the employment agency as his mother had directed?

8. Alice is on her way home with a little kitten which she has bought. Some children gather round to admire it as she puts it on the ground. A small boy of six runs into the group and kicks the kitten.

If you were Alice, would you, (a) say nothing, (b) slap the boy, (c) tell the children to treat the little boy as he had treated the kitten, or (d) would you do something else?

9. Jimmie Dale is making up his Christmas list. He has one friend who is quite poor and one whose parents are wealthy. All three are good friends.

Should Jimmie spend more money for the wealthy boy's present on the ground that he is used to expensive gifts?

10. Jack Henderson stutters badly. Every time he speaks, all the boys laugh at him. Jack is a shy boy and he stutters worse when the boys laugh.

If you were Jack's friend, would you try to persuade the boys not to poke fun, would you fight them, or would you call them cowards and bullies?

Love makes obedience lighter than liberty.

—*R. W. Alger*

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS TO READ

The Bee Man of Orn. F. R. Stockton. Scribner's Sons.
The Old Tobacco Shop. William Bowen. Macmillan.
Billy Barnicoat. G. MacDonald. Dutton.
A Christmas Carol. Charles Dickens.
Little Citizens. Myra Kelly. Little, Brown Co.
Twilight Land. Howard Pyle. Harper.
Margaret Ogilvie. James Barrie. Scribner's Sons.
Old Curiosity Shop. Charles Dickens.
The Gift of the Magi. O. Henry.
Whitey, A Penrod Story. Booth Tarkington.

Plays

Spreading the News. Lady Augusta Gregory.
The Patchwork Quilt. Rachel Field.
Benjamin Franklin—Journeyman. Constance Mackay.
Seven Ages of Giving. Florence M. Wallace.

Life is a mirror, if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you. —*James T. Field*

The least flower with a brimming cup may stand and share the dewdrops with another.
—*Elizabeth F. Browning*

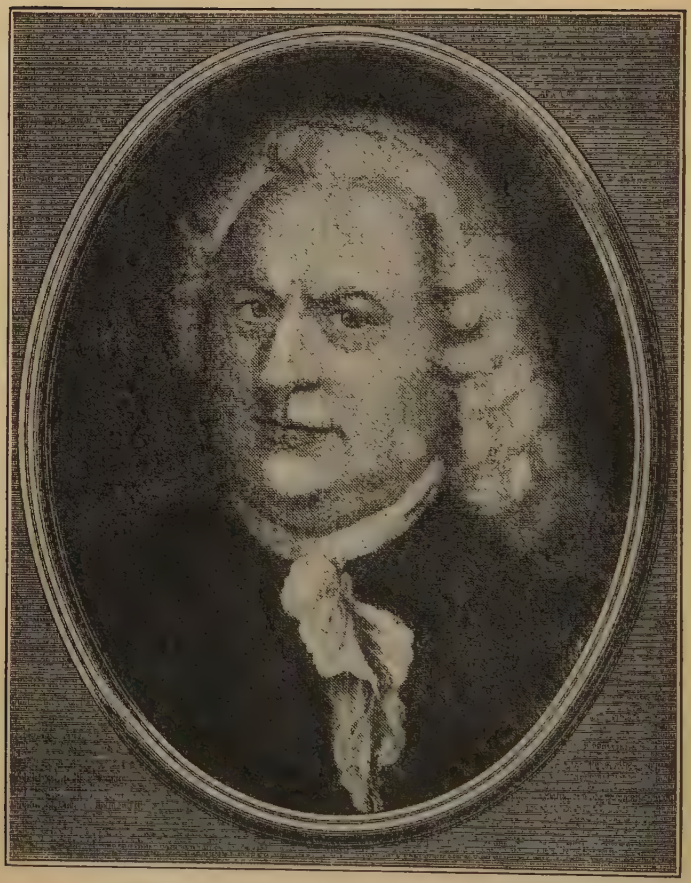
The true sage is not he who sees, but he who, seeing farthest, has the deepest love for mankind. He who sees without loving is only showing his eyes in the dark. —*Maeterlinck*

Little, vicious minds abound with anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the pleasure of forgiving their enemies. —*Chesterfield*

Pathways of the Strong

Humility and Reverence

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen, *I must know that there are always more things to learn*—What I may know is small compared to what can be known. I must respect all who have more wisdom than I, and have reverence for all that is good. And I must know how and whom to obey.



Johann Sebastian Bach, the Humble Genius of Music

The Humble Genius

Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.
—*Chalmers*

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH married a musical wife. They had twelve children, so that if you had walked down the street in Leipzig, where the Bach family lived, you would, doubtless, have heard the music of a small orchestra sounding from their sitting room. Music was their work and their play. They made their living by it, and it made life worth living for them. But that was the way of the Bach family.

Vict Bach was a jolly miller of Thuringia who played his zither while his mill wheel turned. In fact, for two hundred years before Johann's birth in Eisenach, the family had been so associated with music that the people of the city had come to call the town pipers "*Bachs*" whether any of that family belonged to the group or not.

From the time he was a tiny boy, Johann Sebastian Bach showed musical talent. His ability was so great that it aroused the jealousy of his oldest brother who had become his guardian and teacher. The boy, who longed to study, was forbidden to do more than the amount appointed by his stern brother. Neither

was Johann allowed to buy any music. Most cruel of all, a copy that the boy had made of a volume of the organ music of the best composers of the day, collected by his brother, was burned before his eyes. Those eyes he had almost ruined by working secretly for six months by the uncertain moonlight to copy the manuscript.

Bach, when he was fifteen, began to make some money for himself for he had a beautiful voice, and the choir of the school took part in weddings and funerals as well as in singing as they marched through the streets. In three months time they made one hundred seventy dollars which was a great deal of money in those days. There was another school choir in the same town so that the rivalry between the two resulted in much fighting and little singing. Whereupon, the authorities stepped in and divided the town in two sections allotting one to each choir.

As he grew older, Bach lost his beautiful voice but as he played exceedingly well on the violin, on the clavier, and on the organ, he had the means of musical expression that he needed. At the school of the Benedictine Monks of St. Michael's he found musical companionship, and above all a magnificent library of musical compositions in manuscript to which new compositions were constantly being added. His own

BACH'S BIRTHPLACE IN EISENACH, GERMANY

great uncle, Heinrich, and his uncle, Johann Christopher, were represented among the composers in this great collection.

Hamburg was only thirty miles from Luneberg, so that Bach walked to the city frequently to visit his cousin and hear the great organist, Reinken. Once on his way to Hamburg he sat in front of an inn, tired and famished for he had spent all of his money and was only half way on his journey. The delicious odor of roasting meat added to the young musician's hunger. Suddenly, as he was bemoaning his hard fate, a window was opened and two fish heads were thrown at him. He turned them over with his toe, feeling that here was insult added to injury, when, behold, in each there was a Danish ducat!

Some traveler had seen his plight and had played this generous trick on the young wayfarer.

From the time Bach was a little boy, he composed fugues for the clavier and for chorus. Some of the chorales, the sacred songs of the people, that he wrote when he was sixteen are full of beauty.

Finally, when Bach was eighteen, he was appointed as musician to the reigning Duke of Weimar. Weimar was a great German musical center. After a while he went to Arnstadt. Besides playing the organ, he played the violin in the orchestra of the Grand Duke. Then he directed a small choir and had a musical society. So he had plenty of opportunity to try out his own compositions. But he was always anxious to learn from others so he asked leave of the church authorities to go to Lubeck where a Danish organist of great musicianship had charge of the music. There is gossip that Bach might have succeeded to the Dane's position and salary if he had been willing to marry his eldest daughter as well. For in some towns, in those days, the incoming organist of the church must wed the eldest daughter of the retiring organist. As the organist's daughter was much older than Bach, and was rumored to have a shrewish disposition, beside being ugly Bach decided to retreat back to his Arnstadt position.

By this time, Bach was thoroughly unhappy

in the little town where he was scolded by the church authorities who considered his originality a crime. So he got a position at a salary of eighty-five gilden, "some corn, wood, kindling, and three pounds of fish a year," at Mulhausen where he married "Maria Barbara Bach, the youngest daughter of the late very respectable and famous artist, Herr Michael Bach, organist here in our house of God by the favor of our gracious ruler."

Bach wrote much music here, for his work was highly appreciated by the people of the surrounding towns as well as by those of Mulhausen. But, as is often the case, Bach's genius aroused jealousy, and presently he was glad to return to Weimar where his Royal and Serene Highness made him free of his court, his chapel, and his chamber music. At Weimar, Bach wrote the greater part of his organ music. He also traveled from place to place giving organ recitals, and testing new organs.

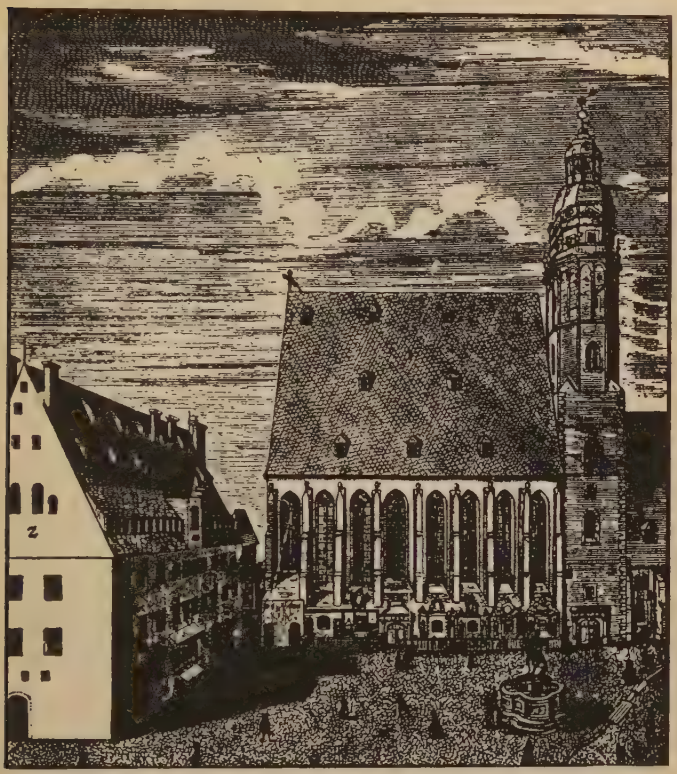
Bach was the greatest organist of his day. There is an amusing story told of his contest with Merchaud, the organist to the King of France and a famous clavier player. This musician had made himself very objectionable to the director of the Dresden orchestra, by his conceit and his airs. So, when Bach visited Dresden, the conductor arranged that Bach should play at a concert immediately after the

Frenchman. The French musician played some variations on a French air. Bach took his seat quietly at the clavier, played a brief prelude, then he improvised twelve variations on the same air that the other organist had used and entirely eclipsed the latter's really fine playing. Bach then challenged his rival to a musical competition. The Frenchman accepted, but when the day arrived and the company had assembled, he had disappeared.

Bach's wife died in 1700, leaving him with four children. They had all been very happy together for Bach was "of a lofty nature, generous in spirit and utterly free from jealousy," while his wife was "calm, kindly, and sympathetic with all of her husband's aspirations."

Bach presently married Anna, the daughter of the court trumpeter. She was very musical as well as possessed of a fine soprano voice. Anna had twelve children. Bach in writing to a friend in Russia said, "I can form a chorus and an orchestra of my own family."

In 1723, the whole family moved to Leipzig as Bach became cantor of the Thomas School. This move was made to give his sons educational advantages. He worked very hard in the school for he had to teach Latin to unruly boys as well as music to all of the scholars whether talented or not. He composed a cantata for every Sunday, oratorios, masses, chorales, and choruses as



THE ST. THOMAS CHURCH AND SCHOOL, LEIPZIG, WHERE BACH COMPOSED HIS FAMOUS CANTATAS

part of his duty as organist. At home, he did the gardening, helped his wife with the housework, composed and copied music, and sometimes took long walks during the quiet hours of the night.

Bach had a quick temper which sometimes led him into quarrels. Once, the organist of

St. Thomas' in playing for a rehearsal made a mistake, Bach snatched off his enormous wig and hurled it at the bungler shouting, "You would better be a cobbler."

Sometimes, he would order idle, inefficient boys from the choir, or away from the table. Because Bach had something of the hero and of the child in him, was impressionable, and tender, he was regarded by his pupils with deep admiration and affection. His quick temper was never allowed to disturb the peaceful musical atmosphere of his home.

Three years before he died Bach became blind, but this affliction did not stop his work. He dictated compositions, and overcame the discouragement of blindness. Strange to say, just before his death in 1750 his eyesight suddenly returned. His last composition dictated a few hours before his death was a chorale to the words, "Before Thy Throne Herewith I Come."

Bach was buried in St. John's churchyard in an unmarked grave. Some years later the churchyard was ploughed up and made into a street. His works were forgotten for nearly a century, but neither the grave nor the years could bury the achievement of Bach. What was there about this man who was so little conceited that he could say, "I have to be diligent, and anyone who is equally so will get on equally well." He detested flattery so that

when extravagantly praised for his playing he replied, "There is nothing wonderful about it. You have only to touch the right key at the right time and the instrument does the rest."

Bach was great as a man because he was honest, kind, appreciative of the worth of others, and reverend of his artistic ideals and of spiritual things. As a musician, by his division of the scale into twelve equal intervals, he made possible the modulation from key to key. He used all five fingers in playing, where only three had been used before, thus developing the melodic and the harmonic possibilities of the clavier, the organ, and the piano. Many of his compositions were lost, but those that were published, almost a hundred years after his death, fill sixty volumes.

In 1842, a statue was erected to Bach in Leipzig. But the enduring monument of this musician, one of the greatest of artists, is his compositions. They will last as long as there are pianists, organists, composers, and hearts and voices to raise in the praise and glory of holiness, and of beauty.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Do you agree with the statement of Cervantes that, "those who sing frighten away their ills"? Apply this statement to Beethoven who was deaf and to Bach who became blind.

2. Why did ancient people believe that evil spirits could be driven away by music?

3. Do you consider that it was undignified for Bach to help his wife with the housework? Give reasons for your answer.

4. What qualities, besides musicianship had Bach which made Frederick the Great exclaim, "There is only one Bach, one Bach"!

5. What quality did Bach's recipe for fine playing indicate that he had?

What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
—*Alfred Tennyson*

He enjoys much who is thankful for little; a grateful mind is both a great and happy mind.
—*Selected*

Make no display of your talents or attainments; for every one will clearly see, admire and acknowledge them, so long as you cover them with the beautiful veil of modesty.
—*Emmons*

The best things are the nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life. —*Anonymous*

The Reflection

Humility is the test of a truly great man.
—*John Ruskin*

MANY, many years ago there lived, in a quiet rustic spot, a young man and his wife. They had but one child, a little daughter, whom they loved with all their hearts. We cannot tell their names, for they have long been forgotten; but the name of the place where they lived was Matsuyama, in one of the provinces of Japan.

It once happened that while the little girl was still a baby, the father was obliged to go to the great city, the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was too long a journey for the mother and her little one, so he set out alone, after promising to bring home some pretty presents for both. The wife had never been farther from home than the next village, and she could not help being worried and anxious at the thought of the long journey her husband was about to take. Yet she was proud, too, for he was the first man of all in that countryside who had been to the big town where the emperor and his great nobles lived, and where there were so many beautiful and curious things to be seen.

At last the time came when she might expect her husband's return; she, therefore, dressed the

baby in her best clothes, and she put on an embroidered blue robe which she knew her husband liked. You can imagine how glad she was to see him home again, and how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight when she saw the pretty toys her father had brought for her. He had much to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen upon his long journey, and in the great capital.

"I have brought you a very curious present," said the young man to his wife. "Tell me what you see inside this."

Then he gave her a plain box which was made of wood, and, when she had opened it, she found a round piece of metal. One side of the metal looked like frosted silver, and was ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers; the other side was as bright as the clearest crystal. The young mother looked into its shining surface with wonder and delight, for there she saw smiling at her, with parted lips and bright eyes, a happy, beautiful face.

"What do you see?" asked the husband again, pleased at her astonishment, and glad to show that he himself had learned something while in the great city.

"I see a pretty woman looking at me, and she moves her lips as if she were speaking, and—how very strange—she has on a blue dress just like mine!"

©*Wide World Photos*

A Crowded Street Scene in Japan

"Why, it is your own face that you see," said the husband, proud of knowing something that his wife did not know. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror. In the city everyone has a mirror, but here no one has ever seen one."

The wife was charmed with her present, and for several days could not gaze into the mirror often enough. You must remember that, as this was the first time she had seen a mirror, it was the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own fair face. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious for everyday use, and shut it up in its box again,

and put it away carefully among her most valued treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife still lived happily. The joy and comfort of their life was their little daughter, who grew up the image of her mother, and who was so dutiful and affectionate that all in the countryside loved her.

The mother, remembering her vanity on finding herself so lovely in the mirror, kept it carefully hidden away, fearing that its use might create a spirit of pride in her little girl.

She never spoke of the mirror, and the father had quite forgotten about it. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, and knew nothing of her own good looks, or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But by-and-by misfortune came upon this happy little family. The kind, loving mother became ill; and although her daughter waited upon her day and night dutifully and faithfully, the sick woman grew worse and worse until, at last, they knew that soon she must die.

When she realized that she must leave her husband and child, the poor woman felt very sorrowful, grieving for those she should see no more, and most of all for her little daughter. She called the girl to her bedside and said, "My darling child, you know that I am very ill: soon

I must die, and leave your dear father and you alone. When I am gone, promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and every morning: there you shall see me and know that I am still watching over you."

With these words she directed the daughter to take the mirror from the secret place where it had been kept, and presented it to her. The girl promised, with tears in her eyes, to obey; and the mother, having become calm and resigned, died within a short time.

Now the daughter never forgot her mother's last request, for each morning and evening she took the mirror from its hiding-place and gazed into it long and earnestly. There she saw the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother; not pale, sickly, and old as she was in her last days, but young and beautiful as in the days of long ago. To her mother, at night, the young girl told the story of the trials and troubles of the day; and to her mother, in the morning, she looked for sympathy and encouragement in whatever task might be in store for her.

So day by day she lived as in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had always done, and careful always to avoid anything that might pain or grieve her. The maiden's greatest joy was to be able to look into the mirror and say, "Mother, I have been this day what you would have me to be."

Seeing that his daughter looked into the mirror every night and morning, and seemed to converse with it, her father at length asked her the reason for this strange behavior.

"Father," she said, "I look into the mirror every day and there see my dear mother to talk with her." Then she told him of her mother's dying wish, and that she had never failed to fulfill it.

Touched by the simplicity, and the faithful, loving obedience of his daughter the father shed tears of pity and affection. He could not find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw in the mirror was only the reflection of her own sweet face becoming day by day more and more like her dead mother's.

—*An Old Japanese Tale*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. What is the most beautiful thing to you about this story?
2. Why did the mother feel that the promise she asked of her daughter was a good one?
3. How did the promise serve to make the girl less lively?
4. Why did not the little girl's father tell her the truth about the image in the mirror?
5. When the girl grew older and realized that the image was her own, how would that knowledge affect her love for her mother's memory?

The Sand Hogs

God has given us tongues that we may say something pleasant to our fellowmen.

—*Heine*

CHARACTERS

Mr. Edmunds, *a construction engineer.*
Peter Edmunds, *a student of engineering* (*eighteen*).
Evelyn Edmunds, *his sister* (*about fourteen*).
Mrs. Edmunds, *their mother.*
Enrice } "*caisson*" *men or sand hogs.*
Manuel }
Dave, *foreman of the gang.*
O'Higgins, *a riveter.*
David Boyd, *chief engineer.*
Mr. Philip Channing, *president of the railroad.*
Nomokis, *an Indian woman servant.*

Scene One

Place: Dining Room of the Edmunds' House.

Time: Noon of a Spring Day in the North.

The room is both dining room and sitting room, for the family are on the edge of the construction camp that has been built for the engineers and workmen engaged in constructing a railroad bridge across a wide, swift river. At the back, right, there is a door opening out on a path. Through the window at the back, left, there is a view of the river and part of the bridge. On the right, is a fireplace with a door on the right leading

into the kitchen. Against the left wall is a rough bookcase with the upper shelf used for a brass tea kettle, a bright tray, a tea set in bright though coarse china. Between the bookcase and window a door leads into another room. There are three plain chairs, around a drop leaf table in the center of the room, an armchair beside the fireplace, another by the window, and a low wicker chair by the side of the table nearest the footlights.

Evelyn is sitting in the armchair by the fire. Mrs. Edmunds is sitting beside the table sewing. Peter Edmunds enters from the left. He is dressed in rough clothes worn by the workmen on the bridge.

PETER. Is Nomokis going to bring my dinner, Mother?

MRS. EDMUNDS. Yes, it is all ready.

(*Peter sits down. The Indian woman comes in through the door at the right of the fireplace and puts down a plate heaped with meat and vegetables in front of Peter. She pours out a glass of milk for him. Peter moves the plate a little and takes up his fork with an expression of satisfaction.*)

EVELYN. You're not going to eat all of that, are you?

PETER. Maybe twice as much.

EVELYN (*disgustedly*). Being a sand hog is bad enough without being the other kind as well.

PETER. That's all you know about it! When you go down in the *caisson* you have to eat a lot or you can't stand the pressure.

EVELYN. I can't understand what you want to be a common workman for.

MRS. EDMUNDS. But those *caisson* men and riveters are not common workmen.

PETER (*interrupting*). Philip Channing, the president of this road, began life as one of those "common" workmen.

MRS. EDMUNDS. Your father has gone to meet Mr. Channing.

EVELYN. Yes, I know. Is he coming here for lunch?

PETER. Which "he" are you talking about?

EVELYN. Mr. Channing, of course, Bright Boy.

MRS. EDMUNDS. Yes. He wants to inspect the bridge with Mr. Boyd and your father.

EVELYN. Then I'll see him. He's a really great man.

(*Peter has been eating busily in between remarks. He looks up as the sound of footsteps is heard outside crunching on the snow.*)

PETER. Here they come now.

(*The door at the back opens and Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Channing enter. Both men are tall and strong. Mr. Channing walks with a slight limp. He is somewhat older than Mr. Edmunds. The three, who are in the room, rise, Peter hastily gulping down the last bits of food from his plate.*)

MRS. EDMUNDS. I'm glad to see you safely

here, Mr. Channing. The spring is a dangerous time.

(*The two shake hands.*)

Mr. Edmunds. Nobody knows the dangers of bridge-building better than the engineers.

Mr. Channing. Nobody except the sand hogs and the riveters and . . .

Peter (*aside to Evelyn*). Do you hear that?

Mrs. Edmunds. My daughter and son want to shake hands with you.

(*Evelyn shakes hands shyly, Peter with some assurance.*)

Peter (*rather proudly*). If you are going down in the *caisson* of Pier 3, I'll see you down there.

Mr. Channing. Of course I'm going down among the sand hogs. Wasn't I one myself once? That's how I got this limp.

Evelyn } (*eagerly*). How?
Peter }

Mr. Channing. That's a long story.

Mr. Edmunds. President Channing is too modest to tell of his own heroism. Read the story of the Quebec Bridge.

Mr. Channing. Now, now, Edmunds! (*Then turning to Mrs. Edmunds.*) Are you used to men with large appetites?

Mrs. Edmunds (*smiling*). I consider that feeding my son and husband is my work on the bridge. (*She turns to Evelyn.*) Please ask Nomokis to bring in dinner.

EVELYN. Yes, mother.

(*She goes out into the kitchen.*)

MRS. EDMUNDS. Why don't you sit down?

PETER. I've got to go, Mr. Channing.

(*He takes a cap out of his pocket and puts it on while the two men seat themselves and Mrs. Edmunds begins to set the table, taking doylies and silver from the drawers in the bookcase. Feet are again heard crunching on the snow. Peter goes to the door. Evelyn, coming in from the kitchen, goes over to her mother and helps to set the table. As the conversation goes on, she stops and listens.*)

PETER. There's Dave!

(*He opens the door and Dave and O'Higgins stand outside. Dave is the older of the two, not tall but very broad and strong. O'Higgins is tall and strongly built.*)

DAVE. Good morning, Mrs. Edmunds!

MRS. EDMUNDS. Good morning! Come in.

O'HIGGINS (*who has nodded when Dave spoke, follows Dave into the room*). It is not so cold to-day.

(*The two foremen see Mr. Channing. Dave and Mr. Channing recognize each other.*)

MR. CHANNING. Hello! Dave Gerrity. I didn't know you were working on this job.

(*The two shake hands.*)

DAVE. It's good to see you, sir. I didn't expect you to remember me.

MR. CHANNING. I don't forget the gang that I was foreman of on the Quebec Bridge. We saw too much work and danger together.

MR. EDMUNDS. I knew that you and Dave were old friends. Do you know O'Higgins?

O'HIGGINS. No, sir (*he puts out his hand to meet Mr. Channing's*), but I'm glad to meet you.

MR. EDMUNDS. O'Higgins is our champion riveter. "Speed and accuracy Al."

MR. CHANNING (*laughing*). I'll see can I get an edge of paper under the head of a rivet.

MR. EDMUNDS. You cannot. That's why we engineers are not afraid of the ice and spring floods affecting our piers and girders.

(*A whistle is heard blowing. Dave, O'Higgins, and Peter turn to the door.*)

DAVE. Good-bye, sir, we must be off.

MR. CHANNING. We'll see you again.

(*The three go out.*)

MR. EDMUNDS. We will go and wash our hands and by that time dinner will be ready.

(*They go out of the door on the left leading into the other part of the house.*)

EVELYN. Did you hear the president of the A. N. Railways say "I'll see can I get"?

MRS. EDMUNDS. That was his kindly and amusing way of reminding the men that he knew good work because he had had their experiences himself.

By Hine from Ewing Galloway

A Steel Riveter at Work on a Bridge

Evelyn. But I don't see why Father and Mr. Channing make such a fuss over two common workmen.

Mrs. Edmunds. When you get a little older

and a good deal wiser you will learn that a man who does his work as well as it can be done is not a *common workman*. He is a very rare and uncommon person.

[*CURTAIN*]

Scene Two

Time: Five Days Later, in the Afternoon.

The spring ice jam has come down the river increased by great masses of ice from the mountain glaciers. The ice is grinding and crushing against the shore spurs and the piers rising out of the river. Some girders connect the piers. A crowd of men, women, and children stand on the bank anxiously watching the ice jam. In a little group by themselves stand the Edmunds', David Boyd, and some of the other engineers.

Mr. Edmunds. Those piers are standing a frightful strain. The ice has broken much earlier than usual.

David Boyd. If we had had a little more time . . .

Mr. Edmunds. The bridge will never be put to a greater test.

Peter (*to Evelyn*). Look at the way the ice piles up against that third pier.

David Boyd. If our calculations are right, and if there is no flaw in the material and workmanship, it will hold.

Mr. Edmunds. There's nothing wrong with

the calculations. We've been over them until we were certain.

DAVID BOYD. Then the bridge and our reputations must stand or fall by the honesty of the work done by Dave and O'Higgins and the rest.

MR. EDMUNDS. And the men who inspect the material. Young Carlylse came to me the other day with a story that he had been offered a large commission if he would pass up some defective iron work.

DAVID BOYD. We are each one responsible for the success or failure of this whole railroad. If this bridge stands, I'll see that those chaps who have had to stand the strain of that *caisson* work and the riveters . . .

MR. EDMUNDS. All the little men that no one but their own foreman knows about—the fellows that never seem to count when the congratulations are being apportioned . . .

DAVID BOYD. Yes, those are the fellows I mean, I'll see that they share in the glory for this piece of work.

MR. EDMUNDS. I'll be there to lead the cheering.

[*CURTAIN*]

SCENE THREE

TIME: Six Months Later.

The completed bridge crosses the river. The day is a bright and sunny one. The president of the railroad

and a group of the managers are standing on the bank with Mr. Edmunds and David Boyd. Gathered around are the workmen with their wives and children. There is a general air of festivity.

EVELYN (*to her mother*). Of course, the president of the railroad is a great man, but I don't think he is as important as Father and Mr. Boyd. There wouldn't have been a bridge without them.

MRS. EDMUNDS. Yes, we can be very proud of your father.

(*There is a movement among the crowd and the president steps forward to the little rise of ground that marks the approach to the bridge. A shrill whistle blows and the crowd is silent.*)

THE PRESIDENT. Friends this is a great day for the A. and N. railroad. The construction engineers have designed a great structure, but to-day I want to thank *all* of the men whose faithful work has built this bridge in spite of the greatest difficulties. I am going to ask them to come up and stand beside me, though you know them better than you do me. David Gerrity! (*The crowd applauds as the foreman of the "caisson" gang shoulders his way through the crowd. When he reaches the side of the president, the applause grows louder.*) That's right. He and the men he represents did their work so well that the bridge stood the strain of the worst sort of an ice jam. (*More applause.*)

EVELYN. Why he's the "sand hog."

MRS. EDMUNDS. Sh!

THE PRESIDENT. Michael O'Higgins, the foreman of the riveters. (*There is a movement in the crowd but O'Higgins does not appear.*) Come up here, O'Higgins! (*O'Higgins comes up beside him.*) The bridge has been finished a month ahead of scheduled time because of the accuracy and rapidity of your work. These two men represent the thousands, who, day by day, do the hard, dirty, unseen work that makes the world we live in so much better for all of us. Now then, three cheers for the man behind the spade and the hammer!

(*Cheers.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Did Evelyn realize the importance of the work done by the sand hogs and riveters? Explain.
2. What is meant by "the dignity of labor"?
3. Why should we admire the men whom we generally call *common workmen?*
4. Tell of some other workmen whose work is important.

All true Work is sacred; in all Work were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. —*Thomas Carlyle*

The Bread Woman of New Orleans

No matter how poor one is, no matter how little one has, that little can be shared with those who have nothing.

—*Margaret Haughery*

MARGARET HAUGHERY, a poor young widow of New Orleans, had lost both parents before she was eight years of age, and her husband and her child at twenty-two. With no money, no relatives, and left alone in a strange city, she began her charitable career.

Not afraid of hard work, she sought and secured employment in a hand laundry. Part of every week's savings went as regular as clock work to the support of orphans in an asylum in New Orleans. Instead of waiting until she had accumulated a fair sum, she laid aside a part of her very first week's salary. Margaret was a systematic saver and a systematic giver.

But she was also a very good business woman. From her savings she bought some cows and began a milk business. When she could afford to, she bought some more cows. Soon she had a little dairy. Every day, rain or shine, she drove her milk cart through the streets of the city supplying her customers. On her return trip

she gathered up left over provisions and other articles people were willing to give her and took them together with any unsold milk she might have, to the orphan asylum. Many times Margaret by her faithful service kept the poor children from hunger, especially after an epidemic when death took away the parents, and children came to the asylum so rapidly that they could hardly be accommodated.

But if the asylum grew larger so did Margaret's business. Her customers were supplied with good clean milk at a fair price, and the deliveries were prompt and regular. She was thoroughly dependable, so her business grew. Consequently when the asylum needed a new addition, Margaret supplied the want. As she made she gave, and she made that she could give.

During the yellow fever epidemic which raged through the City of New Orleans in the fifties, she went from house to house without regard to creed or color, nursing the stricken and consoling mothers about to die, with the promise that she would care for their children—a promise she always kept.

In spite of her large gifts to charity, Margaret had now saved considerable money. She took over a bakery and gave up her milk business. Her method of prompt and regular delivery of good bread at a low price quickly brought her

customers and she became highly successful, becoming known throughout the city as "Margaret, the Bread Woman." She furnished bread at such a low price and gave away so much of it that it is surprising her business flourished, but it did. Perhaps her success was due to the fact that she had a keen business head and used business methods. She is said to have established the first steam bakery in the south. But most of her success must be attributed to the fact that she strove untiringly and so courageously to make money that she might aid needy children. This was the purpose that spurred her on.

The "Bread Woman of New Orleans" was nearing seventy when she died in 1882, mourned by rich and poor, young and old, and honored and respected by all. Her money was left to carry on the work she had been doing for so many years—to care for and support the orphans and to improve asylums.

Two years later, a monument was erected to her memory and unveiled in a little park which was named, "Margaret Place." The ceremony at the dedication of the monument was very impressive. One thousand orphans, representing every asylum in the city, were present. Officials of church and state were there to honor her memory. Bystanders of all creeds were gathered about reverently. The following words were part of one of the speeches delivered:

"To those who look with concern upon the moral situation of the hour, and fear that human action finds its sole motive today in selfishness and greed, who imagine that the world no longer yields homage save to fortune and to power, the scene affords comfort and cheer. When we see the people of this great city meet without distinction of age, rank, or creed, with one heart to pay their tribute of love and respect to the humble woman who passed her quiet life among us under the simple name of "Margaret," we come fully to know, to feel, and to appreciate the matchless power of a well-spent life. The substance of her life was charity, the spirit of it truth, the strength of it religion, the end peace—then fame and immortality."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. What did Margaret, the Bread Woman, mean when she said that "No matter how poor one is, no matter how little one has, that little can be shared with those who have nothing"?

2. Why is regular and systematic giving better than giving even larger sums at irregular intervals?

3. It is now the rule in some states to board orphans out in private families rather than to care for them in an asylum. Do you think this rule a good one? Give reasons.

4. In many communities families invite orphans to their homes for Christmas dinner. What is the value of this?

Keeping Up with the Style

He who receives a benefit should never forget it; he who gives one should never remember it.—*Charron*

This account is an extract from Oliver Goldsmith's most famous work, "The Vicar of Wakefield." The book tells of the fortunes of the family of Dr. Primrose, a kindly, gentle and cheerful clergyman. He does his best to teach his large family humility, but they all, including his wife, want to keep up appearances.

Keeping Up with the Style

OUR little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness—the dishes, plates and coppers

being well scoured and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves—the eye was agreeably relieved and did not want richer furniture.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony—for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship—we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner, which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and a pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often a blind piper, would pay us a visit and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost

neither the recipe nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—"Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night," or "The Cruelty of Barbara Allen." The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest and best was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor-box. This encouraged in them a wholesome rivalry to do good.

My attempts to keep my family's desires modest and simple succeeded but for a short time. My wife and daughters were visited by the wives of some of the richer neighbors and by a squire who lived near by, on whom they set more store than on the plain farmers' wives who were nearer us in worldly station. I now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely disregarded. Some distinctions lately paid us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with lotions for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working

after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing.

Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had the girls new-modeling their old gauzes. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintances, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high lived company, with pictures, taste, and Shakespeare.

But we could have borne this, had not a fortune-telling gypsy paid us a visit. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared than my girls came running to me for a shilling* apiece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; after they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great.

"Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a penny-worth?"

"She positively declared that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth."

"Well, now, Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of husband are you to have?"

*A shilling is worth about twenty-four cents.

"I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire," she replied.

"How," cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings? Only a lord and a squire for two shillings! You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money."

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects. We now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

In this agreeable time my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning, with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings,* a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, loveknots lurked in the bottom of every teacup.

Toward the end of the week we received a card from two town ladies, in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see our family at church on the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of

*An English coin worth a half cent.

this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in fine spirits, she began thus:

"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church tomorrow."

"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I, "though you need be under no uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon, whether there be or not."

"That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?"

"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behavior and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene."

"Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not like the scrubs about us."

"You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the same proposal. The proper manner of going is to go as early as

A Famous English Country Church

possible, to have time for meditation before the sermon begins."

"Phoo! Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true, but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plow-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years and his companion, Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should they not

do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broken to the rein, but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled.

The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such material as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as I expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without uneasiness.

This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horseway, which was five miles round, though the footway was but two; and when I had got half-way home, I perceived the procession marching slowly forward toward the church—my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted on one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. It was then near dinner time.

I demanded the cause of their delay, but I

soon found, by their looks, that they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had, at first, refused to move from the door, till a neighbor was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with a cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. They were just recovering from this dismal situation when I found them; but, perceiving everything safe, I own their mortification did not much displease me, as it gave me many opportunities of future triumph, and would teach my daughters more humility.—*From "The Vicar of Wakefield" by Oliver Goldsmith.*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Compare the home life of the Primrose family with modern home life.

2. What superstitions did the wife and daughter believe? Is belief in superstition ever useful?

3. Explain the old proverb, "Pride goeth before a fall."

4. Does vanity assure contentment or does it cause discontentment? Give reasons for your answer.

5 A girl has a schoolmate who puts on airs, thereby making herself ridiculous. How can the girl, without hurting her schoolmate's feelings, persuade her to be natural?

You Be the Judge

1. In a small town, the papers announced that the tax rate must be increased to meet the payment of bills for repairs of public property; that is to repair broken windows, defaced fences, broken street lights, and so on. The bills amounted to $7980. The destruction was caused by school children.

When Chester's father read this notice to the family, Chester suggested another plan. He said there were 950 families in the town and that each family's share was, therefore, $8.40. Each family's share should then be divided by the number of children attending school. There are four children in Chester's house including him so each would be responsible for $2.10. Chester's idea is that if children destroy the property, children should be held responsible.

Jack, Chester's brother says that where there are only two children in the family, each boy and girl would have to pay $4.20.

Do you think Chester's plan a fair one?

What remedy would you suggest?

Should children rather than parents be responsible?

2. Janet's friend, Louise, is constantly annoying her parents by demanding silk stockings and expensive clothes which they cannot afford to buy for her. Louise insists that she should dress as well as Janet.

If you were Janet, would you (a) dress more inexpensively to make Louise more satisfied, (b) tell her she should not try to dress beyond the means of her family, (c) make her feel that expensive clothes do not make the girl?

3. Wilbur's mother is ill so he must stay at home to look after her and do the housework. Some of Wilbur's companions, who want him to play baseball, say housework is a girl's job.

If you were Wilbur what answer would you make?

4. Mary had received a birthday present from Katherine, the receipt of which she had neglected to acknowledge. Mary meets Katherine on the street. Katherine is very sensitive and Mary does not want to offend her.

Should Mary (a) say nothing about having received the birthday present, (b) confess that she had been negligent, (c) pretend that she had not received it?

5. Three boys were walking along the street in a large city. They were discussing their fathers. One boy took pride in the fact that his father was one of the eminent judges of the state. Another was equally proud because his

father was the president of a bank. They had stopped in front of the bakery, where the third boy's father worked, when the third boy turned to leave them. "What does your father do," asked one of the boys.

If you were the third boy, would you (a) admit that your father is a baker and works in the bakery, (b) make an evasive answer, or (c) say nothing?

6. Pietro and Tomasso are watching a procession pass. When the Flag goes by, Pietro takes off his cap in imitation of the men and boys who are standing beside them. Tomasso keeps his on and asks Pietro why he saluted the Flag. Pietro says, "Because the others did."

"It is not your Flag," answered Tomasso. "You should not salute it."

How would you act under the same circumstances? What would be *your* reason for so acting?

7. Leo and Francis were arguing in the schoolyard as to what they thought was the finest thing about Colonel Charles Lindbergh. Leo claimed it was his courage and Francis thought it was his modesty.

"He couldn't have a great deal of courage and modesty, too. They don't go together," said Lloyd who was standing by.

Do you agree with Lloyd? Give instances to prove what you say.

8. In boarding a bus at a busy time of the day, Sarah went to drop her coin in the box but carelessly let it roll on the floor.

"What's the matter? Can't you see the box?" demanded the driver.

Sarah apologized for her carelessness.

If you were Sarah, would you (a) have apologized, (b) answered the man back, or (c) said nothing?

9. Allan Hicks, whose father had died, wanted to leave school and go to work, but his mother persuaded him to stay in school even though she had to work very hard to help him. When Allan finished the elementary school, his mother urged him to complete the high school course. Although Allan thought he ought to be working for his mother rather than having her support him, he consented and remained in school.

On graduation day, Allan was given a gold medal for excellence in scholarship. When the medal was presented to him, he went to his mother, and pinned it on her saying, "The credit belongs to her." Some of the boys thought Allan was showing off and that he should not have done this.

What would you have done?

10. When Alice, Helen, and Louise go to an entertainment or are taken to the theatre, they amuse themselves in making jokes at the ex-

pense of the performers and laughing at all that goes on. They call it "seeing the funny side of life."

The club to which they belong gives a play. Alice and Helen help make costumes and on the afternoon of the play they act as ushers. For the first time Louise has a part in the play. She is excited at the dress rehearsal and rather worried for fear she will forget her lines. She is acting very well in a rather serious part of the play, when she suddenly sees Helen and Alice standing at the back of the auditorium laughing. She forgets her lines several times and has to be prompted. The stage director corrects her rather sharply after the rehearsal, making her still more nervous about her part and angry at Alice and Helen.

Shall Louise (a) tell the director the cause of her breakdown, (b) tell the girls that she has learned how difficult it is to ignore laughter and get through her part, or (c) wait until the two girls are taking part in a play and then laugh at them?

Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalship, nor nobly which is done in pride. —*Ruskin*

All of my life I have plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever I thought a flower would grow. —*Abraham Lincoln*

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS TO READ

The Girl Who Sat By the Ashes. Padriac Colum. Macmillan.

Pride and Prejudice. Jane Austen. Houghton, Mifflin.

The Story of the Odyssey. Edward Brooks. Penn Publishing Co.

Wonderful History of Peter Sclemihl. Adelbert von Chamisso. Huebsch Publishing Co.

The Second Jungle Book. Kipling. Scribner's Sons.

Heroes of the Dawn. Violet Russell. Macmillan.

The Great Stone Face. Hawthorne.

The Chambered Nautilus. Oliver W. Holmes.

O Captain, My Captain. Walt Whitman.

The Story of Sir Launcelot. Howard Pyle. Scribner's Sons.

Be not afraid to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of—that you now have more sense than you had before, to see your error; more humility to acknowledge it; more grace to correct it. —*Seed*

My honor is my life; both grow in one; take honor from me and my life is done.

—*Shakespeare*

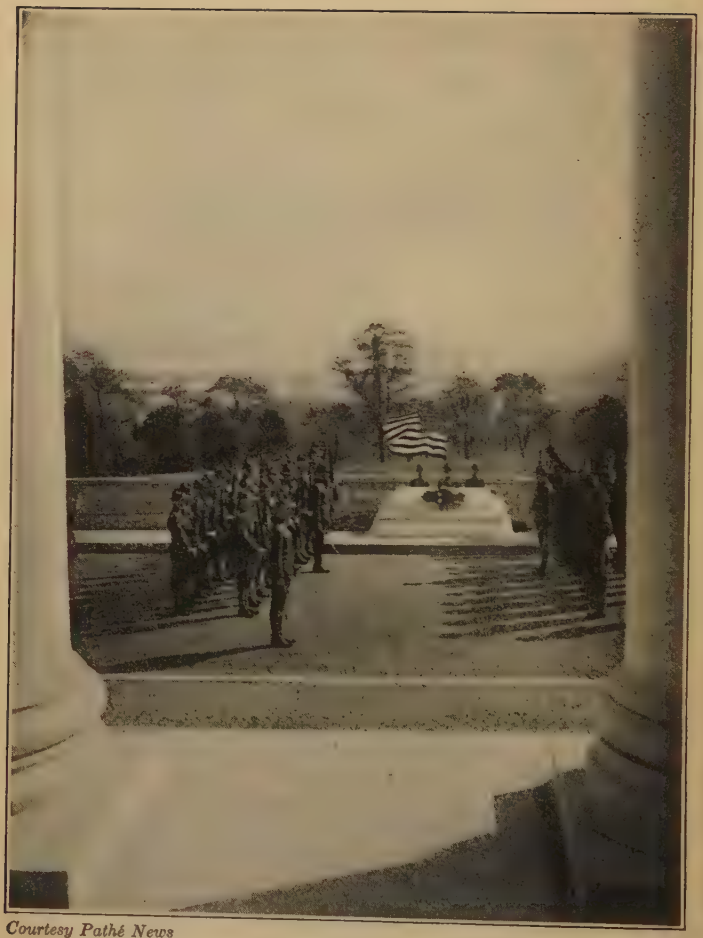
Glad that I live am I,
That the sky is blue,
Glad for the country lanes
And the fall of dew.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese*

Links of Steel

Faith and Responsibility

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen. I must do all these things because I am accountable to God and humanity for how I live and how I can help my fellows, and for the extent to which my fellows may trust and depend upon me.



Courtesy Pathé News

THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

The Unknown Soldier

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us and not hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.—*Kingsley*

ACROSS the great square three bugle notes rang out. Borne on the shoulders of six veterans who had been decorated by three countries for valor, rested a silver studded black coffin. On the coffin lay a laurel wreath and a shell-dented brass helmet. The Unknown Soldier was on his last march.

Once before he had marched down that great avenue. Then the crowds had cheered and the girls had thrown flowers.

These multitudes waiting along the avenue were silent now. A reverent tragic stillness wrapped them, a stillness so full of meaning that it might almost have stirred memories of other days, ages ago, in that shell-shattered body of a man within the flag-draped coffin.

A small noisy factory town; eight o'clock whistle; the clatter and roar of machinery; steam and heat; men's bodies bent and raised, swinging arms in a kind of rhythmic dance of labor; oil and dirt in the street; on the clothes, on the bodies; streets of grimy houses whose opening doors threw paths of light across the narrow street.

Then the call to arms. The boys from the factories

and the pool rooms, in uniforms that didn't fit, feeling self-conscious because the girls giggled as they went by.

The body had been placed on a gun carriage now. A band playing a solemn march led the way. The president of the country walked bare headed behind him. They cross a bridge.

Drill, drill, drill, on the dusty parade ground under the blazing sun. Barracks to be cleaned up for inspection; peeling potatoes and scrubbing out greasy pots; Reveille! "O, how I hate to get up in the morning."

The procession halted now beside an open grave. The guard of honor stood on either side, their heads bowed. A group of ambassadors, generals, statesmen surrounded the President of the Republic. Behind and above these black-coated men in a great semi-circle stood a group of mothers whose sons had fallen in battle.

An irregular column on a shell-torn road—aching feet shuffling along wearily towards the front, shoulders sagging under the weight of gun and pack-sunken eyes, sweat-streaked faces—low spoken orders, "Close up!"

A solemn voice beside the grave recites:

"O God! who are full of compassion, who dwellest on high, grant perfect rest beneath the shelter of Thy divine presence, in the exalted places among the holy, to all who have bravely laid down their lives for their country.

"We beseech Thee, Lord of compassion, shelter

Courtesy Producers Distributing Corporation

A Soldier's Dug Out

them for evermore under the cover of Thy wings, and let their souls be bound up in the band of eternal life, with the souls of the righteous who are ever with Thee. And the work of the righteous shall be peace and quietness and confidence forever. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh see it together. Amen."

Bursts of flame along the battle line. Guns crashing in the rear and the whistle of a shell flying over head. Boys knee deep in the mud of a trench waiting for the zero hour. A cold wet dawn—thin lines of men

struggling through wire and tearing their legs on the spikes. The thunder of the barrage—men crawling for shelter, a sobbing cry for a stretcher—a blast of light and fire—a tearing of flesh—

A bugle sounded the peaceful notes that had bid the tired soldier sleep, so many times before. The lilac veil of night began to fall as the crowd slowly melted away and the tomb was sealed.

"Unknown"*

FROM the grave of the Unknown Soldier the crowds melted away. The great men of the nations who had stood there bareheaded stepped into their cars and were whirled back to town. The music of the bands grew faint and finally ceased. All afternoon little parties of curious, reverent folk came and stopped, and went on again. Finally only the guard remained. The day ended. Night came silently and threw over the grave the healing mantle of darkness. Then a strange thing happened.

Three dim figures from nowhere gathered and stood uncovered beside the tomb. No word of greeting passed between them; they seemed to know each other well. Slowly, one after another they stooped and read the carved inscription. Then the oldest spoke.

"Things are improving a bit for us Unknowns,"

*Used by the courteous permission of Mr. Bruce Barton.

he said. "I fought with Leonidas at Thermopylæ.* We fell side by side, we and the other two hundred and ninety-nine. Our bones were mingled with the dust and rocks. No one marked our resting place. Our names are forgotten: *but we held the pass.*"

"My mother wept when I failed to return," he continued. "Night after night she waited at the window until it was foolish to hope any longer. Then she too wanted to die. But the neighbors came in and cheered her. 'You have given a son to save your country,' they cried. 'The Persians are driven back and Greece is freed. He died but he left us a better world.'

"So my mother took courage and held her head high. It was fine to have given a son to make the world a better world . . . . "

The Unknown paused; his voice grew dull and hard. "The Romans swept over the Greece that I died for," he said. "The Barbarians swept over Rome. I sometimes wonder if it was worth while to die at twenty-eight—to sleep at Thermopylæ, unknown."

"I fought with Charles Martel at Tours," †

*Leonidas and his three hundred Spartan soldiers died heroically in their effort to stop the Persian invasion at the famous Pass of Thermopylæ.

†It was at Tours, in France, that Charles Martel, the King of France, defeated a large army of Saracens who had invaded Europe, by way of Spain from Morocco in Africa.

the second soldier said. "We turned back the Arab hosts; we saved Europe from Mohammedanism; we kept it a Christian continent.

"'It is splendid to die for your Faith,' they said to my mother when she wept. 'Splendid to give a son as a sacrifice on the altar of peace and good-will.' That was twelve hundred years ago," the second soldier said. "And where is the peace that we died for? Where is the Faith? The good-will?"

The third Unknown had stood with Wellington at Waterloo. It was a high enthusiasm that had carried him there—a vision of a world freed from tyranny and wrong.

They fought to do away with kings that day; and he fell and was buried in a trench, under a rude cross marked "Unknown."

"We thought it was to be the world's last great battle," he said. "There would be no more wars, no more youthful lives snuffed out, no more mothers waiting and weeping at home.

"But a century went by, and there came a war beside which ours seemed a little thing. Our friend over whom the bands played today was one of millions who gave their lives. They have heaped honors on him such as we never had. Do the honors mean that the hearts of men have changed, I wonder? They broke faith with us; will they keep faith with him?"

The three dim figures disappeared. The moon

stood guard above the silent grave. In the East the first rays of the morning crept into the sky. They reached out vaguely, hesitatingly, touching the city of Washington where men were to gather that day to speak of peace. Touching the inscription which a nation had cut in the stone above the body of its Unknown Soldier.

A solemn inscription; a nation's promise that he who lies there dead shall not have died in vain.

The world has made that promise before; all of its Unknown Dead have died in that faith. And the promise has died with them.

Will it die again? That is the question for you and me to ask ourselves as we stand with our backs to Armistice Day and our faces turned toward Christmas.

We told him when he marched away that he was fighting a war to end all wars. He fell, believing; and we have buried him and carved an inscription over his tomb. But the real inscription will be written not on any stone; it will stand on the pages of the dictionaries of the future. Only by writing it thus can the world keep faith with the long, sad procession of its unknown heroes whom it has lied to and cheated and fooled.

This will be the inscription: "War, an armed contest between nations. Now obsolete—unknown."

—*Bruce Barton.*

Why Oliver Asked For More

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.
—*O'Connor*

"MY! What good care they take of orphans nowadays!" exclaimed Grandma, lowering her paper and glancing over the rim of her glasses at the rest of the family. "The state is going to abolish its orphan asylums and board the children around in private homes!"

"That's an excellent idea," said mother. "The boys and girls will feel as though they belonged to a family."

"Yes," continued Grandma, "times have changed. I can remember that when I was a little girl, there was a poorhouse for orphans up on the hill a mile out of the village. What a gloomy place it was with its dark gray walls and the high board fence around it! The children were never allowed to go outside the grounds except on special occasions. Then they were marched out in lines, the boys dressed in dark gray suits and the girls all in blue gingham dresses."

"Like little prisoners," added the mother.

"Yes, times have changed," mused Grandma. "The world has become more thoughtful of its children."

Courtesy Fox Films

GRANDMA TELLS A STORY

Father looked up from the plans he was drawing for a new house. "We have made a great advance, haven't we Mother, since 'Oliver asked for more'?"

Ned, who had been laboring over his arithmetic homework, put down his pencil.

"Who was Oliver and what did he want more of?" he asked.

"You tell him," said Father to Grandma.

"Oliver Twist was an orphan whom Charles Dickens, the famous English writer, wrote about nearly one hundred years ago. He asked for more porridge," Grandma began.

"Did he get it?"

"No."

"Then why didn't he go out into the kitchen and help himself?" demanded Ned.

"He didn't dare," Grandma answered. "No boy was allowed more than one portion."

"What a stingy place to live in," said Ned indignantly.

"Suppose you get out the book and read him that selection about Oliver asking for more," suggested Mother.

Grandma took the book from the bookcase and found the place. Ned was quite eager to declare a recess from his homework so Grandma began:

" 'The room in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at meal times. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more—except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper, with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was com-

posed; employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most thoroughly, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months. At last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing, for his father had kept a small cork shop, hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel per day, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next to him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast as who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.' "

"What a stingy place to live in!" said Ned again.

" 'The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper, his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered to each other, and winked at Oliver; while his next neighbours nudged him.

Courtesy Fox Films

OLIVER ASKS FOR MORE

Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own boldness:

" 'Please sir, I want some more.'

" 'The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralyzed with wonder; the boys with fear.

" 'What,' said the master at length in a faint voice.

" 'Please, sir,' replied Oliver, 'I want some more.'

" 'The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned him in his arms; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.*

" 'The board were sitting in solemn session, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said,

" 'Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!'

" 'For *more*!' said Mr. Limbkins. 'Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted to him?'

" 'He did, sir,' replied Bumble.

" 'That boy will be hung,' said the gentleman in the white waist coat. 'I know that boy will be hung.'

" 'Nobody contradicted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds† and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or

*The parish officer who punished offenders in England.

†About twenty-five dollars.

woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business or calling.

" 'I never was more convinced of anything in my life,' said the gentleman in the white waist coat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning. 'I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than that *that* boy will come to be hung.' "

"Well," declared Ned almost angrily, "I would have run away!"

"That is what Oliver did," Grandma replied, "but he had a mighty hard time of it before he finally found a comfortable and happy home."

"Times have changed. The world is growing kinder," mused Grandma sleepily, "greatly changed since Oliver's time." Her paper dropped to the floor. "Even since my time. I can remember long ago, when I was a child . . ." and she closed her eyes and was soon taking her customary after-supper nap.

—From "Oliver Twist" by Charles Dickens

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Do you agree that it would be a fine thing for "all states to abolish their orphan asylums and board the children in private homes"? Explain.
2. Who should be responsible for orphaned boys and girls? Why?
3. One boy said that Oliver Twist had the "courage of despair." What did he mean?
4. What was Charles Dickens's real motive in writing the story of Oliver Twist?

5. Every state in the United States has some laws on its statute books regulating the work of children. These laws have to do with:

a. The kind of work a child is permitted to do.
b. The length of the working day.
c. The age of the child.
d. The educational requirements.
e. The hygienic and safety conditions required in establishments employing children.

Show how child labor laws on each of the above topics benefit children.

Every boy and girl who would be a good citizen should learn to protect his community against loss by fire. —*P. P. Claxton*

It is worth while to be a citizen of a great country, but size alone is not enough to make a country great. A country must be great in its ideals; it must be greathearted; it must be noble; it must despise and reject all smallness and meanness; it must be faithful to its mission of civilization in order that it shall be truly great.
—*Elihu Root*

Education is called national defense.
—*Selected*

I want a patriotism which is good every day in the year, and which means an understanding of public duty and a determination to perform that duty. —*Charles R. Skinner*

God never imposes a duty without giving time to do it. —*Ruskin*

A Magnificent Moment

[A THREE-ACT PLAY]

I do love my country's good with a respect more tender, more holy than mine own life.

—*Shakespeare*

CHARACTERS

Thomas McKean
George Read
Benjamin Harrison
Servant
Caesar Rodney
Doctor
Messenger
Charles Thompson
Samuel Chase
William Paca
Francis Stone
Charles Carroll
George Wythe
Richard Henry Lee
Thomas Jefferson
Thomas Nelson
Carter Braxton
Francis Lightfoot Lee

Act One

Place: A Room in Independence Hall.

Time: July 1, 1776.

The room is a small ante-chamber leading to the Convention Hall through a door to the right. To the left, is a door leading to the street. This room is bare except for a bench, upstage rear, and some portraits on the wall.

As the curtain rises, Thomas McKean can be seen standing in the center of the stage speaking very earnestly with George Read.

McKEAN. You paint a gloomy picture of our prospects, sir. The people of this country will stand solidly behind the Declaration of Independence.

READ. I do not concede that, sir. The New York delegates will not vote for it.

McKEAN. Why? Because they have not been given definite instructions? But instructions *will* come and New York will support the others.

READ. We have not been empowered by Delaware to take this radical step.

McKEAN. We have been instructed to vote as we think proper, and, to me, it is right and proper to vote for the Declaration of Independence.

READ. It is right, but it does not seem feasible to plunge our people into war with the mother country. England may yet come to terms . . .

McKEAN. England will never give us our rights. Besides it is too late. We have practically severed all connection with Great Britain, let us now all stand united on the endorsement of the Declaration of Independence. Will you vote for it, sir?

(*He stands before George Read earnestly awaiting his answer.*)

READ (*slowly shaking his head*). I cannot vote for it, sir, without definite instructions to do so from Delaware.

(*Read exits to the right to the Convention Hall. McKean stands gazing after him for a moment and then goes to the door through which Read has passed, opens it a little and beckons to someone within. Enter Benjamin Harrison closing the door behind him. He watches McKean pace the floor greatly agitated and then comes forward.*)

HARRISON. Well?

MCKEAN (*turning quickly*). Mr. Read will withold his vote for the Declaration.

HARRISON. You could not persuade him to change his mind?

MCKEAN. I could not, I regret to say. Delaware should stand by the other States but with Mr. Read voting "nay" and with me voting "aye" we will be deadlocked, that is, unless . . .

(*He stops as he considers a new idea.*)

HARRISON. Unless what, sir?

MCKEAN (*eagerly*). Unless I can get Caesar Rodney here before the final roll-call.

HARRISON. I fear that is impossible. He is too ill to make the journey besides he cannot arrive in time.

MCKEAN. It's my only chance. He will vote with me, and then Delaware will stand firmly with the other States.

HARRISON. But Rodney lives in Dover and Dover is eighty miles away, sir.

MCKEAN. I'll send a messenger for him at

once. If Mr. Rodney is able to ride he may arrive in time.

HARRISON. In that case I shall delay the voting as long as I can. But if this hot weather keeps up, I fear the delegates will want to hurry the discussion and end the session.

MCKEAN. Do your best to delay the voting and I will send the fastest messenger in Philadelphia after Rodney. Delaware must vote for the Declaration of Independence.

(*He rushes out of the exit, left, leading to the street and Harrison re-enters the Convention Hall through the door right.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

ACT TWO

PLACE: A Living Room in the Home of Caesar Rodney.

TIME: July 3, 1776.

There is a door leading to the street, rear, and a door, left, leading to another room. As the curtain rises, Caesar Rodney, fully dressed, is seated in a comfortable chair, his head is resting on a pillow, and he is sleeping. A man servant enters from the door, left, carrying a tray containing a pitcher of water, a bottle of medicine, a spoon, and a glass. He places the tray upon a small table at Rodney's side. Then measuring out the medicine and adding a little water, he approaches the sick man's chair.

SERVANT. Mr. Rodney! Your medicine, sir!

RODNEY (*opening his eyes and blinking at the medicine*). Are you supposed to awaken the patient to give him that stuff!

SERVANT. It is time for your medicine, sir! Besides the doctor would have aroused you, sir, if I had not. He has just ridden into the yard.

RODNEY (*seizing the glass*). To prove we are courageous and dutiful. (*He drains the glass at a swallow and hands it back to the servant, making a wry face.*) You may leave the glass there as evidence of our obedience.

SERVANT. Yes, sir.

(*There is a knocking on the street door rear. The servant opens it and admits the doctor.*)

DOCTOR. Good morning, Mr. Rodney.

RODNEY. Good morning, Doctor. Have you heard any news fron the Convention?

DOCTOR. None whatever. I gave you express directions, sir, not to worry about the meeting in Philadelphia.

RODNEY. I know it, but I am a delegate and should be there.

DOCTOR. You should be in bed, Mr. Rodney. (Fanning himself with his hat.) If it is as hot in Philadelphia as it is here the delegates must be having a very uncomfortable time.

(*The servant takes the tray from the table.*)

RODNEY. Must I continue that bitter dose?

DOCTOR. Yes, for at least a week.

(*The servant is about to exit left with the tray when there is a loud knocking upon the street door. He sets down the tray and opens the door. A dusty and overheated horseman enters, carrying in his hand a letter. He is McKean's messenger.*)

MESSENGER. I have a message from Mr. McKean to Mr. Caesar Rodney.

RODNEY. I am Rodney.

(*The messenger steps forth and hands the letter to Rodney.*)

MESSENGER. An urgent message, sir. I have ridden all night.

(*Rodney opens the letter and reads it quickly and then jumps to his feet.*)

RODNEY. I am going to Philadelphia.

DOCTOR. Sit down, I beg of you, Mr. Rodney. You are not able to leave the house.

RODNEY. I must reach Philadelphia as soon as a horse can carry me there. (*To the servant.*) Saddle the black!

SERVANT. But Mr. Rodney, sir, you are ill.

RODNEY. I'll not delay. Ill or not, I must go.

DOCTOR. Mr. Rodney you must not attempt that ride. You cannot stand it.

MESSENGER. The roads are bad.

RODNEY. You made the trip, so can I.

DOCTOR. Mr. Rodney, can't I make you

understand that you are a sick man! That ride may kill you.

RODNEY. Then I shall die in a good cause. (*To messenger.*) Take some refreshment, change your horse and follow me. (*To the servant sternly.*) Saddle that black!

[*CURTAIN*]

ACT THREE

PLACE: Convention Chamber in Independence Hall.

TIME: July 4, 1776.

As the curtain rises, the delegates from the various states are seen in their seats. John Hancock is presiding and Charles Thompson standing near Hancock is calling the roll. Benjamin Harrison is standing near the door, left, leading to the ante-chamber and at his side, with his hand on the door knob, stands Thomas McKean.

THOMPSON. Maryland! The delegates will answer "aye" or "nay." Samuel Chase!

CHASE (*rising*). The delegates from Maryland need hesitate *no* longer. We were instructed on June 28th to vote according to our own judgment. I vote "aye!"

THOMPSON. William Paca!

PACA. Aye!

THOMPSON. Francis Stone!

STONE. Aye!

THOMPSON. Charles Carroll!

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DELEGATES SIGNING THE CONSTITUTION FOLLOWING THE SUCCESSFUL WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE

CARROLL. Aye!

THOMPSON. The delegates from Maryland are unanimously for independence!

(*The Hall breaks out into loud applause. McKean who has been looking out through the door, left, suddenly leaves the room.*)

THOMPSON. Virginia! The delegates from Virginia will vote "aye" or "nay." George Wythe!

WYTHE. Aye!

THOMPSON. Richard Henry Lee!

LEE. Aye!

THOMAS JEFFERSON!

JEFFERSON. Aye!

THOMPSON. Benjamin Harrison!

HARRISON. Aye!

THOMPSON. Thomas Nelson!

NELSON. Aye!

THOMPSON. Francis Lightfoot Lee!

LEE. Aye!

THOMPSON. Carter Braxton!

BRAXTON. Aye!

THOMPSON. Virginia votes unanimously for the Declaration of Independence. (*There is applause for Virginia. At this moment Thomas McKean enters hurriedly leaving the door partly open.*) The delegates from Delaware will vote "aye" or "nay" on the Declaration of Independence. George Read!

READ. Nay!

THOMPSON. Thomas McKean!

MCKEAN. Aye!

THOMPSON. Caesar Rodney!

(*There is a silence. Then Rodney pale, weary, and dust-stained enters and stands in the doorway. All delegates listen attentively.*)

RODNEY. As I believe the voice of my constituents and of all fair, sensible, and honest men is in favor of independence, and as my own judgment concurs with them, I vote for independence!

READ (*rising*). Mr. Secretary, I have reconsidered. I will stand with my colleagues. I vote "aye."

THOMPSON. The delegates from Delaware vote unanimously for the Declaration.

(*There is great applause for Rodney as Read and the others go forward to shake hands with him.*)

[*CURTAIN*]

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. What great responsibility did each delegate bear at the Philadelphia Convention?
2. How was McKean's faith in Rodney justified?
3. What caused Rodney to leave his home for Philadelphia even though he was ill?
4. What makes his eighty-mile journey an heroic ride?
5. Tell of some other instance from American history where some patriot has shown great faith and a sense of responsibility.

In the ancient town of Hearts' Goodwill
There's a flower-bordered street,
Where the sun shines and the song-birds trill,
And the best folks daily meet.

—*John Nobbs*

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. —*Emerson*

But nobody can learn to count straight, or talk straight, or hit straight without a good deal of conscious and rather disagreeable practice.

—*Arthur T. Hadley*

Pip and the Escaped Convict

To show self-control, to restrain, to wait, to overcome present feeling with forethought, is human strength.—*Robertson*

Pip, whose real name was Philip Pirrip, was a little English boy, who wandered late one afternoon into a lonely country churchyard. This particular churchyard was overgrown with weeds and stood by a silent river which ran through the marshy country that bordered it. You can imagine how frightened Pip was getting, when, after reading the names on many of the old gravestones, he realized that it would soon be dark.

Pip and the Escaped Convict

"HOLD your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, or I'll cut your throat!'

A fearful man, all in coarse gray, with a great iron on his leg; a man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head; a man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by thorns; a man who limped and shivered, glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell me your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me.

"Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show me where you live," said the man. "Point out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread as if he were terribly hungry.

"Now look here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I, pointing to a grave.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained once more.

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father buried alongside your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Ha!" he muttered, " who do you live with—

supposing you are allowed to live, which I haven't made up my mind about yet?"

"My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he, and looked down at his leg.

After looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me, so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now look here," he said, "the question is, am I to let you live or not? Do you know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what food is?"

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more so as to frighten me as much as possible.

"You get me a file." *He tilted me again.* "And you get me food." *He tilted me again.* "You bring them both to me." *He tilted me again.* "If you don't, I'll cut your heart and liver out." *He tilted me once again.*

I was so frightened and giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would please let me sit upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be so sick and perhaps I could listen to you better."

With that he gave me a most tremendous dip and roll so that the church jumped over its own weather vane. Then, he held me by the arms in an upright position on top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:—

"You bring me, tomorrow morning early, that file and the food. You bring them both to me at that old fort over there. You do it and don't you dare to say a word that you have seen me to any person. You do what I say and I shall let you live. If you fail, your heart and your liver shall be torn out, roasted, and eaten. I am not alone as you think I am. . . . Now what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the fort, early in the morning.

Then, he took me down.

"Now," he went on, "be sure to remember what you are to do, and go home!"

"Goo—good-night, sir," I said.

"I wish I were a frog or an eel!" he said.

At the same time, he hugged his shivering body in both his arms—clasping himself as if to hold himself together—and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the weeds and brambles, it seemed as if he were trying to avoid being caught by the ankle and pulled into their graves by the hands of the dead people.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones which had been dropped into the marshes here and there for stepping places when the rains were heavy or the tide was in.

On the edge of the river, I could faintly make out the only two black things in sight that seemed to be standing upright. One of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like a cask upon a pole—an ugly thing when you were near it; the other was the gallows, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards the gallows, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible fright when I thought so. As I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. But now I was frightened again, and, without looking back, I ran home without stopping.

—*Adapted from Charles Dickens's*
"Great Expectations"

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. "Young men and young women are architects of their own fortunes." Explain this statement.
2. If you were Pip, would you keep your promise to the escaped convict, say nothing to anybody and bring him the file? Give reasons for your answer.
3. Should your sense of sympathy for someone who has done wrong be stronger than your desire to observe the law? Give your reasons.
4. How does self-control often help us to fulfill our responsibilities? Give instances.

Liberty does not consist in doing what you like but in liking to do what you can, what you may, and what you ought.

—*Henry Van Dyke*

One loving spirit sets another on fire.

—*Augustine*

Tact is the ability to remove the sting from a dangerous stinger without getting stung.

—*James Bryce*

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident. —*Charles Lamb*

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. —*Swift*

My Fourth of July Wish*

He who loves not his country can love nothing.
—*Lord Byron*

YOU probably never have had to write Fourth of July verse. I have! It has been my annual job for a long time. Several years ago, the Glorious Fourth being near at hand, I was sitting in my office, trying to think of something appropriate to write.

It wasn't easy! I had been doing Fourth of July verses so long that I couldn't think of anything new to say. So my mind wandered to other matters.

The first thing I knew, I was thinking about my boy Buddy: wondering what kind of man he will grow up to be; trying to figure out just the kind of man I *want* him to be.

"If some good fairy should appear right now," I said to myself, "and promise you one wish about Bud, what would you ask for?"

At first I thought I'd ask that he should be honest. But then I hesitated. The meanest man I ever knew was absolutely honest! He paid his just debts to the penny.

But that man was bitter and hard and quarrelsome; mean with his neighbors and a pe-

*From *The American Magazine*. Used by the courteous permission of The Crowell Publishing Company.

nurious tyrant in his family. No! Honesty alone would not be enough.

Then I thought I'd ask for Bud to be brilliant. But I gave that up, because I've known of too many clever men who, nevertheless, landed in jail.

What I wanted was a blanket wish; one that would cover his career as a man, a neighbor, a friend, a stranger; one that would hold him safe, no matter where he went or with whom he was thrown.

Out of a clear sky, my wish came to me with lightning-like clearness. If I can have only one wish for my boy, I said to myself, it is this: That all his life he shall love his country.

The wish I made that day still stands. If my boy does his best as an American citizen, I shall have no fears for him.

But I hope Bud won't make any mistake about the real meaning of the word "patriotism." It is something more than cheering the flag on the Fourth of July, or at other times when everybody else is doing it.

Mob patriotism is common enough; sometimes it is tawdry and undignified. It is easy to cheer for the flag when everybody else is doing it. It is fun to sing patriotic songs with the crowd. In moments of excitement and general enthusiasm, even traitors have been known to cheer.

What I want Bud to feel is that patriotism is a personal responsibility with *him!* Not a dozen times a year, but *all* the time. It is not an occasional enthusiasm for parades and declarations of war. It is something to influence his life every single day.

I want him to look upon his country as he looks upon his mother and me. We are not perfect. We have our faults. But he loves us for the good that is in us; and because we give him love, protection, and a home.

I want him to feel that way about his country. It is not perfect. But I want him to love all that is good and fine and wonderful in it. And I want him to be grateful and loyal to the land which gives him protection and a home.

I want him to appreciate all this, and to give his best in return. I don't want him to cheer the flag—and then go out and break the first law which interferes with his own notions.

I want him to respect other nations, just as I want him to respect the neighbors who live on our street. I don't want him to think that all the good is on his side of the fence.

I hope some day to send him to Europe, to learn. But I hope that when he gets there he will also teach. Not by boasting about his country! But by giving an example of a modest, tolerant, courteous American citizen; a

walking advertisement of the best traits of a man and a gentleman.

I don't want him to go to Europe and be a ridiculous American, a pompous and boastful American, a drunken and riotous American. I want him to feel that, as the Flag represents him abroad, so he represents the Flag. And I want him to respect his country too much to disgrace her in the eyes of others.

I want him to remember the impression made by Colonel Charles Lindbergh. For the first time in history, that youngster flew from New York to Paris, carrying his country's flag with him. And though all Europe cheered him, statesmen showered him with praise, and kings and queens delighted to do him honor, the boy remained unspoiled. He was representing his country, and he knew it. He realized that his responsibility was a grave and beautiful thing. His sense of patriotism was too acute to allow him to appear other than at his best, no matter whether he stood before a king, or the humblest servant.

"They don't like us in Europe," is a common cry from returned tourists. What they mean is that Europe doesn't like some of us. From what I hear, I don't blame Europe. I don't like some of us so very much myself!

At home, I want Bud to realize that it requires patience and courage and self-sacrifice to be a

"patriot." It requires obedience to law and a respect for the common good. There is more to it than cheering and flag-waving.

I don't want Bud to get the idea that Americans are all wise, and the rest of the world's people are all fools.

Many great men have worn strange garments. Every country has made its contribution to the world's progress. Not all the great inventors and writers and artists and thinkers have been Americans. Not by a long shot! The "Old World" is still a *good* old world.

It is not patriotism to denounce everything that is foreign. It is not unpatriotic to respect the worth of others.

I am certain that Bud loves and admires his mother more than any other woman. Yet he doesn't show this love and admiration by going around the neighborhood and sneering at other mothers.

Fancy his going to dinner at a boy's house and saying: "Your mother doesn't know how to serve a meal! If you want the real thing, come over to our house some day."

Yet that is the way some Americans talk when they go to another country. It isn't patriotism. It is plain boorish boobery. And they simply advertise their native land, to the best of their ability, as a land of boors and boobs. If they were *truly* patriotic, they would

try to advertise America as a land where people are gentle and kindly and quick to appreciate the good in others.

But I don't want Bud to get the notion that he has all the patriotism and that his neighbor has none. Nobody has a monopoly on high thinking.

He must credit even his political enemies with having a sincere desire for the good of the country. There will always be differences of opinion. But I want Bud to "fight fair" for his beliefs.

Personally, the United States seems always to have been my country, although I was born in England. Before my father came here, he had a mental picture of Americans. It was not a glorified vision of a people with all the virtues and none of the faults of human nature. But he did have an ideal in mind when he told me he hoped I would become an American citizen.

"Americans are friendly," he said. "They are hard workers and quick thinkers. They like to do things. They are not prejudiced. They recognize merit and they have sympathy for the under-dog. This country will give you real opportunities. When you are twenty-one I want you to take out your citizenship papers."

He did not live to see the fulfillment of that wish. But when the day finally came, I felt that his spirit was near me; and that he was as

proud as I was that I had become a real American at last.

I want Bud to be proud when he, too, reaches his citizenship at twenty-one. But he need not show his pride by boasting. He can show it much better by so living that he will be an upright, loyal, law-abiding son to the country which needs such children.

So the wish I made to the supposed fairy still stands. I want my boy to love his country! For if he does that he will try to be honest, brave, cheerful, kindly, helpful, tolerant, clean, industrious, and law-abiding.

He will fight against injustice; but he will respect the rights of others. He will be willing to work for his money. He will be patient in adversity and generous in prosperity. Foreigners will find him both a gracious host and a gracious visitor. Success will not make him boastful, nor failure turn him to bitterness.

During the war the billboards carried huge posters which read:

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU

That poster ought still to be on the billboards throughout the land. It is all wrong to suppose that the only time our country needs us is in time of war. It needs us every day.

I want Bud to realize this. He is only fifteen. But his country needs boys of fifteen to show

themselves as manly, courageous, clean-thinking lads. It needs them—it needs *all* of its children, with our dreams and our hopes. We ought to love our country well enough to give her the best that is in us, every hour of every day.

He need never mention the word "patriot." I hope that he will never undertake to tell another where the path of duty lies. But I hope that he will go quietly and ungrumblingly about the business of everyday living. That he will cheerfully give his best to the task which may confront him. I hope that he will ever strive to be all that is implied in the phrase, "a good American citizen." I trust that he will vote regularly and pay his taxes ungrudgingly. I want him to obey his country's laws, even when he does not whole-heartedly approve of them. I want him to be willing to die for his country. if need be. But, day by day, I want him to be willing to *live for it.*

That's my idea of patriotism. All that the Flag, and the country, and the government can confer on us is the opportunity to be a true man, or a true woman. They give us no wisdom that we do not earn; no courage that we do not ourselves supply; no eminence, unless we climb the heights.

Therefore, the best patriotism is to be, not "one hundred per cent American," but to do our best to be one hundred per cent *a good*

citizen. And the only advertisement we can write of our country, the only one that will carry real weight will be written in our own lives.

—*Edgar A. Guest*

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Write your own definition of a good citizen.
2. What did the writer mean when he said that "to be a patriot one must do something more than cheering and flag-waving"?
3. What traits of character does the wish that the writer's son love his country imply?
4. Is it possible for a person to be a good American citizen and not be tolerant of the customs and habits of the people of other lands? Give your reasons.
5. Explain, "I don't want him to think that all the good is on his side of the fence."

He who saddens at the thought of idleness cannot be idle. —*John Keats*

Difference of opinion was never, with me, a motive of separation from a friend.

—*Thomas Jefferson*

If you wish to succeed in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius. —*Joseph Addison*

Duty done is the soul's fireside.

—*Browning*

You Be the Judge

1. Phillip withdraws from the football team because the captain insists on "a victory at any cost." Some of the members criticized his act.

Should Phillip have withdrawn, should he have stayed on and played according to his own idea of fair play, or should he have played strictly according to his captain's ideas?

2. Grace borrows a new umbrella from Winifred and returns it with a broken rib.

If you were Winifred would you (a) ask Grace to have the umbrella repaired before returning it, (b) take it to be repaired and have the bill sent to Grace, (c) call Grace's attention to the broken rib, or (d) take the umbrella and say nothing?

3. Bert is fighting his younger brother Richard on the street. Tom, who was passing by, separates the boys, shakes Bert, and boxes his ears. Later, Tom finds that Bert is Richard's brother and that Bert was punishing Richard for hitching on cars.

If you were Tom, what would you do?

4. Alice's brother has been arrested for committing a crime. The news of the arrest has

been published in the county paper. Alice refuses to go to school because she is ashamed to face her teacher and her schoolmates.

If you were a friend of Alice, would you (a) advise Alice to stay at home, (b) urge her to go to school, or (c) tell her to trust her schoolmates to "play the game"?

5. A mother, after warning her three children not to open the door to strangers, went shopping. A little later, someone knocked at the door. The children did not answer. The knocking was repeated much louder. The eldest girl called out, without opening the door, "Who is there?"

"It is I," replied a woman's voice. "I am your mother's cousin. I have come a great distance and am tired. Open the door!"

If you were one of the three children, would you (a) say that you were forbidden to open the door, (b) ask the woman to come back a little later, or (c) open the door?

6. Geraldine does not like to sew. Therefore, when she is admitted to the home-making class, in which the making of a cap and an apron as homework is compulsory, she goes to the house of a friend who has graduated and pays her to make the cap and apron. When the caps are inspected, the teacher gives Geraldine special credit for her excellent sewing.

Should Geraldine (a) admit that the work is

not hers, (b) simply state that the special credit should be taken away from her because she received some help, or (c) accept the credit and say nothing?

7. Donald enjoys crossing a crowded street when the traffic signals are against him. He dashes across, slips in behind an auto, just avoids a truck, and reaches the curb where he stands laughing at the school traffic policeman.

Jasper tries to argue Donald out of this game because Donald plays fullback on the team. Donald says that dodging the traffic is good practice for football.

If you were Jasper, would you give Donald's name to the traffic policeman, would you report him to your classmates, or would you try to argue with him?

8. Miriam's uncle is the legal guardian of her younger sister Rachel and of herself. He keeps Rachel home from school to help him in the store. When charged with this in court, he denies the charge, and says that Rachel played truant.

Rachel wants to be loyal to her uncle, who has given her a good home, but she does not want to lie.

If you were Rachel, what would you do?

9. Nancy, who has been detected stealing a fountain pen and has been suspected of being involved in other thefts, leaves her own school

and enters the school which May attends. May is the only one who knows of Nancy's past. Nancy is sociable and soon enjoys the confidence of her schoolmates.

Should May (a) warn her schoolmates against Nancy, (b) tell Nancy that she must reform her ways, or (c) say nothing?

10. Two brothers, Bernard and Roy are going by train to visit their grandmother some miles away. Bernard is fourteen and Roy is thirteen. As Bernard is about to step up to the ticket office, Roy calls his attention to a notice which reads, "Children under twelve years—half fare." Roy, as he is small for his age, urges Bernard to buy one half-fare ticket from him so that they may buy candy with the rest of the money.

What should Bernard do?

11. A dishonest young man had trained his dog to hold in his mouth any small object his master pilfered from the various shops he visited. Shopkeepers had from time to time accused the young man of stealing but, on the latter's demand to be searched, nothing was found. Finally, one shopkeeper detected the thief hiding a small silver cigarette lighter in the dog's mouth. The young man was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to a short period in jail. The dog was taken to neighboring kennels. On his release, the young man went to the kennels and demanded his dog. The manager of the kennels

wanted to hold it on the grounds that the man used the dog for criminal purposes. The dog was very faithful to his master and followed him everywhere for he was treated kindly.

Should the dog be returned to the young man?

12. The Brown family were planning an all day trip to the country. Mr. Brown said he was sorry he could not go because it was election day and he could not leave early enough since he and Mrs. Brown had to vote. He said they would be glad to take a short trip to a place which was nearer home.

"I don't see why we can't take the longer trip," objected Clara, "you and mother don't have to vote—what difference will two votes make?"

If you were one of Clara's parents what would you do?

No citizen has a right to rebuke another citizen by submitting him to ridicule or insult.

—Judge Crain

If there is one thing that we need more than another, it is the constant emphasis among our citizens, of the spirit of fair play, that willingness to give and take, that generosity in defeat, and that lack of assertiveness in victory which we identify with true sport, and which is learned best of all in childhood upon the playground.

—Charles E. Hughes

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Not to be whirled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.

—*William Wordsworth*

A republic should seek to influence mankind, not by heavy artillery, but by good example and wise counsel. It should see its highest glory not in battles won, but in wars prevented.

—*Carl Schurz*

Moral Code for Youth

In God We Trust

If I Want to Be a Happy, Useful Citizen I Must Have:

Courage and Hope

I must be brave—This means I must be brave enough and strong enough to control what I think, and what I say and what I do, and I must always be hopeful because hope is power for improvement.

Wisdom

I must act wisely—In school, at home, playing, working, eating, or talking, I must learn how to choose the good, and how to avoid the bad.

Industry and Good Habits

I must make my character strong—My character is what I am, if not in the eyes of others, then in the eyes of my own conscience. Good thoughts in my mind will keep out bad thoughts. When I am busy doing good I shall have no time to do evil. I can build my character by training myself in good habits.

Knowledge and Usefulness

I must make my mind strong—The better I know myself, my fellows, and the world about me, the happier and more useful I shall be. I must always welcome useful knowledge in school, at home, everywhere.

Truth and Honesty

I must be truthful and honest—I must know what is true in order to do what is right. I must tell the truth without fear. I must be honest in all my dealings and in all my thoughts. Unless I am honest I cannot have self-respect.

Healthfulness and Cleanliness

I must make my body strong—My eyes, my teeth, my heart, my whole body must be healthful so that my mind can work properly. I must keep physically and morally clean.

Helpfulness and Unselfishness

I must use my strength to help others who need help—If I am strong I can help others. I can be kind; I can forgive those who hurt me and I can help and protect the weak, the suffering, the young and the old, and dumb animals.

Charity

I must love—I must love God, who created not only this earth but also all men of all races,

nations, and creeds, who are my brothers. I must love my parents, my home, my neighbors, my country, and be loyal to all these.

Humility and Reverence

I must know that there are always more things to learn—What I may know is small compared to what can be known. I must respect all who have more wisdom than I, and have reverence for all that is good. And I must know how and whom to obey.

Faith and Responsibility

I must do all these things because I am accountable to God and humanity for how I live and how I can help my fellows, and for the extent to which my fellows may trust and depend upon me.

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